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**THE SEARCH FOR THE SELF  
IN THE FICTION OF MALCOM LOWRY**

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# THE SEARCH FOR THE SELF IN THE FICTION OF MALCOM LOWRY

## SUMMARY

This thesis has the following objectives: (1) to discover and establish the nature and the value of Lowry's fiction; (2) to do so by developing a method that fruitfully combines literary and psychological approaches to literature; and (3) to demonstrate the particular suitability of this method to this material.

The thesis combines certain Jungian concepts with conventional methods of literary evaluation, in its attempt to discover the most significant patterns of symbols in key works by Lowry, and to show that a Jungian interpretation of these patterns leads to the heart of Lowry's fiction. It attempts to avoid a mechanical and therefore arbitrary imposition of Jungian concepts upon Lowry's work, by consistently inter-relating Lowry's symbols and interpreting them in their contexts and in terms of their intrinsic qualities. Literary criticism (and in particular close textual analysis) provides the method for these analyses; Jungian psychology brings together "materials for comparison and offers a terminology for discussion". From this discussion emerges a view of Lowry's fiction as, essentially, the embodiment and revitalisation of an universal myth, the myth of the hero. This, it is argued, is Lowry's major achievement, and an achievement of great value to twentieth century culture.

The thesis is divided into three parts, preceded by a General Introduction. Part One discovers in Lowry's first novel, Ultramarine, a pattern of symbols corresponding to the first stage of "The Myth of the Hero", through which this 'hero' moves most reluctantly and confusedly towards "separation or departure". In Part Two, Lowry's major novel, Under the Volcano, is found to embody (and to revitalize) the second main stage, "The Stage of Trials", and it is here that the nature and value of Lowry's achievement is most fully discussed. Part Three examines Lowry's claims that "The Forest Path to the Spring" is concerned with "human integration" and could serve as the "coda" to his work as a whole. This story is seen as corresponding (perhaps rather more ambiguously than Lowry intended) to the final stage of the hero myth, "return and re-integration".

The thesis, therefore, is intended to demonstrate the value of relating certain Jungian concepts to appropriate works of literature and to show that this approach contributes to an understanding of the essential nature of Lowry's achievement.

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## A KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

### I Works by Malcom Lowry

<u>FP</u>	<u>Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place</u> (Penguin edition, London, 1969)*
<u>UM</u>	<u>Ultramarine</u> (Cape edition, London, 1963)
<u>UTV</u>	<u>Under the Volcano</u> (Penguin edition, London, 1963)
<u>Letters</u>	<u>Selected Letters of Malcom Lowry</u> (edd Breit and Lowry, London, 1967)

\*Almost all these references (FP) are to the final story in this collection, "The Forest Path to the Spring"

### II Works by C G Jung (and others)

<u>ACU</u>	<u>Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious</u> (Collected Works, Vol 9 (i))
<u>AN</u>	<u>Aion</u> (Collected Works, Vol 9 (ii))
<u>BW</u>	<u>The Basic Writings of C G Jung</u> (ed de Laszlo, New York, 1959)
<u>CAP</u>	<u>Contributions to Analytical Psychology</u> (London, 1928)
<u>CW</u>	<u>Collected Works</u> (edd Adler, Fordham and Read, London and New York, 1957 - to date)
<u>FA</u>	<u>Four Archetypes</u> (London, 1972)
<u>FF</u>	<u>Fordham, Frieda: An Introduction to Jung's Psychology</u> (London, 1968)
<u>IP</u>	<u>The Integration of the Personality</u> (London, 1940)
<u>MC</u>	<u>Mysterium Coniunctionis</u> (Collected Works, Vol 14)
<u>MDR</u>	<u>Memories, Dreams, Reflections</u> (ed Jaffe, London, 1967)

- PP            The Practice of Psychotherapy  
              (Collected Works, Vol 16)
- PR            Psychological Reflections  
              (ed Jacobi, London, 1971)
- PS            Psyche and Symbol  
              (ed de Laszlo, New York, 1958)
- SMS          Silberer, Herbert: Problems of Mysticism and Its  
              Symbolism  
              (London, 1917)
- ST            Symbols of Transformation  
              (Collected Works, Vol 5)

## THE SEARCH FOR THE SELF IN THE FICTION OF MALCOM LOWRY

### GENERAL INTRODUCTION

#### I

This thesis is the consequence of a long-standing interest in Lowry's work which began in the early sixties at Cambridge, where Under the Volcano was, in a minor way, in vogue, and deepened at the University of British Columbia in the following years. There, erstwhile friends and acquaintances of Lowry's were to be encountered, and a rapidly-growing academic 'industry' was already established (centred on the collection of Lowry papers there). Most influentially, the land- and sea-scapes of Lowry's 'northern paradise' were to be seen and variously experienced.

My first trip out of the city was to Dollarton, where Lowry and his wife had lived out the greater part of his last seventeen years (1940-1957). I found there not wilderness or shack, but a public park with a public lavatory.<sup>1</sup>

It has proved a less simple matter for critics to 'tidy up' Lowry's work, as the accounts of various editors of his posthumous work make clear, and as the variety of critical responses - particularly to Under the Volcano - that have appeared over the last thirty years further emphasizes. The essential problem lies, I believe, in the considerable variation in quality in Lowry's published work - a problem seri-

ously exacerbated by posthumous publication of works 'completed' by other hands - and in a closely related disparity between his stated intentions and his apparent achievement (in the Lowry oeuvre as a whole).

Lowry intended his work to be - or, rather, to become - a vast and complex unity, "The Voyage That Never Ends":

a sequence of six or possibly seven books that Lowry projected, of which Under the Volcano would ultimately have formed the center.

This publisher's note<sup>2</sup> is supported by statements made by Lowry himself in letters written between 1946 and 1953. These statements reveal something of the nature of his ambitions - of the kind of unity he wished his work to have - and, sadly, of his difficulties in realizing those ambitions (difficulties which are described and discussed in Douglas Day's biography).

In his 1946 letter to Jonathan Cape (a thirty-page defence of and commentary upon Under the Volcano), Lowry stated:

I also rewrote The Last Address in 1940-41 and rechristened it Lunar Caustic, and conceived the idea of a trilogy entitled The Voyage That Never Ends ... with the Volcano as the first, infernal part, a much amplified Lunar Caustic as the second, purgatorial part, and an enormous novel I was working on called In Ballast to the White Sea (... lost when my house burned down ...) as the paradisaical third part ... (Letters 63).

This Dante-esque trilogy was to follow an ascending path: "the battering the human spirit takes ... in its ascent towards its true purpose."

Six months later, he re-affirmed this intention - although what he says indicates that the project is further than ever from realization:

Under the Volcano was originally planned as the inferno part of a Dante-esque trilogy ... Lunar Caustic was the purgatorial part, but was to be much expanded. I lost all the notes for its expan-

sion in a fire, but though rather unmotivated, it's probably better as it stands, though it might need a month or two's work on it. The Paradiso part was called In Ballast to the White Sea. was a good deal longer than the Volcano and was completely destroyed in the fire ... (Letters 113-114).

Five years after this, however (during which time nothing of Lowry's reached a form acceptable to his publishers), his scheme had become both vaguer and more grandiose:

... this latter ("The Forest Path to the Spring") is in part an adumbration - though complete in itself - of a novel to be called Eridanus which, if things go well and I can get through the necessary ordeals ... which permit me to write the whole, will form a sort of Intermezzo or point of rest to the larger work of five, perhaps six interrelated novels, of which the Volcano would be one, though not the best by any means ...

The sequence of novels will include

a sort of Under Under the Volcano, should be ten times more terrible (tentatively it's called Dark as the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid) and the last one La Mordida that throws the whole thing into reverse and issues in triumph. (The Consul is brought to life again, that is the real Consul; Under the Volcano itself functions as a sort of battery in the middle but only as a work of the imagination by the protagonist) ... (Letters 267).

By 1953, this scheme appears not to have undergone any decisive development, as Lowry struggles with the idea of "a new form, a new approach to reality itself", in relation to a novel or novels in the still-projected (and perhaps too aptly-named) Voyage that Never Ends (Letters 330-331).<sup>3</sup>

When Lowry died in 1957, neither (or none) of these schemes - the Dante-esque trilogy, and the five or six or seven part Voyage - had come to fruition. Lowry himself had only actually completed Ultramarine, Under the Volcano, and a number of short stories. Since his death, a rather larger body of material has been published, all of it "corrupt" in the sense indicated by Douglas Day<sup>4</sup>: Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place, 1961 (stories); Selected Poems, 1962; Lunar Caustic,

1963/1968; Dark as the Grave Wherein my Friend Is Laid, 1968; October Ferry to Gabriola, 1970.

Consequently, any assessment of Lowry's work that attempted to take into account the entire published oeuvre must run head-on into the virtually insoluble problems inherent in the varying (and in some instances very considerable) extent of editorial ordering, re-ordering, even writing and re-writing, of the posthumous material - and to turn instead to the original manuscripts (a daunting task indeed) would force the critic immediately into the roles already undertaken by his editors (e.g. "In several cases, one incident existed in as many as five different versions ... frequently Lowry would write a passage, then modify it, then delete the modifications, then try others, then delete the entire passage - then reinsert it fifty pages later").<sup>5</sup>

Nevertheless, some approximation to either Lowry scheme could be traced in the work as a whole: the Dante-esque trilogy in UTV, Lunar Caustic and Forest Path<sup>6</sup> - or the series of interrelated novels, with the posthumous Dark as the Grave as the Under Under the Volcano and "the sequence" (somehow) concluding with Autumn Ferry to Gabriola. In either case, the problems inherent in the "corrupt" texts would be considerable; and in the latter case in particular such an attempt would do Lowry no real service. There is little in the posthumous work that approaches UTV in quality; most (and in particular Gabriola) provides all too convincing evidence of a fundamental decline in creative vitality. As Douglas Day puts it, what remained to Lowry after the publication of UTV was "the inevitable deterioration of his art" and "the analogous deterioration of his self" (Malcom Lowry, 469).

There are arguable exceptions: Lunar Caustic (which is essentially the product of earlier days), a number of vivid and powerful passages in Dark Is the Grave, a handful of short stories, and - most notably -



the novella "The Forest Path to the Spring", for which Lowry claimed so much. It contained, he believed, "some of the best things I've ever done" (Letters 245: June 1951), and was "of great seriousness (though it is a story of happiness, in fact, roughly of our life here in the forest, exultant side of) ..." It was: "So far as I know ... the only short novel of its type that brings the kind of majesty usually reserved for tragedy (God this sounds pompous) to bear on human integration ... I'm mighty proud of it" (Letters 266: October 1951). At this time, Forest Path is, he writes, "100 pages (about)", and a letter of March 1952 further indicates that in this instance at least the story had, essentially, been completed well before Lowry's death (although it was to undergo 'final' revision at Margerie Lowry's hands after his death): "... I did not read The Demon of the Woods till the other day, long after writing "The Forest Path to the Spring"". (Letters 289). Clearly, editorial problems in this case were in no way comparable to those presented by the material of the posthumous novels.

It could therefore be argued

- 1) that Lowry's projected schemes should be treated only as pointers - pointers to the kind of fiction that he aspired to complete but achieved, I believe, only in UTV and "Forest Path";
- 2) that only the best of his work should be concentrated on in a study that aims to explore his achievement rather than his degeneration as a writer; and
- 3) that only work completed and 'authorized' by Lowry himself should be considered - this would leave the critic with the 1933 UM, UTV, and a few stories.

What then is the justification for a study of Lowry's work that concentrates almost exclusively upon UM, UTV, and FP? Lowry himself emphatically declared the inferiority of UM as a work of literature,

and FP, as published four years after Lowry's death, was by no means exclusively his own work.

The three texts chosen impressed themselves upon me as being those through which both the development and the central achievement of Lowry's work could best be explored, within the limits of my particular approach and method. Essential to the method is detailed analysis of selected passages, in relation to their immediate and general contexts. This method, which had grown out of preliminary readings of Lowry's earlier work, had then (it seemed) to be 'applied' to a body of work which had doubled in size in the late sixties and early seventies. A reading of the posthumous fiction to some extent resolved the problem; it became evident that it was not necessary - indeed, not advisable - to attempt a comprehensive analysis of the entire oeuvre by the method chosen, that such an attempt might well prove counter-productive. In most of this posthumous fiction, Lowry repeated and reworked earlier material with enfeebled powers, or attempted to discover new directions with new techniques only most confusedly and unconvincingly. Similarly an approach which combined close textual analysis with Jungian psychology to analyse such material would find itself becoming increasingly repetitive and producing ever-diminishing returns. It could, in the last analysis, achieve little more than substantiation of Lowry's failure, in most of this fiction, to continue to give vital literary form to internal conflicts that had exhausted and were destroying him.

As I have indicated, the outstanding exception to this rather sweeping dismissal of Lowry's post-UTV work is (as I attempt to demonstrate in Part 3 of the thesis) the eloquent if ambiguously elegiac "Forest Path to the Spring". This since it is as Lowry stated concerned with "human integration", is the closest approximation he reached to a sequel, or coda, to the vital central achievement of UTV.<sup>7</sup>

It could hardly be dispensed with even if the textual problems were more considerable than they are.

UTV chooses itself. No discussion of Lowry's work could possibly ignore it; on the other hand, to study only UTV would be an unnecessary limitation. The development of Lowry's work - of his pursuit and revitalisation of symbols of transformation, for example - would be excluded.

There remains my choice of Ultramarine as the basis for Part I of the thesis. Lowry's own derogatory comments on this first novel (which he dismisses in effect as plagiaristic juvenilia) indicate that he would not have thanked any critic for paying the novel concentrated attention. He does, however, allow that it contains "about 125 pages of good, original work" (Letters 80, 113). It is, indeed, by no means contemptible. Although in innumerable ways derivative, it has (as I try to show) its own kind of distinctiveness and unity, and, above all, it has a vitality and exuberance so conspicuously lacking in most of the posthumous material. It shows, in incompletely developed yet complex forms, preliminary stages of the Lowry-protagonist's archetypal quest - his "assault on the initiatory sea".<sup>8</sup> In this, as in other ways, its inclusion allows for the development (rather than the degeneration) of Lowry's work to be explored.

This concept - of the quest, the "Katabasis" pursued by Lowry's protagonists through his fiction - is developed in relation to the myth of the hero and its stages in the introductory chapter to Part 2 of this thesis: "Ixion or Prometheus?" The development of this concept further establishes, I believe, that the texts chosen are central to an understanding of Lowry's achievement. It underlies Lowry's work - underlies, indeed, those ambitious unachievable schemes for The Voyage that Never Ends. In 1949, three years after the publication of UTV, he

refers to a review of the novel as being especially interesting to him in that it "laid the stress on the mystical and religious catabasis traced by the Consul". This, he adds, "pointed out something in my intention I didn't know myself but which is certainly there" (Letters 177). That "something" had in fact surfaced briefly in the novel:

Cat. Cat who? Catastrophe ... Catastrophysicist ...  
Katabasis to cat abysses ... (140).

That Lowry had heroic, indeed Promethean, ambitions for his fiction can hardly be doubted. The projected Voyage was "to concern the battering the human spirit takes (doubtless because it is overreaching itself) in its ascent towards its true purpose" (Letters 63: my italics). And five years later - rather more pathetically in view of what he had achieved since UTV and was to achieve before his death in 1957 - he claims that although:

some years back I was not equipped to tackle a task of this nature ... I've gone through the necessary spiritual ordeals that have permitted me to see the truth of what I'm getting at ... all that remains is to get myself into a material position where I can consummate the ordeal by the further ordeal of writing it ..." (Letters 267).

One can at least say that since "The Forest Path to the Spring" must, to some degree, have been the product of moments, even periods, of confidence such as this, that confidence was not - not entirely-misplaced.

Lowry's interest in the myth of the hero is evident also in other comments and statements in his letters. As early as 1940, he wrote to Conrad Aiken suggesting - hardly seriously - "a novel on this situation by both of us, or all of us, to be called Night Journey Across the Sea" (Letters 25),<sup>9</sup> and again in the Cape letter of 1946, he refers to UTV as "our drama of a man's struggle between the powers of darkness and light" (Letters 67), and roundly declares that:

this novel then is concerned principally ... with the forces in man which cause him to be terrified of himself. It is

also concerned with the guilt of man, with his remorse, with his ceaseless struggling toward the light under the weight of the past, and with his doom ... (The Consul's fate should be seen ... in its universal relationship to the ultimate fate of mankind) (Letters 66).

Similarly, in the same letter, he asks: "Shall the Consul, once more, go forward and be reborn ... or shall he sink back into degeneracy and Parian and extinction ..." (my italics), and claims that:

He is one aspect of Everyman ... just as Yvonne is so to speak the eternal woman, as in Parsifal, Kundry, whoever she was, angel and destroyer both (Letters 81).

The fascination with myth - and in particular with the myth of the hero - is evident not only in these statements, but far more significantly in the content of his fiction, as Chapter Nine: "Ixion or Prometheus", emphasises.

My approach to Lowry's work does not require - as necessary evidence of its relevance and suitability - any knowledge on the part of the author of the concepts and theories to be related to his work. It can, nevertheless, be shown that Lowry had some knowledge of and some interest in specifically Jungian (and Freudian) concepts, although there is no evidence until 1951 that this knowledge was first-hand, or more than superficial.<sup>10</sup>

When in UM (1933), he writes of his protagonist as

this strong creature with a head of filthy, infected hair, and a maggoty brain and a rotting consciousness, who dreams of archetypal images ... (131),

this can hardly be cited as evidence that he had read a single word of Jung's (or Freud's) and a similar comment would apply even to:

Dream interpretations ... Dreaming, when reading psychology, of climbing the Jungfrau ... (269). (My italics)

What this evidence does indicate is some degree of awareness, at a very early stage in his development as a writer, of the potential fictional

significance of psychological concepts of the kind that I have in this thesis related to his early and his mature fiction.

In later work, and later years (as one might expect), there is more evidence of this kind, and it is more conclusive; it indicates a conjunction in Lowry's thoughts of literature with Jungian psychology and with mythology - a conjunction that is the central concern of this thesis. And in the thesis, as in the work it studies, mythology and psychology are essentially in the service of literature.

The Consul, challenged by Laruelle, declares (as roundly as Lowry in his letters) that:

'You are interfering with my great battle ... Against death  
... My battle for the survival of the human consciousness'  
... (UTV 220-221).

- these are very much the terms in which Jung discusses the myth of Prometheus and, indeed, the myth of the hero as such.<sup>11</sup> Of the vultures which circle recurrently above the protagonists in UTV, Lowry wrote: "they fly through the whole book and in (Chapter) XI become as it were archetypal, Promethean fowl ..." (Letters 79).

"... the forces in man which cause him to be terrified of himself"  
- in such phrases as this, the concern of Lowry and of his fiction with areas of human experience that were, and are, of central interest to depth-psychology becomes explicit. In a letter written in 1948, Lowry describes himself as "going steadily and even beautifully downhill"; the trouble is, he adds (in paraphrase of Dr Vigil), "apart from Self, that part (which) used to be called consciousness" (Letters 165), and six years later:

it never occurred to me that consciousness itself could be of any aid, quite the contrary, and let alone a goal, 'Man forget yourself,' having been too often my motto ...  
(Letters 373).

He had in 1951 - for the first time, he states - read Jung's "'Man in

search of his soul'" (sic). This is a collection of essays first published in 1933. It contains, among a variety of essays of relevance to Lowry's central preoccupations, "The Spiritual Problem of Modern Man" and - perhaps most satisfying to Lowry - "Psychology and Literature".<sup>12</sup> It is, wrote Lowry, "More or less popular and dry half-gobbledegookery ... and I dare say psychologically superceded ... you nonetheless might find it soundly full of the wisest kind of speculation" (Letters 250). That "speculation" includes, in "Psychology and Literature", a concept of the writer as an heroic figure indeed.

In this essay, the visionary writer is contrasted to the psychological. The latter "deals with materials drawn from the realm of human consciousness - for instance, with the lessons of life, with emotional shocks, the experience of passion and the crises of human destiny in general". It is "an interpretation and illumination of the contents of consciousness", taking its material "from the vivid foreground of life" and nowhere transcending "the bounds of psychological intelligibility". The visionary mode, on the other hand, "reverses all the conditions of the former". It is "a strange something that derives its existence from the hinterland of man's mind", and can evoke "a super-human world of contrasting light and darkness ... a primordial experience which surpasses man's understanding, and to which he is therefore in danger of succumbing." The value and the force of the experience "are given by its enormity", and it can burst asunder "our human standards of value and of aesthetic form" (179-181).

The demands that such an achievement makes upon the artist, as stated by Jung, would have found a profound response in Lowry, whose fiction, whose letters, whose life, reveals him as a man obsessed - even to the point of absurdity and self-parody - with such a concept of himself as writer-hero. Jung writes:

Art is a kind of innate drive that seizes a human being and makes him its instrument. The artist is not a person endowed with free will who seeks his own ends, but one who allows art to realize its purposes through him. As a human being he may have moods and a will and personal aims, but as an artist he is 'man' in a higher sense - he is 'collective man' - one who carries and shapes the unconscious, psychic life of mankind. To perform this difficult office it is sometimes necessary for him to sacrifice happiness and everything that makes life worth living for the ordinary human being ... (195).

The Promethean sacrifice! In Autumn, 1945, with UTV at last completed and "gone smack into the void", and with its author about to undertake a second (and again traumatic) visit to Mexico, yet reassured that his Northern paradise retreat is at least temporarily secure, Lowry feels that he has at last joined "the ranks of the petty bourgeoisie ... somewhat like a Prometheus who became interested in real estate and decided to buy up his Caucasian ravine" (Letters 51). But, as he was to read in Jung's essay five years later:

There are hardly any exceptions to the rule that a person must pay dearly for the divine gift of the creative fire (196).

Jung wrote that "Psychology and the study of art will always have to turn to one another for help, and the one will not invalidate the other" (177). They will not invalidate one another, he argues, if their aims are not confused; and if, particularly, "the work of art" is recognized as "something in its own right (that) may not be conjured away" (185) (as, he indicates, by the reductionist theories of "the psychologist who follows Freud").<sup>13</sup> And the crucial importance of the visionary artist is stressed again:

Great poetry draws its strength from the life of mankind, and we completely miss its meaning if we try to derive it from personal factors. Whenever the collective unconscious becomes a living experience and is brought to bear upon the conscious outlook of an age, this event is a creative act which is of importance to everyone living in that age ... (191).



But if, as he asserts, "There is a fundamental difference of approach between the psychologist's examination of a literary work and that of a literary critic", what can Jungian psychology offer a literary critic by way of "help"? (177). Psychology "can do nothing towards the elucidation of this colourful imagery" (he has here referred to Dante, Goethe, Wagner, Nietzsche, Blake and Spitteler!) except:

bring together materials for comparison and offer a terminology for discussion. According to this terminology, that which appears in the vision is the collective unconscious ... a certain psychic disposition shaped by the forces of heredity; from it consciousness has developed ... (190).

The thesis that follows demonstrates that by offering a terminology, a complex and flexible system of symbols, to describe the crucially formative experiences conditioning human life - the interaction between conscious and unconscious forces and demands - Jungian psychology can open up a path, or paths, into the centre of certain kinds of literature, and, most penetratingly, into the "visionary" mode. While Lowry's work is by no means exclusively of this mode it is primarily and essentially so,<sup>14</sup> and in the discussion that follows, I explore the validity of Lowry's claim that:

The real protagonist of the Voyage is not so much a man or a writer as the unconscious - or man's unconscious ... (Letters 331).

I have implied above - in spite of emphasis upon the failure of his grandest schemes - that very large claims indeed can be made for Lowry's fiction. That these claims are justified it is the business of this thesis to demonstrate in its analyses of the works chosen, and in the explicit arguments that constitute Chapter Nine and the end of Chapter Eighteen.

## II

The arguments pursued throughout this thesis, therefore, are based upon the premise that psychological concepts developed and symbols described by C G Jung can, as they emerge in certain works of fiction, usefully be examined in conjunction with literary methods of close textual analysis to aid significantly the interpretation of these works; and that these approaches to literature, via Jungian psychology and textual analysis, can, in these instances, demonstrate themselves to be crucially interdependent.

Central to the discussions which follow is Jung's concept of the symbol. The symbol, in its most creative role, unites consciousness and the unconscious. But in order to achieve this it must - he believes - be "archetypal", stemming from and representative of an archetype of the collective unconscious. What immediately follows is an attempt to clarify and present a synopsis of these central concepts.

In discussing "Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious", Jung first of all distinguishes between the personal and the collective unconscious. He then goes on to explain the nature of archetypes - their source, and the kinds of elaboration they undergo "historically" and in the individual psyche - to discuss the "pathological element" in archetypes, and to describe the procedure by means of which they can be integrated into consciousness.

The personal unconscious is a "more or less superficial layer of the unconscious". This layer "rests upon a deeper layer, which does not derive from personal experience and is not a personal acquisition but is inborn". This deeper layer he calls the collective unconscious, and he explains that he has chosen the term collective

because this part of the unconscious is not individual but universal; in contrast to the personal psyche, it has contents and modes of behaviour that are more or less the same everywhere and in all individuals. It is ... identical in all men and thus constitutes a common psychic substrate of a suprapersonal nature which is present in every one of us. ... The contents of the collective unconscious ... are known as archetypes ... (my italics) (BW 287).

He adds that he has chosen the term archetype

because it tells us that so far as the collective unconscious contents are concerned we are dealing with archaic or - I would say - primordial types, that is with universal images that have existed since remotest times ... (BW 288).

He goes on to explain that there is a "considerable difference" between the archetype as designating "those psychic contents which have not yet been submitted to conscious elaboration and are therefore an immediate datum of psychic experience", and the "historical formula" of the archetype, which may well have undergone "the critical and evaluating influence of conscious elaboration". (He discusses such processes of elaboration in, for example, Chapter V of Aion: "Christ, a Symbol of the Self"). A more immediate manifestation of the archetype - than, for instance, through Christian symbolism - is

as we encounter it in dreams and visions ... much more individual, less understandable, and more naive than in myths ...

Here the archetype, "essentially an unconscious content",

is altered by becoming conscious and by becoming perceived, and it takes its colour from the individual consciousness in which it happens to appear ... (BW 288-289).

In Lowry's fiction both of these manifestations of the archetypes appear to be drawn upon - historical formulations, and dreams and fantasies closely related to the highly-coloured "individual consciousness" of the protagonists. Indeed, the treatment of archetypal symbols in the novels can fairly be described as both the product of "the critical and evaluating influence of conscious elaboration" and as being "much more

individual, less understandable, and more naive than in myths".

The most brutal and devastating manifestations of the archetypes occur in insanity; however, as Jung points out:

The things that come to light brutally in insanity remain hidden in the background in neurosis, but they continue to influence consciousness none the less ...

And when the background of conscious phenomena is penetrated, "the same archetypal figures that activate the deliriums of psychotics" are found. He adds that

there is any amount of literary and historical evidence to prove that in the case of these archetypes we are dealing with normal types of fantasy that occur practically everywhere and not (merely) with the monstrous products of insanity (BW 324).

He concluded that

the pathological element does not lie in the existence of these ideas, but in the dissociation of consciousness that can no longer control the unconscious. In all cases of dissociation it is therefore necessary to integrate the unconscious into consciousness. This is a synthetic process which I have termed 'the individuation process' (BW 324).

Finally, Jung describes the process of integrating the archetypes into consciousness. This description parallels what I believe Lowry was attempting to achieve in and through the fiction that he wrote throughout his life:

As the archetypes, like all numinous contents, are relatively autonomous, they cannot be integrated simply by rational means, but require a dialectical procedure, a real coming to terms with them, often conducted ... in dialogue form ... (BW 325).

This "dialogue form" Jung compares to the "alchemical definition of the meditatio: 'an inner colloquy with one's good angel'" - but his writings in general suggest that he might have described this dialogue even more fully as being with one's good and bad angels, a by no means in-

appropriate description of Dana Hilliot's many prolonged discussions with himself, which constitute the larger part of Ultramarine, and indeed of the Consul's interior monologues in Under the Volcano, where he intermittently hears voices specifically attributed to his good and bad angels. It is, as Jung adds, a procedure which "runs a dramatic course, with many ups and downs".

The procedure expresses itself in, or is accompanied by, "dream" symbols

that are related to the 'representations collectives' which, in the form of mythological motifs, have portrayed psychic processes of transformation since the earliest times (BW 325).

It is with symbols of this kind, arising from the deeper and less accessible layers of the unconscious, that Lowry's protagonists - Hilliot, Firmin, Wilderness - are essentially concerned.

As Jung indicates, to say that the symbols and processes that he discusses are and have been common to all men at all times is not to imply that they are or have been uniform and inflexible in meaning. To the extent that they become so, they lose their power:

... genuine and true symbols ... cannot be taken as ... allegories, and exhaustively interpreted. They are, rather, genuine symbols just in so far as they are ambiguous, full of intimations, and, in the last analysis, inexhaustible ... (IP 89).

Although

Our intellectual judgement, of course, keeps trying to establish their singleness of meaning, and so misses the essential point ... what we should above all establish, as alone corresponding to their nature, is their manifold meaning, their almost unbounded fullness of reference (IP 89).

Elsewhere, Jung notes how medieval symbolists often gave "diametrically opposed interpretations of the same symbol, apparently without becoming aware of the far-reaching and dangerous possibility that the

polarity of the symbol implies the identity of opposites". Here again the underlying potential of every "true and genuine" symbol is that it could unite mutually antagonistic elements in the psyche. Jung explains how this can be done:

Myths and fairytales give expression to unconscious processes, and their retelling causes these processes to come alive again and be recollected, thereby re-establishing the connection between conscious and unconscious. ... As opposites never unite at their own level ... a supraordinate 'third' is always required, in which the two parts can come together. And since the symbol derives as much from the conscious as from the unconscious, it is able to unite them both, reconciling their conceptual polarity through its form and their emotional polarity through its numinosity (AN 180).

Symbols are brought into being - caused - by the impact of unconscious processes upon consciousness. Thus the shadow presents "a fundamental contrast to the conscious personality", an "extreme opposition ... to consciousness", which is mitigated

by complementary and compensatory processes in the unconscious. Their impact on consciousness finally produces the uniting symbols ... (MC 497).

Throughout the discussion of Lowry's work that follows, I have attempted to avoid the pitfall which if not avoided would have led to a damagingly reductive approach: that of treating symbols as signs. Jung himself attempts to guard against this temptation by clearly differentiating symbol from sign:

A symbol is an indefinite expression with many meanings, pointing to something not easily defined and therefore not fully known. But the sign always has a fixed meaning, because it is a conventional abbreviation for, or a commonly accepted indication of, something known (ST 124).

And he warns the reader specifically against the reduction of symbol to sign:

But the semiotic interpretation becomes meaningless when it is applied exclusively and schematically, when, in short, it

ignores the real nature of the symbol and seeks to depreciate it to the level of a mere sign (AP 51).

The impact of unconscious processes upon the consciousness produces the symbol - an 'involuntary' activity of the psyche which cannot consciously be prevented. It can, however, in innumerable ways be minimised in its effect. It can be inhibited, ignored, devalued, reduced (as from symbol to sign).<sup>15</sup> The appearance of any "true and genuine" archetypal symbol in the conscious mind constitutes a threat as much as a promise:

Almost all the symbols are capable of a positive as well as a negative meaning and we meet as often with the one as with the other for the way through transformation is ambushed by all possible dangers ... (IP 90).

The threat and the promise are inseparable, for, as Jung explains, these dangers are very great and very real. Almost always in Ultramarine the threat obliterates the promise: the threat of disintegration of the personality smothers and defeats the faint, intermittent and feebly glimpsed promise of an extension and radical development of the self. Of the dangers which fascinate and terrify Dana Hilliot, and which time and again he glimpses, and evades:

The chief danger is that of succumbing to the uncannily fascinating influence of living archetypes. If we do, we may come to a standstill either in a symbolic situation or in an identification with an archetypal personality ... (IP 90).

Jung believes that:

The symbolic process is possible only when one allows the ego-consciousness to enter the image ... that is, when no obstruction is offered to the happening in the unconscious ... (IP 90).

When this occurs, consciousness becomes "to such an extent an object of unconscious happening", that it is "drawn into the realm of the images and is brought, or sometimes even compelled, to live them by performing

them". In this way, "conscious and unconscious are interfused, and a decided change of consciousness is brought about".

The ego-consciousness therefore defends its vested interest in the status quo, but it also - much more justifiably - defends against the possibility that by becoming "the object of the unconscious", it will be "drawn completely into the archetype". This danger is present throughout the individuation process; it is the price that must, repeatedly, be paid by those who seek the self. That it is safer, easier, and therefore seems very much more desirable not to put oneself at any such risk, is the conclusion that Dana recurrently tries to reach and establish. Yet this 'way' has its unavoidable dangers also. If ignored, repressed, the archetypes (as representative of the profoundest psychic forces) will cause radical and crippling damage to the personality as they work unseen in increasingly virulent hostility to the ego-consciousness. At worst, they may erupt volcanically (as in psychosis); at best, "the result is a conflict that cripples all further advance" (BW 143). The consequences of such a stalemate are symbolically presented to Dana's consciousness on several occasions in Ultramarine, e.g.:

When the door of Dana Hilliot, old age pensioner, was forced, the police found him lying on the mattress in an emaciated and verminous condition. Death from exhaustion and self-neglect ... (my italics) (UM 74).

Yet even stronger than this fear, in Dana, is that of being engulfed by unconscious forces, a catastrophe which can occur "quite at the beginning" - where indeed Dana stands, and when "as a rule, the meeting with the shadow takes place. If the shadow succeeds in assimilating the ego, a reversal of the whole personality comes about ..." (IP 91).

Throughout Ultramarine, Dana approaches and retreats from the shadow's threshold. What awaits him if he remains there always is



"Death from exhaustion and self-neglect"; yet what may confront him if he at last crosses that threshold may well be the disintegration of the personality and annihilation of the self that, arguably, takes place in Under the Volcano.

Or he may discover there

a boundless expanse full of unprecedented uncertainty, with apparently no inside and no outside ... the world of water where all life floats in suspension ... where I experience the other in myself and the other-than-myself experiences me ... (PR 243).

In either case, the symbols are the key not merely to the door on the far side of the threshold, but also to what may lie beyond. They are indispensable:

The unconscious can only be reached and expressed by symbols, which is the reason why the process of individuation can never do without the symbol ...

They are both primitive and of the highest value:

The symbol is the primitive expression of the unconscious, but at the same time it is also an idea corresponding to the highest intuition produced by the consciousness. The oldest mandala drawing known to me is a palaeolithic so-called 'sun-wheel' ... Things reaching so far back in human history naturally touch upon the deepest layers of the unconscious and affect the latter where conscious speech shows itself to be quite impotent (PS 325-326).

The "true" symbol cannot be consciously willed into existence - although, as I shall show, it can be very self-consciously fabricated, for a variety of purposes, mostly in defence of the ego:

Such things cannot be thought up but must grow again from the forgotten depths, if they are to express the deepest insights of consciousness and the loftiest intuitions of the spirit (PS 326).

And, finally, their unifying function is again declared:

Coming from these depths they blend together the uniqueness of present-day consciousness with the age-old past of life (PS 326).

It is these symbols, of archetypes of the unconscious, as defined and discussed by Jung, that are the focal points and unifying factors in this examination of Lowry's work.

My method throughout is based upon an attempt to determine the quality of the symbol - its genuineness or spuriousness, its profundity or superficiality, its 'numinosity' or lack of it, its weakness or strength - by examining the quality of language through which the symbol is presented.

Jung asserts that: "The symbol works by suggestion; that is to say, it carries conviction and at the same time expresses the content of that conviction" (ST 232). The literary symbol can achieve this conviction, or fail to do so, only in and through language, and it is in this particular respect that Jungian psychology and literary criticism can achieve an interpretive synthesis that I believe to be of particular value to the understanding of the fundamental issue at work in Lowry's fiction.

## PART ONE : ULTRAMARINE

### CHAPTER ONE : PERSONA, SHADOW AND ANIMA

At first the only thing that is at all clear is the incompatibility of the demands coming from without and from within, with the ego standing between them, as between hammer and anvil ... (BW 166).

C G Jung's concepts of the persona, the shadow, and the anima, provide particularly valuable insights into the processes at work in Ultramarine. There, Dana Hilliot can be seen to be attempting to construct a persona but being unable to do so convincingly. He can, simultaneously, be seen to seek some understanding of his shadow side - and to avoid such understanding. And he can be seen, throughout the novel, to be very much in the grip and at the mercy of his anima, whether she is projected as Janet, as Olga, or as an attempted amalgamation of the two.

The persona is "the ideal picture of a man as he should be" (BW 164). It is, wrote Jung, a particularly appropriate term since "it originally meant the mask worn by an actor, signifying the role he played" (BW 138). While recognizing that "some repression is a necessity of social life" (FF 51), Jung's essential view of the persona is that it is a false mask, hiding and more often than not radically damaging the individual's "real and authentic being", his "individual self" (BW 140), by causing him to become (or remain) "blind to the existence

of inner realities" (BW 169) and thereby "delivered over to influences from within" (BW 164).

In the disintegration of the persona, however, there are grave dangers:

a release of involuntary fantasy, which is ... the specific activity of the collective psyche. This activity brings up contents whose existence one had never dreamed of before. But as the influence of the collective unconscious increases, so the conscious mind loses its power of leadership. Imperceptibly it becomes the led, while an unconscious and impersonal process gradually takes control. Thus, without noticing it, the conscious personality is pushed about like a figure on a chess-board by an invisible player ... The predominance of unconscious influences, together with the associated disintegration of the persona and the deposition of the conscious mind from power, constitute a state of psychic disequilibrium ... (BW 141, 142).

Throughout the novel, Dana endeavours to formulate and to sustain a persona that seems most compatible with "the demands coming from without" and with the demands of his ego-consciousness that it should not undergo radical change; that he does so in the face of contrary demands "from within" causes the "state of psychic disequilibrium" that is his characteristic condition in the novel and is only superficially and uneasily resolved in the novel's later and final stages.

Those demands coming "from within" find expression in Ultramarine in symbols of the attempts of "unconscious influences" to gain predominance. Of these, the shadow (together with the anima) is, Jung states, the archetype which is most "clearly characterized" and has "the most frequent and disturbing influence on the ego" (PS 6). It acts in direct opposition to the persona because its "realization" would remove the psychic "one-sidedness" that characterizes the persona. Obviously, "the ideal picture of man as he should be" could hardly accommodate

the inferior being in ourselves, the one who wants to do all the things that we do not allow ourselves to do ... the Mr

Hyde to our Dr Jekyll ... the primitive, uncontrolled, and animal part of ourselves ... (FF 49).

When the persona rules, the shadow flourishes unseen, becoming "more dangerous and more likely to overwhelm the rest of the personality" (FF 51). The effort to become conscious of the shadow requires the individual to recognize "the dark aspects of the personality" not merely intellectually, theoretically, but "as present and real" (my italics). This recognition, adds Jung, "is the essential condition for any kind of self-knowledge" (PS 7). Dana Hilliot is shown to be struggling between the formation of a persona, which necessitates repression of the shadow, and recognition of the shadow, which seriously threatens the construction of the persona.

He is also shown, as I have indicated, to be in thrall to the anima. Recognition of the shadow, however essential, is, wrote Jung, only "a first test of courage on the inner way" (BW 304); if "we are able to see our own shadow and can bear knowing about it, then a small part of the problem has already been solved: we have at least brought up the personal unconscious ..." (BW 304). The personal unconscious provides a bridge to the collective unconscious, according to Jung's system; it makes possible "a recognition of the anima" (PS 21). But it is only an "'apprentice-piece' in the individual's development"; the encounter with the anima is "the 'master-piece'" (BW 313). The achievement of this "'master-piece'" poses extreme difficulties and dangers, for not only is the anima "much further away from consciousness" than the shadow, she also represents "the psychic contents that irrupt into consciousness in a psychosis" (PS 9, 32).

The anima is an expression of the "autonomy of the collective unconscious", yet personifies those of its contents which, "when withdrawn from projection, can be integrated into consciousness" (PS 18-19).

As a function which filters "the contents of the collective unconscious through to the conscious mind", she may act in a way that is benevolent (as a necessary agent of psychic integration) or malevolent (as representing "the psychic contents that irrupt into consciousness in a psychosis"). She behaves benevolently, however, "only so long as the tendencies of the conscious and unconscious do not diverge too greatly". If they do diverge (as Dana tries to formulate a persona which represents the shadow and blocks out also symbols of the collective unconscious) then tensions must arise, and

these functions, harmless till then, confront the conscious mind in personified form, and behave rather like systems split off from the personality" (PS 18-19).

Yet what is the nature of this "function" of the unconscious, and why is she - for masculine psychology - necessarily feminine? Jung's explanation of the way in which the anima reacts against the persona goes some way towards answering these questions:

The persona, the ideal picture of a man as he should be, is inwardly compensated by feminine weakness, and as the individual outwardly plays the strong man, so he becomes inwardly a woman, i.e. the anima, for it is the anima that reacts to the persona. But because the inner world is dark and invisible to the extraverted consciousness, and because a man is all the less capable of conceiving his weaknesses the more he is identified with the persona, the persona's counterpart, the anima, remains completely in the dark and is at once projected ... (BW 165).

She is an "inherited collective image of woman (which) exists in a man's unconscious", wrote Jung, "with the help of which he apprehends the nature of woman" (FF 53): since "the unconscious complements the conscious standpoint ... the unconscious of a man contains a complementary feminine element, that of a woman a male element ... the anima and animus" (FF 52). She is the "soul" - the main transmitter of psychic energy (libido) of vitality, spiritual and animal, and, most importantly,

of the inescapable interdependence of the animal and the spiritual, of darkness and light.

"So long as the anima is unconscious she is always projected", claimed Jung (BW 167). Thus Dana sees Janet and Olga not as individuals with identities separate from his own but as projections - personifications - of his own unconscious fears, desires, and "weaknesses". And as long as she is thus projected, Dana cannot understand that he has changed the world into a "replica of (his) own unknown face" (AN 9). It is towards this understanding that Lowry's protagonists struggle throughout his fiction, while the "'woman within'" (MDR 210) remains unrecognized and therefore potentially (for Dana) then imminently (for the Consul) malicious and destructive. If these projections could be withdrawn, the anima could function "to the advantage of the individual", but:

Interposed between the ego and the world, she acts like an ever-changing Shakti, who weaves the veil of Maya and dances the illusion of existence ... The unconscious anima is a creature without relationships, an autoerotic being whose one aim is to take total possession of the individual ... (PP 295).

For Dana Hilliot, the veil of Maya is woven between Janet and Olga; together they dance an illusion of existence that he attempts intermittently and unsuccessfully to penetrate. His attempts to see Janet/Olga as anything other than projections of his own inner "weaknesses" are bound to fail, since the preliminary stage - the "'apprentice-piece'" of recognizing the shadow - is never achieved, and still awaits him as the novel ends.

It would seem inevitable, consequently, that such symbols of the self that struggle from the depths of the unconscious to the surface of consciousness in this novel could not be other than feebly immature. That this is often but not always so is explained and demonstrated in

the discussions that follow. Although never sustained and never unimpeded, these symbols reveal not infrequent glimpses of their numinous power. They reveal simultaneously that even the repressive force of several layers of hostile psychic activity (formation of a persona, denial of the shadow, projection of the anima) cannot entirely subdue them.

Chapters Two and Three of this discussion of Ultramarine concentrates upon three such symbols of transformation - "Geometry and Eyes", and "Crucifixion" - and endeavour, by close analysis of the quality of these symbols as they find expression in Dana's consciousness, to demonstrate both the processes by which Dana attempts to repress or deactivate them and the nature and function of the symbols themselves.

In Chapter Four: "The Great Tattoo", the role played by Andy, the ship's cook, in Dana's psycho-drama is traced (as a model for Dana's persona and as potential guide to his shadow side), and in Chapter Five: "Virgin or Whore", Dana's relationship with his anima, Janet/Olga, is explored. Chapter Six, "The Divine Child", examines the function of another symbol of transformation in the novel, one that is, in effect, the product of Dana's relationship with his anima.

In Chapter Seven, symbols relating to the ship, and to the seas across which Dana voyages, are discussed, and further insight into the nature of the "collective status" that Dana appears to achieve with Andy and Norman is provided, together with an examination of the role played in the novel by Nikolai, the "fire-bright" fireman. The concluding chapter, "A Dream and a Vision", assesses Dana's achievement in the novel, and establishes the stage that he has reached - his fitness or otherwise to pursue further the search for selfhood that, throughout, he has been so confusedly both seeking and evading.



## CHAPTER TWO : GEOMETRY AND EYES

In Aion, Jung asserts the primary importance, as symbols of transformation, of geometrical structures - components of the mandala. Their appearance, however, by no means necessarily signifies the achievement of psychic wholeness in the protagonist. Although some symbols, according to Jung, belong more to some stages of the process of individuation than others, they may nevertheless appear at any point in the process. They do not, of course, carry with them equal intensity - numen - wherever and whenever they appear; indeed, it is just this intensity, or lack of it that, as much as the obviously identifiable symbol itself, indicates the stage that has been or could be reached. Thus when Jung writes that the most important symbols of wholeness are "geometrical structures containing elements of the circle and quaternity ... circular and spherical forms ... quadratic figures divided into four or in the form of a cross" (An 223-224), he is also at pains to point out that this symbolism may appear at a time of extreme "confusion ... restlessness and disorientation" as "a compensating principle of order", and as an augury of the possibility of eventual "salvation". They are "pictorial symbols, whose interpretation is in no sense fixed beforehand"; much - everything, perhaps - depends on the quality of the symbol, in terms of interpreting its significance (An 194-195). Therefore a "broken circle", for example, may well indicate that "the psyche or anima ... does not coincide with reason or the purified soul" (SMS 188). And analogous to the broken or misshapen pictorial circle (the incomplete or false mandala) is the archetypal symbol presented in weak, confused and

pretentious language.

Symbols of wholeness, then, may appear at any stage, and although as signs their interpretation is to some extent fixed - a circle in a square must, according to Jung, in itself mean wholeness, the self - as symbol it may indicate almost any imaginable degree of distance from, or nearness to, wholeness, selfhood. And this degree of distance of nearness can be assessed, ultimately, only by an appreciation of the intensity of numinosity - or lack of it - that is conveyed by the language that forms the symbol.

Undoubtedly, other factors are of considerable importance, in particular the immediate and overall contexts of the symbol with which, whatever its apparent strength or weakness, the symbol must be inter-related. The novel may appear to tell us - the hero may specifically insist - that the sought-for end has been achieved (e.g. that readiness to go "below" which Dana Hilliot believes himself to have achieved at the end of Ultramarine); but the quality of language as a whole through which this belief is conveyed to us may declare otherwise. In this case, a marked discrepancy may become evident between the 'meaning' of the paraphrasable plot and that conveyed by the symbols - a clash, at times, between the word or words as sign and as symbol. The protagonist, willing the conclusion he seeks, places in appropriate order the signs that should demonstrate that the sought-after end has been achieved. But the will, the intention, is far from enough; and to the extent that it is not enough, the sign as symbol will betray its inadequacy.

(1)      The Geometrical Monster

Chapter I of Ultramarine concludes with a sustained internal monologue from Dana Hilliot, the novel's protagonist. In it, he first contemplates the workings of the ship's engines and their significance in terms of the opposition of chaos to order that he recognizes in himself; then through his mind pass 'geometrical' memories and symbols, flower-sprinkled recollections of hours with Janet, an address to the crucified Christ, and less idyllic memories of walking with Janet which dissolve into a contrived yet terrifying fantasmagoria of expanding and dissolving eyes, of birds, of death by drowning. The chapter ends with an accurate description of his condition:

Lost without a compass. I am on a ship ...  
Lost. Lost. Lost. (45)

This first chapter has expressed Dana's considerable doubt and confusion as to what he is, or could become; it has indeed shown him to be "Lost without a compass". In its concluding internal monologue, he remembers that as a small child he "liked Pythagoras, or it might have been Euclid, because he drew upon the sand (how delightful!) such nice pictures of the moon" (UM 41). The direct innocence and delight of his childhood response to the successful drawing of this circle is conveyed by the directness and simplicity of the language, although there is a touch, perhaps, of the late adolescent's defensive irony against the naivety of this remembered response ("How delightful! such nice pictures ..."). Reasons for a defensive irony are immediately suggested:

But at school geometry had puzzled Hilliot and frightened him, and become to him eventually a sort of monster. It had resolved itself into a human and dreadful shape of perpendicularly arranged concentric circles with a long tangent of arms, with huge hands throttling and triangular ...  
(41).

Here we are given symbols of the self in threatening aspect. And what they threaten is the pain, indeed the danger, that any serious attempt at the synthesis of the opposites in the self necessitates. The danger in such a 'crucifixion' of the psyche is that consciousness may be swallowed up by the unconscious and of the "hero" or "monster" that Dana a little later seeks to become (81) the former may be consumed by the latter.

In Aion, Jung describes the stella maris, a circular fish which symbolised Christ, in this way:

... not a fish in the modern sense, but an invertebrate ... a mussel-shell or mollusc ... it is some kind of ... jelly-fish ... Its free-swimming form, the acrospedote medusa, has a round bell- or disc-shaped body of radial construction, which as a rule is divided into eight sections by means of four perradials and four interradians ... they are equipped with tentacles: these contain the thread-cells ... with which they poison their prey ... (127-128).

The resemblance of this bell-disc-shaped creature of radial construction, with its deadly tentacles, to Hilliot's "dreadful shape of perpendicularly arranged concentric circles with a long tangent of (throttl- ing) arms" is of course not complete; the one appears hideously human, the other as a fish. It is sufficiently striking, however, to warrant further investigation. If Hilliot's geometrical monster does have essential features in common with an alchemical (and geometrical) fish, does this cast further light upon the nature of his fantasy?

The fish, Jung tells us, "was a symbol for the arcane substance and the lapis" - the philosopher's stone - "the latter term denoting the prima materia as well as the end product of the process ... (also) called filius philosophorum ... (it) was regarded as a parallel of Christ. Thus, by an indirect route, the alchemical fish attains the dignity of a symbol for the Salvator mundi ... (and) means nothing other than the self ..." (An 126-127).

The geometrical shape - a variously sectioned and divided sphere or circle - whether monster of Hilliot's fictional fantasy or arcane alchemical fish - may represent therefore in a variety of ways the self and its potential for wholeness, and, it seems, may represent also the terrible dangers that a genuine search for the self involves. In circle symbolism "All degrees of emotional evaluation are found, from abstract, colourless, indifferent drawings of circles to an extremely intense experience of illumination" (MC 544); as in the pictorial symbol, so in the literary. The perradial, interr radial fish denotes, at least potentially, the origins "as well as the end product of the process". What then, in these terms, has Dana's monster to tell us of his condition at this point? How strongly visualised is the symbol, which in any case may represent a preliminary stage in a preliminary process - the finding of a starting point among the generally confused and uncertain symbols of his psychic incoherence? And where in his painfully assembled and sometimes laboriously revealed psyche - the essential subject-matter of the novel - can a glimpse, however brief, of his potential self be found, whether in preliminary form (prima materia) or as "the end product of the process"?

Perhaps the geometrical monster conceals as well as reveals such possibilities. To begin with, how terrifying is it? How profound and intense does the psychic experience symbolised here appear to be - what degree of "emotional evaluation" does it seem to embody?

... a sort of monster. It had resolved itself into a human and dreadful shape of perpendicularly arranged concentric circles with a long tangent of arms, with huge hands throttling and triangular ...

To begin with, the human and geometrical features of the description refuse to mix: the "perpendicularly arranged concentric circles with a long tangent of arms" refuse in the mind's eye to assume the human shape

claimed for them. The image remains, unfrighteningly, something like a large egg-whisk with arms. Unlike the alchemical jellyfish, it remains, as it were, abstract lines on a page - except, perhaps, for the arms and hands, yet even in the description of those "huge hands" as "throttling and triangular" appears a visual discrepancy. "... throttling", the most concrete and vivid word in the passage, conveys an image of hands and fingers enclosing, squeezing; "triangular" negates this, presenting a blank geometrical shape without force or movement, like a crude child's drawing of a hand, or a figure assembled from basic wooden blocks.

If the geometrical monster is incompletely and inconsistently formed, what can this reveal to us of Dana's condition and potential? The monster gives the impression, by means of the features I have just noted, of being to some degree contrived, "arranged", as though it is in part at least a fabrication, a figure put together to serve as a sign of, for example, an encounter with the shadow. But the un-synthesised and unconvincing quality of the sign as symbol reveals that what Dana is here confronting is not the shadow, but a substitute for it that is acceptable to his consciousness at this stage. It indicates that in his present state of mind, those potentially redemptive geometrical forms must assume shapes of horror and threaten annihilation of what he is; that they do so inconsistently and unconvincingly is evidence that the horror and annihilation are not being faced directly, but are being allowed only a reduced intensity - or that they are able to break through to consciousness only in this relatively enfeebled and resistable form.

After the description of the geometrical monster, in this final section of Chapter I, we are told that Dana also remembered

forever losing his instruments and making a fool of himself

in class, the mathematics master having once actually given permission for the whole form to crowd around to watch his pathetic attempts ... to create a regular hexagon. To make it worse his compasses, which he said he had lent to Milhench of the Fifth (who anyway was in the Sanatorium), were discovered by the master himself in the chalk box ... This was it, this was always it, this lack of order in his life ... (41).

A few pages later, he returns to this:

But where are your instruments, Hilliot? I lent them, sir, yesterday, to Milhench. But life was like that. Come and see the regular hexagon of Dana Hilliot, observing particularly his Promethean liver, chewed by the eagle (by special request) ... (44).

He therefore refers twice to the losing of instruments with which he might, in earlier adolescence, have formed geometrical symbols. His "pathetic" attempts to create "a regular hexagon" without the proper instruments are ridiculed, and an instrument with which he might have made rather less pathetic attempts, the compasses, have (he lied) been lent to someone else in need of aids to health. The lie, as pathetic as the drawing, is easily uncovered, and it would seem that the child Dana deliberately hid his compasses in order not to be able to create a regular hexagon. Then as now, a well-formed, strongly-drawn hexagon might have represented a potential wholeness considerably more terrifying in its anticipated demands - the synthesis of disparate psychic elements that can be sought only in the darkness of the unconscious - than the external ridicule of classmates and teacher.

Silberer writes, paraphrasing a medieval alchemist, that "through the circular wheel of the elements, the fatness or the blood of the sun, and the dew of the moon are by the action of art and nature, united in one body in the image of the hexagram ..." (197).

In this interior monologue from Dana Hilliot appear a moon, a sun, and references to the hexagon, the six-sided figure that contains the hexagram. But Dana's moon, which, as we have seen, once provided "such

nice pictures", has long-since been displaced by the geometrical monster, and his sun "bled away behind chalk-white fields" (41) - an image of vital substance wasting away, rather than uniting with its complement or opposite to form a whole. It is hardly surprising that the geometrical symbol formed from this moon and this sun should be not one of unified wholeness as described by the alchemist but a feeble and flippant version, an evasion rather than expression of the symbol's potential:

Come and see the regular hexagon of Dana Hilliot, observing particularly his Promethean liver, chewed by the eagle (by special request) - weekend prices! (44).

There has been little evidence, if any, by this stage of the novel, that Dana's struggle has been Promethean in scale, and the pretentiousness of his implied claim is further emphasised by these comments from Jung, in contrast to the sparseness and spuriousness of Dana's "knowledge" at this point:

... every step towards greater consciousness is a kind of Promethean guilt; through knowledge, the gods are as it were robbed of their fire, that is, something that was the property of the unconscious powers is torn out of its natural context and subordinated to the whims of the conscious mind. The man who has usurped the new knowledge suffers, however, a transformation or enlargement of consciousness, which no longer resembles that of his fellow men. He has raised himself above the human level of his age ... but in doing so has alienated himself from humanity. The pain of this loneliness is the vengeance of the gods, for never again can he return to mankind. He is, as the myth says, chained to the lonely cliffs of the Caucasus, forsaken of God and man (*my italics*).

Jung is here discussing inflation, "one of the unpleasant consequences of becoming fully conscious". This phenomenon, he adds, "occurs whenever people are overcome by knowledge or by some new realization", whenever "'knowledge puffeth up'"; it is equivalent to "almighty self-conceit" (BW 136-137).

Dana's flippant pretentiousness is slightly mitigated by a self-mocking irony, yet both pretentiousness and irony contribute substan-



tially to the lack of conviction and the sense of contrivance that characterise the aggregation of signs and symbols with which Chapter I concludes.

The impression conveyed by means of these symbols is that the narrator's anxiety to find a means of at least beginning to cohere the incoherence of his personality is a sufficiently powerful and genuine motivation to enable him to begin the search for the self, notwithstanding the seemingly equally powerful endeavours of his ego-consciousness to thwart that search through a variety of ingenious stratagems the essential purpose of which is to block the symbols or at the least rob them of their potency. The nature of this stage in the search for the self can be further investigated in Lowry's treatment in the novel of such other symbols of transformation as eyes, crucifixion, and the divine child.

## (2) Eyes

Eyes, writes Jung, "are round ... They also seem to be a typical symbol for what I have called the 'multiple luminosities of the unconscious'". By this he means "that complexes possess a kind of consciousness, a luminosity of their own, which, I conjecture, expresses itself in the symbol of the soul-spark, multiple eyes ... and the starry heaven". He adds that the eye is also "a symbol of consciousness, and accordingly multiple eyes would indicate a multiplicity of conscious centres which are co-ordinated into a unity like the many-faceted eye of an insect" (MC 207). This may seem rather too complicated, even contradictory: the eye as symbol of the consciousness of the unconscious, and of consciousness itself! If the eye is seen as equivalent to light, however - "luminos-

ity" - then it becomes more possible to consider it as a symbol both of "light" and of "light-in darkness".

We are also informed by Jung that

the fishes' eyes are tiny soul-sparks from which the shining figure of the filius is put together. They correspond to the particles of light imprisoned in the dark Physis, whose reconstruction was one of the chief aims of Gnosticism and Manichaeism ... We know ... that man's inner life is the 'secret place' where ... the spark of the light of nature (is) ... to be found ... (MC 53, 254).

It would seem that this light - which is to be found in darkness - is of crucial psychic importance; it is, or signifies, the presence of that which is ultimately sought, the treasure for which the knight slays or is slain by the dragon. The eye can represent and transmit that light that comes from the sun, "which plunges 'the centre of its eye' into the heart of man" - i.e. consciousness that has penetrated to the depths of the unconscious and, transformed, emits from those depths "tiny soul-sparks from which the figure of the filius is put together". It is, therefore, like the geometrical symbolism discussed above, both sought for and avoided by the psyche in search of self, and it may be at least partially deprived of its potency by being, as it were, borrowed before it can arise, bidden or unbidden, from the protagonist's own unconscious. Or, the threat that it poses to his too-fragile and incomplete ego-consciousness (disintegration) may transform it into imagery of nightmare and terror. Additionally, both of these possibilities may intermingle in a confused and fluctuating struggle with glimpses of the symbol's fundamentally creative and redemptive possibilities.

This third alternative is, I believe, demonstrated by a passage in the concluding monologue of Chapter One (of which the specifically geometrical symbolism has been considered above). It is a passage in which Dana, lying down on his bunk and wrapping himself in the "manifold security" of the ship - which he here wishes to be "sanctuary" and "harbour"

rather than symbol of Ulyssean exploration - finds "tender dreams of home, of ... Janet" (43) disintegrating (or developing) rapidly into fantasmagoria:

Then he was walking again with Janet, slowly, through the crowd. Electric lights swam past. Gas jets, crocus-coloured, steadily flared and whirled. The shouts and cries of the market rose and fell about them like the breathing of a monster. Above, the moon soared and galloped through a dark, tempestuous sky. All at once, every lamp in the street exploded, their globes flew out, darted into the sky, and the street became alive with eyes; eyes greatly dilated, dripping dry scurf, or glued with viscid gum: eyes which held eternity in the fixedness of their stare: eyes which wavered, and spread, and, diminishing rapidly, were catapulted east and west; eyes that were the gutted windows of a cathedral, blackened, emptiness of the brain, through which bats and ravens wheeled enormously, leathern foulnesses, heeling over in the dry winds: but one eye plunged up at him from the morass, stared at him unwinkingly. It was the eye of a pigeon, moist and alone, crying. Where would he die? At sea! (44).

I suggested above that there is a mixture in this passage - characteristic of the interior monologues in the novel as a whole - of

- 1) symbols borrowed from external sources,
- 2) potential symbols of the self seen as terrifying nightmare images, and
- 3) glimpses of those symbols' redemptive possibilities.

It is possible to point first of all to some sources and/or parallels for the imagery of this passage. The most striking of these occurs in Conrad Aiken's Great Circle, where Andrew Cather, betrayed by his wife and best friend, in middle-life, attempts with the help of a psychoanalyst friend, both to seek and to avoid the self-knowledge that could resolve his predicament. He describes a drunken visit to a cinema:

And so I watched faces on the screen - large, weeping faces, eight feet high and five feet wide, with tears the size of cannon balls on the common and teeth like gravestones in the snow. Eyes - ! You never saw such eyes. Like glassless windows in a ruined church. I think bats were coming and going out of them and into them ... It was great ... (Three Novels by Conrad Aiken, 227).

There are several possibilities to account for the striking similarity between parts of these passages, none of them mutually exclusive: that Lowry borrowed from Aiken, or Aiken from Lowry; that evidence is provided here in support of Jung's theory of the 'universality' of archetypal symbols. In any case, both Aiken and Lowry are here describing "Eyes I dare not meet in dreams" ("The Hollow Men" is referred to directly in Ultramarine's final chapter: 198). Beside and behind these images of eyes as "the gutted windows of a cathedral", therefore, stand Aiken and Eliot.

Every writer 'borrows' in one sense or another, and to a greater or lesser degree (Eliot and Aiken no less than Lowry), and the 'borrowing' is an essential feature of developing consciousness as a writer, indeed, of learning the trade. In the case of Lowry's protagonist in this novel, however, his borrowings too often provide him with symbols that can substitute for those which arise from within himself. They provide much insight into the psyche of Dana Hilliot, and are a vitally formative part of the experience that he seeks to cohere, but they offer him also, and more damagingly, scenarios for false postures, for pretentious evasions and facile withdrawals.

How do these materials coalesce - do they coalesce - in the passage in question? Is the psychic experience here presented (fantasy/dream) one that seems to emerge from great depths with great intensity? If it presents us with eyes as symbols of potential selfhood, does it do so in a manner which suggests that any attempt to achieve that selfhood would be primarily and overwhelmingly terrifying? If this were so, it would by no means be an entirely hopeless augury for: "There is no coming to consciousness without pain" (Jung, CAP 193) - the terror and intensity of the emotion is an essential stage which must be undertaken. Once reached it may not be survived; it may annihilate or (merely!) drive

the ego-consciousness back, irrevocably, into safe and shallow waters. It may, however, be faked - a literally self-defeating process, yet one which may form part of the preliminaries, the approaches, to a confrontation.

Dana walks, in memory and in fantasy, with Janet through a crowd. The sources of 'illumination' are various and unco-ordinated: "Electric lights swam past", mobile, fluid, vague; "Gas jets, crocus-coloured, steadily flared and whirred", a sharper image, onomatopoeically convincing. "Swam" suggests the night as a sea of darkness offering sources of illumination together with sounds which, cumulatively ocean-like, "rose and fell about them like the breathing of a monster" - the monster in whose belly the sea-journey to the sunrise must be survived, and at the end of which a helpful bird appears to lead the hero up from the darkness (ST 347-8). A third source of light appears - a moon of almost Lawrentian vigour:

Above, the moon soared and galloped through a dark, tempestuous sky ...

The emergence of this moon immediately precipitates a crisis - the acceleration from fantasy into fantasmagoria. All the lamps explode and fly into the (swimming) sea-sky: "multiple luminosities of the unconscious". Then

the street became alive with eyes: eyes greatly dilated, dripping dry scurf, or glued with viscid gum; eyes which held eternity in the fixedness of their stare: eyes which wavered, and spread, and, diminishing rapidly, were catapulted east and west ...

Conspicuously lacking is the 'co-ordination' described by Jung. There is no sense here that these eyes could form a unity "like the many-faceted eye of an insect". Similarly, as "multiple luminosities of the unconscious" these eyes signally lack luminosity, and indeed numinosity is absent, for "alive" and "dilated" are quite overwhelmed by "dry

scurf ..." and "glued with viscid gum" - emblems of disease rather than signs of health - and the essential endeavour here seems to be to seal over sight and light, to prevent the emission of those "soul sparks from which the shining figure of the filius is put together". Similarly, "eternity" is limited if not contradicted by "fixedness", in a phrase, in any case somewhat pretentious, which suggests a rigid even lifeless perspective, rather than an insight into the "prima materia" of the self. This rigidity collapses and dissolves, "catapulted" in contrary directions, "east and west".

Having dilated, then diminished, the eyes now enlarge themselves once more to become

eyes that were the gutted windows of a cathedral, blackened, emptiness of brain, through which bats and ravens wheeled enormously, leathern foulnesses, heeling over in the dry winds ...

The ruinous, windowless church (Aiken) or cathedral (Lowry) - or chapel (Eliot)-is a symbol of the denial or decay of the possibility of selfhood, for castle, and courtyard (tenemos) are symbols of the self (Jung, ACU 361); within the ruined cathedral is to be found only "an emptiness of the brain".

Eliot's "empty chapel" is also windowless, bat-infested:

And bats with baby faces in the violet light  
Whistled, and beat their wings  
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall ...  
In this decayed hole among the mountains  
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing  
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel  
There is an empty chapel, only the wind's home.  
It has no windows, and the door swings,  
Dry bones can harm no one ...

These verses, describing a late stage in "The Waste Land" quest for a grail, offer a contrast in the continuity and co-ordination of their symbols to those of the Ultramarine passage. "The Waste Land" protagonist gains his chapel perilous at the climax of his quest; it has been

earned most painfully and remains at the end of the poem a profoundly ambiguous achievement. The best that can be said for Hilliot's vision - or construction - of his devastated, haunted and comparatively pretentious "cathedral", is that in it, and in the passage which contains it, symbols which may have been 'safely' borrowed from external sources evoke responses from 'within' that the controlling ego-consciousness cannot entirely suppress. His most serious danger would have been the mere and facile substitution of external for internal symbols, the pre-vention of the latter by the former - the pursuance of a pseudo-search at an essentially fabricated level.

That he has not merely substituted borrowed symbolism, is evident from the linguistic panache of the following phrase and the inclusion within it of a symbol not present in his probable source (or sources):

... through which bats and ravens wheeled enormously,  
leathern foulnesses, heeling over in the dry winds ...

In this, a heavy stiffness of movement is enacted by the verbs, and an arid dryness is conveyed through "leathern" and through winds that bring no rain (not even "a damp gust") - these characteristics are sufficiently distinctive from both the Eliot and Aiken passages to suggest that the 'borrowed' symbolism may here have forced a response from the protagonist's unconscious too powerful to be rendered entirely impotent. Also, the raven was for the alchemists a complex symbol. He may contain within himself those opposites that must be brought into conjunction and united (heaven/scum of the sea) and may symbolically embody a process (sun-sea-rain) analogous to the integration of the components of the psyche. He can symbolise one component that can transform itself into its opposite:

... a conuinctio, a coming together of the white (dove) and the black (raven), the latter being the spirit that dwells in the tombstone ... The ravens (are)... dark messengers of heaven, who at this point themselves become white ... (MC 76-77).<sup>1</sup>

The raven is, for the alchemists, also the helpful spirit or familiar who completes the work "when the skill of the artifex has failed him" (MC 76-77), and he symbolises a vital preliminary stage in the union "of consciousness (Sol) with its feminine counterpart (Luna)", which has "undesirable results to begin with: it produces poisonous animals ... and finally the eagle and the raven". These "first progeny of the matrimonium luminarium are all ... rather unpleasant" (MC 144f). His name - "Corvus ... crow or raven" - is "the traditional name for the nigredo", the stage in the alchemical process that corresponds to the descent into the underworld and the dissolution of the ego that must take place there (MC 510).

The serious dangers of the journey - so feared by Dana that he is able to acknowledge them seriously only in spite of himself - are indicated:

'Without great pains this work is not perfected; there will be struggles, violence, and war ... so bedevilled ... and shameless ... is the lead ((the arcane substance)) that all who wish to investigate it fall into madness through ignorance ...' (MC 350).

What Dana's ravens indicate, essentially, is his unreadiness to undergo the experience of the nigredo. They are "leathern foulnesses" wheeling portentously through blackened, gutted sockets into an "emptiness of brain", and their arid dryness suggest no possibility of the unification of opposites through "rain". Instead of the transformation of darkness into light - the conjunction of black raven with white dove - there arises from the dispersion and evaporation of eyes and from the black emptiness of brain this image:

one eye plunged up ... stared at him unwinkingly. It was the eye of a pigeon, moist and alone, crying ... (44).

At the end of the sea journey in the belly of the monster, a helpful bird appears to lead the hero up from darkness to sunrise. This bird



rises up as if it were the end-product of the fantasmagoria that has preceded it. It stares "unwinking", yet far from seeming helpful, and entirely lacking in numinosity, it is lachrymose, pathetic. All the highly wrought, laboriously accumulated, intermittently energetic, incoherent symbolism of the preceding passage dissolves into this single maudlin image: "the eye of a pigeon, moist and alone, crying".

Primarily, the 'eyes' fantasmagoria is a fabrication of a state of psychic dissolution - of the nigredo stage. It signals Dana's awareness at some level that this is a stage that must be undertaken, and survived, if he is ever to progress further; yet it also enables him to deceive himself, at least temporarily, that his own Katabasis has actually begun.

However, although Dana's symbol-laden monologues conceal as much as they reveal, and enable him to evade as often as they encourage him to pursue, they do nevertheless reveal as well as conceal and pursue as well as evade. Thus the ravens, "leathern foulnesses", in the relative distinctiveness of their visualisation: ("wheeled ... heeling") indicate a response - to a largely fabricated fantasy - from the deeper levels of the imagination. It is as though, for example, "The Waste Land" (and perhaps material from Aiken), while providing Dana with materials from which a pastiche nigredo could be constructed, also force into motion, willy-nilly, and however fragmentarily and spasmodically, corresponding symbols from within.

The passage, then, is a fabrication, and an evasion, of nigredo. Yet it is also an acknowledgement of its ultimate necessity - a safe rehearsal, yet a rehearsal nonetheless.

In the short term, however, its final message is that of the single eye of the pigeon, emitting not a spark or gleam of light, but a sense of lachrymose, too easy defeat:

Where would he die? At sea ... Lost without a compass ...  
Lost. Lost. Lost. (44, 45)

### CHAPTER THREE : CRUCIFIXION

Hell's delight, it's something, isn't it, to know what crucifixion is, in a complicated modern form, and to make an outcry about it! ... Very ingenious, Our little pewter Christ is now ready for the great betrayal. (Conrad Aiken: Great Circle).<sup>1</sup>

If, as Jung asserts, "Christ is the inner man who is reached by the path of self-knowledge" (An 203), what is the reader of Ultramarine to make of Dana Hilliot's self-identification with Christ?

Jung states that:

Christ exemplifies the archetype of the self ... The scope of the integration is suggested by the descensus ad infernos ... its work of redemption embracing even the dead. The psychological equivalent of this is the integration of the collective unconscious which forms an essential part of the individuation process (PS 36-37).

While paying high tribute to the value of the Christian tradition in describing the individuation process "with exactness and impressiveness", Jung nevertheless notes a serious deficiency in Christ as an image of the self:

he corresponds to only one half of the archetype. The other half appears in the Antichrist ... In the empirical self, light and shadow form a paradoxical unity. In the Christian concept, on the other hand, the archetype is hopelessly split into two irreconcilable halves ... it does not include the dark side of things but specifically excludes it in the form of a Luciferian opponent (PS 38-43).

He adds, however, that "the original Christian conception of the Imago Dei ... includes the animal side of man" (PS 38).

Dana's first appeal is to a travesty of the 'Sunday School' Christ, a gentle Jesus, weak and mild:

A vague memory of something learnt in childhood raised its pale face from the mists, whispering, Go on, little Jesus, play on with your nails in Nazareth: Set them out in rows on the shaving-strewn floor! You have asked what your father Joseph is working with, and he had replied, 'A hammer'. But don't ask him what the hammer is for, he must get his work finished. No - for a hammer is to drive nails in with, and it is by the eight nails and the great hammer that you shall die ... (UM 43).

One can hardly attribute the weaknesses of this passage to 'deficiencies' inherent in the symbol, which may be, after all, as Jung asserts, exact and impressive, although incomplete. It is, nevertheless, as though Dana has unerringly, if unwittingly, sought out that weakest point. This is a Christ who will, he hopes, protect him from the darkness 'outside' his shrinking consciousness, not lead him through the crucifixion of the ego into that darkness. This Christ, as a symbol of the self, is pathetic indeed - a symbol, rather, of the distance of this psyche at this stage from selfhood.

I discuss the Child as symbol of the self below (Chapter 5); here, Hilliot manages to combine and to enfeeble both symbols, Christ and the Child (the Christchild), in a passage that is sentimental and portentous in tone and which, stylistically, fails to combine (alternates) portentous exhortation with verbose colloquialism: "But don't ask him any further questions, don't ask him what the hammer is for, he must get his work finished".

What is sought at this stage is the isolation and preservation of the ego-consciousness - of that component of the psyche which, although he acknowledges it in most ways to be unsatisfactory, and in need of some development or change, is here, more importantly, familiar and safe, the sanctuary, the "manifold security", that he wishes the Oedipus Tyrannus to be. Thus he calls upon this Christ in these terms:

No, forgive me, you can save yourself if you will, save yourself, ah, for my sake. Your life will hold no terror, there will be no carnage, no smouldering cities and starving children, everything will be as kind and as good as the first night

in the manger, with the straw crackling like harsh rain at the window, while outside is the deep winter, dark and cold. Oh save me, Jesus, save me, don't let me be like this always, don't let me die like this.

And he appears to receive this reply:

Save yourself. The ship will get you if you deserve it (43).

He pleads, indeed, for a return to a womblike security - in effect, for immunity from the pains of existence outside that 'womb'. He begs that his ego be preserved from the "terror" and "carnage" that lie outside it, in midwinter darkness and cold, terrors that any genuine attempt to seek selfhood must confront him with.

There is little in the language of the passage that is distinctive - little, if anything, to suggest that it is the product of a profound and intense psychic state. Yet the predicament is genuine enough - and terrifying enough. It is because it is terrifying (or would be if fully and clearly recognized) that Dana repeatedly contrives more or less facile dramatizations of the predicament. He sets up in his consciousness a puppet theatre; upon its stage he acts out a series of small safe dramas, all attempting to trivialise aspects of his predicament and, most often, enabling him to evade a genuine confrontation. Not always, however, and certainly not exclusively. In the above passage, a marked impression of posing is created by one word, the sub-Hopkins' "ah", and no powerful sense of terror is emitted by the word "carnage" or by means of the cliché adjectives "smouldering" and "starving". Yet there is the clumsy but far less readymade "straw crackling like harsh rain at the window" - a juxtaposition of oxymoronic opposites in an attempt at paradox, at a distinctive way of hearing rain fall/straw crackle, an attempt to engage the creative imagination much more fully (but for Dana dangerously) in the visualisation of the scene. To have successfully accomplished this, Dana would need to have progressed much further, past his fabricated

melodrama of hysterical infantile regression to, for example, a description of an 'outside' that really threatened darkness and death - there is perhaps a hint of this in "deep winter", but "dark" and "cold" follow anticlimactically.

The ending of this passage, while still shallowly hysterical in tone, has a saving ambiguity through which the narrator's predicament and his alternatives - to begin to resolve or continue to evade - are indicated: "... don't let me be like this always", he begs, "don't let me die like this". The reply is: "Save yourself. The ship will get you if you deserve it". The ambiguity lies, in the first instance, in the kind of change from being "like this always" that he seeks. It might be, as the preceding passages suggest, a regression that he seeks (to a womb without a view): it might be a going back in order to move forward: it might even prefigure a desire to dismantle this tiny puppet-theatre of the self and step out onto a larger stage.

The reply from this Jesus - so feebly conceived, so self-indulgently accosted - seems to come, momentarily, from a more serious and profound level of his psyche:

Save yourself. The ship will get you if you deserve it.

In this moment, before he retreats once more into a fabrication and evasion of symbols of the self, a voice from 'outside' both puppet and puppeteer utters, albeit most ambiguously, a solemn warning - the voice perhaps of the very archetype that he has travestied: the ship, as Ulyssean vessel of self-discovery or as a floating coffin, a womb without a view, will get him, if he deserves it. The onus to change - for better or worse - is firmly returned to Dana: "Save yourself".

The moment in which the warning is delivered - rising as though in exasperation from the exacerbated depths - passes almost at once, is marked by a shiver, a silence, and then dissolved through the sound of a

violin and an image of a rose garden to a brief refuge in the "manifold security", the enfolding wings of the ship, within which he can anticipate those "tender dream(s) of home" that precede and so rapidly degenerate, once more, into his fantasmagoria of birds and eyes. There his "manifold security" dissolves, coagulates and dissolves again, leaving him "Lost without a compass".

In Chapter Three, Hilliot, after staying securely on board ship during the first night in port, finds sufficient strength of purpose to set out deliberately for the bars, and, he intends, the brothels of the city. He has decided to sacrifice his virginity ("To hell with Janet") in order to become "a hell of a fellow like Andy" and, indeed, more threateningly, like the venereally-diseased Norman (UM 79).

His first encounter, on stepping off the ship, is with this enigmatic figure:

I passed a priest, who might have been a Russian Jew, in long black robes, his beard reaching well down his chest. He had a seraphic smile on his face as he paced the quay, and I thought he looked like Our Saviour. Above him distorted giant skeletons of cranes waved their steel and bronze arms. There was a sound of hammers banging in rhythmic thunder ... I realised I had gone the wrong side of the restaurant ... It became gloomy and smelly ... (87-88).

Hilliot has, in Chapter I, already visualised the infant Christ (though very feebly) and prayed to him; now, he 'sees' "Our Saviour" at the very outset of his search for "Love's Crucifixion". It is an enigmatic apparition, however, remote from Dana and going in the opposite direction, while Dana realises that (like the Wanderer at one stage in Silberer's Parable (SMS 1-15)) he has gone the wrong way: "the wrong side of the restaurant ..." The symbol passes by, remote and enigmatic, and without the intensity of visualisation that might hint at the numinous, and as the priest passes:

Above him distorted giant skeletons of cranes waved their steel and bronze arms. There was a sound of hammers banging in rhythmic thunder ...

These cranes have arms reminiscent of Dana's geometrical monster, with its "long tangent of arms" and huge hands "throttling and triangular" - adjectives which, apparently so discrepant, now resolve themselves, though uneasily still, into an image of the scoop on the end of a crane. Stepping off the boat, Dana has been accompanied by an image of the imminence of "Love's Crucifixion":

Beside me a great derrick slowly reared its long neck into the dark sky" (86).

Cross and phallus, it anticipates a crucifixion that, in his retreat from Olga, Dana evades. The activity of the cranes - their erection - is accompanied by the banging of hammers:

a hammer is to drive nails in with, and it is by the eight nails and the great hammer that you shall die" (43).

The stage-properties of Dana's crucifixion are being assembled. But, as the remoteness of the Christ-priest indicates, Dana is by no means ready yet for the realities of a sexual-psychic crucifixion.

Pursuing the "wrong" path, he there encounters Poppelreuter, a German sailor who proves to be little more than a reflection of the kind of self that Dana would like to escape into, likable, amiable, unagonised. But looking into a mirror in a bar, Dana encounters an image of himself that Poppelreuter could not understand:

... why I had gone to sea ... he would not understand ... I could not ... explain to myself ... I looked more deeply in the glass. Christ, was this me? What was there? Sadness! Misery! Self-disgust! Terror!

He then declares that there is

No getting away ... from the unfortunate Hilliot, this strong creature with a head of filthy, infected hair, and a maggoty brain and a rotting consciousness, who dreams of archetypal images ... (98).

It is precisely this "unfortunate Hilliot", this mock-Christ, that must

be discarded if anything other than a mock crucifixion is to be undertaken. But since he declares and wishes still to believe that there is "No getting away" from this Hilliot, he is able to take his place with self-indulgent relish upon the stage, and the cross, that he has prepared:

Hear chaos!

Hear me, stinking cod fulfilled of donge and corrupcioun! Tinfoil Jesus, crucified homonculus (who is also on the cross), spitted on the hook of an imaginary Galilee! Who is the crown of thorns dripping red blossoms and the red-blue nails, the flails and the bloody wounds. The tears, but also the lips cupped to embrace them as they fall; the whips, but also the flesh crawling to them. The net and the silver writhing in the mesh, and all the fish that swim in the sea ... The centre of the Charing Cross, ABCD, the Cambridge Circle, the Cambridge Circus, is Hilliot - but every night, unseen, he climbs down and returns to his hotel - while the two great shafts, the propeller shafts of wit, laced with blood, AB, CD are the diameters.

Now with his navel as centre and half CD as radius, describe a vicious circle! ... Hear me, Janet, maker of all these thoughts and words, these finite stupidities and speculations, an incantation for yourself, our unborn son, and me ... Did you know I was liable to stigmata? Yes, the blood flows from my feet, from the upper surface as well as the soles, and from the palms and backs of my hands. My forehead becomes moist with blood, and blood flows there also. I lie on my back, my bleeding hands enveloped in cloths on my knees. And at the same time blood oozes out of the stigmata of my side and feet, and it trickles down my temples, cheek and neck. My head drops to one side, my nose ... feels like wax; my hands are icicles ... A clammy sweat breaks out over my whole body ... After which, could you still believe ... that my voyage is something Columbian and magnificent? (98-99).

In this passage, several of the symbols discussed above are piled together with the all too obvious imagery of Hilliot's semi-hysterical self-identification with Christ on the Cross: the symbols of the Fish, of Geometry, of the Child ("our unborn son") and of the Anima ("Janet, maker of all these thoughts and words").

A Catholic commentator, sympathetic to Jung, asserts that the

Psychic reality and material reality, past, present and future, may all be present in the same symbol, as in the symbols of the Fish, the Divine Child, the Magna Mater, the Cross ...



and acknowledges the "almost magical power" which images of the soul can exert. He points out, however, that

No one is more aware than Jung of the tendency of the soul to mere phantasy ...<sup>2</sup>

Mere fantasy - Father Frei does not explain what he means by this, but its tone is unmistakably dismissive and one can reasonably assume him to mean fantasy that is shallow and escapist rather than profound and exploratory. For the considerable accumulation of symbols of the self accumulated in the above passage from Ultramarine, the term 'mere fantasy' would hardly be adequate, although it is very appropriate to what Dana so often tries to do. The general impression conveyed by the passage - perhaps because of rather than in spite of its incoherent, overwrought, hysterical nature - is of some force and weight of emotion, urgently requiring expression, yet finding expression only in a warped and dubious form.

The passage follows Dana's decision to seek "Love's Crucifixion" and precedes his actual confrontation with Olga; it demonstrates the state of mind in which he tries to cope with this situation. A development has already taken place, from the "vicious circle" of the first two chapters, in that the decision to seek an Olga has at last been made, and carried out to the extent that he has at last left the refuge of the ship. What confronts him, imminently, is what seems to be a crucial test, and the forces at work within him find expression here, as elsewhere, in the self-dramatization so evident in the passages discussed above, together with glimpses of those underlying forces that, avoided, contained, unacknowledged, force their damaged symbols to the resistant surface.

From his maudlin identification with the infant Jesus and plea to be safeguarded from all the pains that threaten from the darkness outside, Dana has now moved to an acknowledgement at least of some spuriousness in his attitudes ("Tinfoil Jesus"). He appears to recognize the

ersatz nature of his self-identification with Christ on the Cross - an important advance, one might think, in his understanding of the premature and presumptuous nature of his ego-defending puppet-dramas. Yet he continues with, and indulgently and meretriciously develops, that drama. The whole passage is an acting out of this paradox; together with the adjectives "Tinfoil" and "imaginary" (used in the pejorative sense of 'mere fantasy'), goes this description of the Crucifixion:

The tears, but also the lips cupped to embrace them ... the whips, but also the flesh crawling to them ...

in terms that suggest an interaction of components of the psyche - of a psyche that both inflicts and receives the blows (whips, hammers) integral to the crucifixion of the ego, and enjoys them! And it is this sense that Dana is enjoying - is titillating himself with - the idea of himself as crucified and crucifier, that undermines his acceptance of his own fraudulence. He admits the spurious nature of his crucifixion psycho-drama - he is a fairweather Christ who "unseen, climbs down and returns to his hotel every night" - but then instead of going beyond, or beneath, this admission, he persists, instead, self-mockingly and self-inflatingly, with the melodrama.

The sentences which describe the crucifixion, do so in some detail (the carefully listed sources of stigmata and movements of blood) and with some energy and even relish (the imagery of thorns-blossoms-nails-flails-wounds and tears-lips-whips-flesh). Yet the level of emotion conveyed is neither profound nor intense. The fantasy is predominantly "imaginary" - 'mere fantasy', a playing with the idea of himself suffering and enjoying his (and Christ's) crucifixion. Dana, in search of the "Love's Crucifixion" that he wishes more to avoid than achieve, relieves himself here in a sado-masochistic fantasy that once more acknowledges the nature of his predicament while simultaneously enabling him to evade

the challenging consequences of that acknowledgement. Yet this is not all that the passage reveals.

Dana has already referred to himself, obscurely, as being "spitted on the hook of an imaginary Galilee"; after the indulgence in wounds-and-whips imagery, he (also obscurely) adds:

The net and the silver writhing in the mesh, and all the fish that swim in the sea.

After describing the recurrent dream of a Protestant theologian, Jung claims that:

All those who have met with the experience suggested in the dream ... know that the treasure lies in the depths of the water and will try to salvage it. As they must never forget who they are, so they must never imperil their consciousness. They will keep their standpoint upon solid ground and ... become fishers who catch with hook and net what floats in the water ... But not every man is a fisher ... (IP 72-73)

In this analogy, Jung seems primarily concerned to emphasise the vital importance of safeguarding the primacy of the consciousness - the forces of the unconscious must be acknowledged and integrated with consciousness, but must never be allowed to predominate, let alone overwhelm it. He frequently states or implies this necessity - yet elsewhere very strongly emphasises that the element of risk is inescapable and indicates that it is crucial to the process of individuation that the hero must penetrate to the depths, and slay the monster, before he can salvage "the treasure (that) lies in the depths ..."

Thus Jung appears to suggest here what elsewhere he denies: that, for some ("not every man is a fisher") there is a safe way to salvage the treasures of the deep. One would, however, assume the fisher in any case to be far advanced along his path to selfhood - in effect, to have constructed the "solid ground" upon which he so firmly stands in order to be able to fish up with impunity what he seeks from the depths.

(Jung's autobiographical work Memories, Dreams, Reflections perhaps reveals him to have become just such a "fisher" himself.)

Dana Hilliot presents himself both as fisherman and fish - both that which is "spitted on the hook of an imaginary Galilee" and he who casts the net and catches "the silver writhing in the mesh, and all the fish that swim in the sea". As 'Christ' he is of course a fisher of men, to be crucified (on the hook): a symbol of the Self which, in a sense, fishes up from the deep that which it needs to complete itself. But the essential elements are missing: the absence of risk is emphasised by the behaviour of this "Tinfoil Jesus" who climbs down from his cross every night: this fish is spitted on the hook of an imaginary Galilee. This fisherman has no solid ground upon which to stand; he has, indeed, yet seriously to approach the water. Yet he sees, intermittently, pusillanimously, in and through those "archetypal images" so elaborately fabricated here, something of their truth, however dimmed and damaged. In this sense, there is risk whether he wishes it or not. With these "archetypal images" he plays a kind of game as self-consciously as that phrase ("Who dreams of archetypal images") reveals. But the game has a very serious purpose: the continued preservation of the ego-consciousness. To maintain this purpose, those symbols must be conceived and presented consistently as superficial playthings, harmless toys. To the extent that they cannot be prevented from revealing some vitality, force, depth, the game fails in its objective and the ego is threatened.

Glimmers of such a danger are to be seen here, primarily in two verbs. This Jesus may be "Tinfoil" and this Galilee "imaginary", but he is at least spitted on its hook; and the net, although a borrowed one, does contain "the silver writhing in the mesh" - a linguistically muscular and visually vivid image which recalls those fishes' eyes which are

tiny soul-sparks from which the shining figure of the filius is put together ... (MC 53).

Perhaps the reader at first feels the need of an additional noun in the phrase - a noun that would make "silver" an adjective: e.g. "the silver fishes writhing in the mesh". This version would more truly describe what we know to be in the mesh; it would not more successfully describe what is seen - a mass of silver "writhing in the mesh" - or what is symbolised, however transiently; "the shining figure of the filius ... put together". The silver mass is not only transiently glimpsed, it is also enmeshed in a net which may be that of the fishers of men, or, alternatively, a 'negative' symbol of transformation:

Negative forms appear as the spider, the net, and the prison  
... (IP 94).

Although fragmentary, and enmeshed not only in the image of the net but also in a web of false gestures, this "silver" - a coalescence of fishes' eyes, "multiple luminosities of the unconscious" (MC 207) - shines forth with a power that "the eye of a pigeon, most and alone, crying" could, when conceived by Dana at any earlier stage, by no means aspire to.

The shape of the silver "writhing in the mesh" is unformed, or incompletely formed: held in the general shape of a mass by the net and writhing perhaps in an attempt to burst the mesh, to explode outward and disintegrate (like the 'exploding' eyes in Chapter I), yet also struggling to form itself into a condensed and specific shape. The 'eye of a pigeon' had some stability but no strength, no numinosity; this "silver" conveys energy and numinosity without stability.

It is only a glimpse, and one that gives way at once to a kind of 'gesturing' - typical of Dana - upon which Jung comments in Symbols of Transformation (285):

When a gesture turns out to be too theatrical it gives grounds for suspicion that it is not genuine, that somewhere a contrary will is at work which intends something quite different  
...

Thus Dana plays his very self-conscious games with the "archetypal images" of geometrical shapes and monsters, of Christ and crucifixion, in order to defend himself against them. Consequently, when Jung states that:

The cross ... the hero carries, is himself, or rather the self, his wholeness, which is both God and animal ... the totality of his being ... (ST 303).

he indicates that the crucifixion is the conflict, at a most intense and crucial stage, between consciousness and the unconscious - a stage without which little or no real progress towards self-knowledge can be made. Considered in this light, how seriously can Dana's crucifixion 'performance' be taken?

The centre of the Charing Cross, ABCD, the Cambridge Circle, the Cambridge Circus, is Hilliot - but every night, unseen, he climbs down and returns to his hotel - while the two great shafts, the propeller shafts, the shafts of wit, laced with blood, AB, CD are the diameters.

Now with his navel as centre and half CD as radius, describe a vicious circle!

Dana's crucifixion is a daily performance which takes place, appropriately, in the West End Theatre district: "the shafts of wit laced with blood" (Shaftesbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road) which provide entertainment of a similar calibre, since they are the diameters of the circle - or "Circus" - of Dana's self - a "vicious circle". The theatrical nature of the performance could hardly be more blatantly emphasised. We are presented here with one of a series of performances of Dana's Psychic Circus, an amalgam of "wit" and "blood", suggesting on the one hand the facetious level of West End comedy and on the other the melodramatic excesses of Elizabethan/Jacobean revenge drama. There are many kinds of drama, including that which reveals us to ourselves and that which, in multiple forms of falsification and evasion, conceals us from ourselves. Dana's performance enables him to continue to falsify and evade, yet in a sense the falsity and evasion are the truth: they indicate the state

and something of the nature of the conflict at this point, just as the kind of circle that would be formed by these components would be most imperfect, un-symmetrical - Charing Cross and Shaftesbury Avenue do not cross each other at right angles (Shaftesbury Avenue bends on either side of Cambridge Circus). Any circle which took these streets as its diameter, indeed any cross of this shape, would in its very imperfection be a true indication of Dana's distance from selfhood. He remains, still, "Lost without a compass" (45), or, if he had one and was "imperiously" ordered to use it, it could only (using "his navel as centre and half CD as radius") accurately "describe a vicious circle".

Dana's crucifixion is then a shoddy "too theatrical" performance upon a crooked, lopsided cross. These most important symbols of wholeness:

geometrical structures containing elements of the circle and quaternary ... quadratic figures divided into four or in the form of a cross ... (An 223-224).

appear here in forms that declare their inadequacy and incompleteness. If "the real meaning of the cross in the circle" is individuation, "the painful experience of the union of opposites" (ACU 382), then Dana's distance from such an objective is emphatically demonstrated, and the travesty allows these symbols, on the whole, only the most impaired and enfeebled activity. Yet there are indications that this 'success' is far from permanent and, even here, is by no means complete. To begin with, the fabrication of the symbols is too blatant - to acknowledge the game too consciously may deprive that game of much of its power. Secondly, the symbols insist on telling the truth about the psyche that tampers with them - so that what is presented here is not only a weakened symbol, but also a symbol of a certain kind of weakness.

Dana then addresses Janet as

maker of all these thoughts and words, these finite stupid-

ties and speculations, an incantation for yourself, our unborn son and me (99).

The role of Janet as anima is discussed elsewhere, as also is the symbolism of the "divine child". It is sufficient to note here that if Dana and Janet are the co-makers of the "thoughts and words" discussed above, and if those "thoughts and words" constitute "an incantation for yourself, our unborn son and me", then the kind of child born out of such material is likely to be as real - as false and as true - as these thoughts and words themselves have been. Yet amid these titillating and often meretricious images there has emerged, oddly, briefly, a glimpse of "silver" - a glimpse not of the "shining figure of the filius" perhaps, but of the prima materia from which that figure might eventually be shaped: not from "Tinfoil" but from "silver writhing in a mesh".



#### CHAPTER FOUR : THE GREAT TATTOO

It becomes immediately evident in Ultramarine that Dana's central concern is with two figures: Andy, the ship's cook, and Janet, the girl he has left behind in England. Each has allied and associated figures: Andy, who effectively represents the crew for Dana and is closest to the "ideal picture of a man as he should be" in the eyes of the "society" of the ship, is closely linked in Dana's mind with Norman: Janet, has her counterpart in Olga, a prostitute in the port at which Dana at last ventures ashore. To the extent that Andy represents the "society" into which Dana endeavours, ineptly and painfully, to fit, he becomes a model for Dana's persona. But this is very much complicated by Dana also finding in (and projecting onto) Andy aspects of his shadow side. This is particularly the case in his concepts of Andy's 'knowledge' of women. Torn throughout between his needs to be faithful to Janet - the virginal schoolgirl whom I call his 'white' anima - and to seek out and embrace an Olga, Dana is only able to achieve the latter aim, as it were, at second-hand, through Andy who, seen by Dana then as a lustful orang-outang howling at the moon, 'usurps' Dana's place in Olga's bed. Whether Andy functions in Dana's mind as a model for his persona or as a projection of his shadow depends entirely on Dana - on what he chooses or is able to see at any given point in the novel. And it often seems that the materials required to construct a persona fully acceptable to the crew - loss of sexual virginity in particular - are, inextricably, also those which confront him with glimpses of his shadow, with the consequence that he is unable to construct a satisfactory persona as protection against the shadow, nor is he able at all convincingly "to see (his) own shadow and ... bear knowing about it" (EW 304).

To the extent that Andy acts as Dana's shadow, he offers potential, though very limited, insights into the anima. Through becoming like Andy, in his orang-outang capacity, Dana could gain some knowledge, however crude and one-sided, of the aspects of "woman" that he has excluded from Janet. But it is this Andy that he is unable to become; it is this Andy that he first murders in fantasy and then patronisingly elevates himself above, even while grandiloquently claiming "I am Andy" (185): As a consequence of this failure, his shadow remains projected and the anima, who dwells beyond the shadow's door, continues to act like a system "split off from the personality" and remains radically and cripplingly divided between "the pure, the good, the noble goddess-like figure" and "the prostitute, the seductress, or the witch ..." (FF 54), in spite of a sustained endeavour at one point by Dana to reconcile these apparent opposites (discussed in Chapter Four, "Virgin or Whore").

Early in the novel (UM 15), Dana finds his way blocked by Andy:

He was rolling up his sleeves, his enormous arms were tattooed all over ... This was the sort of man to be, all right. But there was something weak about him, he had' such a weak chin ...

Andy abuses Dana, and points over the side of the ship:

'See that ... It's a shark that's been following the ship ... sharks like little boys - ' Elliot went past him up the ladder. He had found out that it was no good doing anything about this sort of abuse ...

Andy's double, ambiguous, role is demonstrated here: as a formidable model for Dana's persona ("enormous arms ... This was the sort of man to be, all right" - and in the 1933 edition Dana also exclaims "Ein Mensch!"), and as a potential guide to the shadow side of Dana's personality - "that's where you want to be", he tells Dana, pointing to sea and shark. Dana cannot or will not comprehend this advice and is not either here or later (when he describes them in detail) able to interpret the symbols tattooed on Andy's arms: "For tattoo marks, like the

faces of the dead, tell us nothing" (149-150). In addition, Andy's limitations in either role are indicated: "There was something weak about him, he had a weak chin", although Dana only begins to understand something of the nature of these limitations much later in the novel.

Very soon, the "vicious circle" (98-99) of Dana's thoughts brings him round again to thoughts of Andy, of Norman and via them to Janet:

His recollections were suddenly enlivened and illuminated, and he remembered how he had almost at once picked out Norman ... and Andersen ... And once more his thoughts turned tenderly to Janet. She it was he apprehended in their voices, she, and no other ... (17).

A few pages later some indication as to why Janet should be "apprehended" in the voices of Andy and Norman is provided, and the seemingly unresolvable problems of reconciling the demands of both shadow and persona (from "without" and "within") are raised:

... unless he justified his presence on the ship in some way with the crew, Andy not only would never allow him into his companionship or turn to Hilliot's own, but also would resent his acceptance by Norman ... until he shone in some particular way in his work, or performed some act of heroism, they would never be the contented trio whose formation alone would render life tolerable in the Oedipus Tyrannus ... (enjoying) a sort of collective status, some distinguishing name for their trio.

For to be accepted by Andy ... was not that to be accepted by the crew? And to be accepted by the crew, was not that also to justify himself to Janet (20)?

This passage emphasises Dana's desire to provide his shipmates with an acceptable persona, and indicates the way he might hope to do this and to repress the shadow - by either shining "in some particular way in his work" or by performing "some act of heroism", in order to enjoy "a sort of collective status" with Andy and Norman. The act of heroism that presents itself is to climb up the mast to rescue a bird - a short-cut that safely by-passes any submersion in the shark-filled sea of the unconscious. The passage also emphasises the central role that Andy plays in these processes, and it reveals the terms in which Dana is trying

to relate these "systems split off from the personality" to each other and to that personality. Janet can perhaps remain as the sole projection of his anima, in all her seemingly undemanding immaturity, if he is able to formulate a persona from carefully edited versions of Andy and Norman - castrated versions, in effect. The desire, and temptation, to construct a simple and superficially secure persona is underlined when Dana insists to himself that he is certainly

willing to do anything, cost what it might, to show that he was one of them, that he did belong. How often ... he had looked up at that mast with extraordinary desire! Some day ... someone would be up there and would lose his nerve: he, Dana Hilliot, would bring him down ... (20-21).

But this simple-minded scheme for an instantaneous transformation of the immature Dana into an heroic persona is very soon complicated by doubts concerning just those aspects of Andy that he has attempted to ignore. He remembers

the first time he had seen Andy ... talking about a girl at Tsintao, on the bathing beach there. How on earth ... he asked himself, could a woman like a man with no chin? Yet Hilliot knew nothing about women, not in Andy's sense, although there was Janet, of course; yes, perhaps that was precisely what was wrong with him ... (24).

An essential part of Andy's apparent maturity, which Dana seeks to emulate, requires knowledge of "women". The lack of such knowledge, he suddenly but briefly realises, might be "precisely what is wrong with him". If this were so, the proposed heroic action, aimed at avoiding the anima and approaches to her via the shadow, would lead Dana to the formation of a "sort of collective status" that could thrust upon him Andy's, and Norman's, fascinating yet most threatening 'knowledge' of "women". The passage even reveals a transient awareness of the possible inadequacy of Janet as projection of the "woman" within him: "Hilliot knew nothing about women ... although there was Janet, of course".

Just as these complicating doubts arise in Dana's mind they are interrupted by just such an opportunity for heroic action as Dana has imagined - an attempt is to be made to rescue a pigeon, stranded at the masthead for three days. But when Dana attempts to assume this role he is easily discouraged, by the Andy-like figure of "a big stoker" with "tattooed arms ... folded on his heaving chest" and by Norman ("'You want to mind your own bloody business, you do'"), who becomes the "new hero" of "both seamen and firemen ..." (25).

Norman, in this "heroic" instance, acts as Dana had intended to act. In this, he personifies the self that Dana, at one level, wishes to adopt: an heroic and manly simplicity of personality, ignoring or bypassing any dark and dangerous knowledge of "women". But again, as with Andy, Norman does not remain as and simply embody this 'pure' persona; he too recurrently points to the shadow side of the resistant yet fascinated Dana. This "hero", knows as much as Andy of the venereal side of love and repeatedly warns Dana against it, while seeking it himself - an accurate reflection of the divisive impulses within Dana himself.

Andy's tattoos - bird, snake, girl, stars, crucifix, ship in full sail - demonstrate more than any other aspect of Andy his potential as a guide to the shadow side of Dana's personality. After the collapse of his attempt to reach towards maturity through knowledge of Janet's counterpart, Olga, Dana is strongly tempted to try to escape from the pains and problem of any further pursuit of selfhood. Yet he also appears to recognize something at least of the extent of his self-ignorance:

I have to admit that of these men who become day by day more intricately and more intensely part of me I know nothing. Nothing at all! Even of Andy, the great Tattoo, who is ... more a part of me than the rest, I know nothing ... (133).

It is of Andy as "the great Tattoo", as guide to aspects of the shadow side and beyond to symbols of transformation, that Dana here declares

his utter ignorance. Confronted with this ignorance, he attempts not to explore it, but to evade it by returning to the construction of some equivalent to his "heroic" persona. But the original problems have not in the interim evaporated: such a construction still necessitates repression of the shadow, and any acknowledgement of the shadow will still radically undermine the persona:

Why do I not fight Andy then? To know a thing is to kill it ... Why won't I? Undignified? Too Richard Barthlemess? ... Perhaps, but I might have lost, and I know less than nothing. But there is no reason to fight ... My fault. But how can I stand for it ... on top of last night's usurpation ... But perhaps Andy won't want to fight ... (133).

He struggles to find a means of coming to terms with those functions of his personality that Andy, conflictingly, personifies ("more a part of me than the rest") but his failure to redirect himself is evident in the contradictions, confusions, and repetitions of this passage, which promises nothing in the way of clear-sighted and decisive action, and indeed indicates that once more Dana finds himself "Lost, Lost. Lost".

Any understanding of the aspects of himself that he has projected onto Andy - any prospect of change, however modest - threatens his ego-consciousness, as he is almost able to recognize:

Nevertheless, I fear too greatly decisive action in an emotional crisis of calibre; nor do I wish to admit to myself that I consider Andy sufficiently important; but this, as you say, is clearly enough a case of self-defence ... (134).

The whole novel is a defence not of the self - which remains for the most part, remote, inaccessible - but of Dana's fragile ego-consciousness, against just such "an emotional crisis of calibre" that acknowledgement of his shadow side, here projected onto Andy, would necessitate.

The key to the unlocking of Olga ("Who is Olga?") lies, it seems, in being this Andy ("like a chinless orang-outang in the forest with

his human captive ... singing to the moon" (144)) - in knowing what this Andy knows. If "To know a thing is to kill it" (133), then perhaps to kill Andy is to kill the dangerous and terrifying possibility of confronting such knowledge. He appeals to Janet, the 'white' anima of psychic immaturity and safety, for inspiration in this fantasy-project:

Why not, Janet? I put it to you; I mean really kill Andy. Everybody knows he can't swim. And we're going to sea tonight ... Andy sits on the rail ... This is the hour of consciousness ... No one has seen him go ... (145f).

It is indeed the hour of ego-consciousness when the shadow side is sunk without trace.

The aftermath of this fantasy-murder (the 'murder' of something that is "intricately and intensely" part of himself) is described like this:

Andy! Andy! Andy! Anybody seen Andy! ... No good worrying any more about Andy ... not an infinitude of despairing blasts can bring back Andy - and what, indeed, if they could? For tattoo marks, like the faces of the dead, tell us nothing. The peacock ... the eagle, the snake and the bathing girl remember nothing. Where are the stars and stripes now, the Norwegian flag, the crucifix, the barque in full sail! ... For the sea is picking Andy's bones in whispers ... 'acuerdate de Flebas, que una vez fue bello y robusto como tu ... (149-150).

The symbols of transformation that Andy bears are potentially of crucial significance - if they could come alive, or be seen to be alive. Instead, an insistent attempt to sink them back into the sea of the unconscious is made, and then to insist that even if the corpse returns it can have nothing to tell, for those tattoo-marks, "like the faces of the dead, tell us nothing ... remember nothing". Elsewhere I show how Dana attempts to evade rather than to pursue self-knowledge through the words and symbols of other writers. Here Eliot's symbols are again called upon as, simultaneously, they are both travestied and filtered through a parody of Flores' translation<sup>1</sup> - the playing of a literary-intellectual game as a means of superficialising the psychic situation.

As the wish-fantasy of murdering Andy collapses, a feeble contrary impulse to confront Andy carries Dana into a verbal defence of himself and attack on Andy (151-152). It is an inept and ill-directed attempt, which emphasises Dana's inability to act effectively in whatever direction he tries to move. Andy is confronted no more effectively than he was 'drowned', perhaps because Dana is here concerned again to construct an "heroic" persona rather than to confront Andy as shadow projection. If the shadow-Andy has, however temporarily, been drowned, what remains and is here confronted is an Andy representative of a crew whom Dana hopes to convince of his manhood, if not by shining "in some particular way in his work" then by the heroic act of challenging Andy. But the crew are no more convinced by this than they were in the earlier stages of the voyage:

Useless, we don't know what sort of a bloody man you are at all. Just a nancy ... he knew that they thought he wasn't one of them. He had offered to fight, but the men had pulled out combs, or drummed their knives on the table. They didn't care much about his making a hero of himself in that way (16).

Dana is hardly convinced himself, as the feebleness of his protestation and the contrived and stilted quality of his abuse suggests ("You weak-chinned son of a Singapore sea lion! You cringing cowardly bloody skulker", etc.), and his failure in this, as in earlier attempts, is made clear by the reactions of the crew to whom he has naively appealed ("Listen everybody"):

Now then, Hilliot ... He's an older and better man than you ... Andy lost his chin in the War, and he's had plates in it, and all, and if you hit him on it, he might croak ... you get just the same as any of us got on his first voyage ... Go easy, man ... (152-153).

The attempt to reconstruct this "heroic" persona was in reaction to the 'drowning' of the orang-outang Andy; the collapse of this attempt, in turn, releases symbols of the shadow side, and of the anima glimpsed as seductress and castrator of manhood. The chapter ends with



an announcement by one of the crew of the imminent arrival on board of "a lot of animals" - elephants, tigers, leopards, birds, snakes - and with a song which begins:

'And Samson tol' her cut off-a ma hair ...' (153).

These are symbols firstly of those still immured yet ever dangerous forces which Dana has failed to recognize in himself ("the primitive, uncontrolled, and animal part of ourselves"), but which now perhaps are approaching him, and secondly of the underlying reason for his failure - his abiding fear of "Love's Crucifixion": "And Samson tol' her cut off-a ma hair ...'"

The next chapter (Five) begins with "All the animals ... safely on the foredeck". Perhaps reassured by this, Dana shows more determination and persistence than before by searching the ship for Andy. What he finds first, however, is Norman:

standing in the galley ankle-deep in buffalo blood, doing something to a butcher's hook. A score of flies were drowning in the blood, buzzing and scrambling on top of each other ... (155).

On the deck above, an intense heat both conceals and contains the sun. The air is full of flies and Dana has been unable to "distinguish the sun in the tingling ether; the whole vast blue seemed to be a catherine wheel, gigantic and invisible, whirling and blinking and spinning above the 'Oedipus Tyrannus'". The wheel and the sun - archetypal symbols of wholeness - are powerfully combined and visualised here, but Dana fears the heat of the sun, breeder of life and corruption. For those who have little or no knowledge of "the contents of the personal and collective unconscious" are likely to be at the mercy of those forces when, or if, they break free, as Dana later conceives of the pent-up animals on the ship breaking free and destroying the crew.

He retreats, therefore, from smothering heat and tingling-whirling-

blinking-spinning sky - but is at once confronted with the bloody butchery of just such an animal as symbolises the dangerous powers of the libido.<sup>2</sup> This all-too-visible evidence of the possible consequences of confrontation with such forces drives him in panic-stricken flight through a "dark tunnel" to the refuge of a rose-garden, where Janet "stroked his forehead with her cool hands ..." (156).

He resumes his search for Andy:

he was not really being honest with himself - if he could only make friends with Andy perhaps things would be very different; it would probably not be such a destruction after all ... Hilliot felt that he must speak to Andy alone (157).

His conception of his problems and of possible solutions remains simple-minded. Events are to show that he greatly over-estimates the value of making "friends" with Andy - with the Andy who provides a model for his persona that acceptably avoids recognition of the shadow. Nevertheless, in spite of the beckoning of Janet's cool, white hands from the refuge of her rose-garden, in spite of the successive fiascos of his 'confrontations' with Olga and with Andy, Dana is able at least to recognize something of his own powers of self-deception ("he was not really being honest with himself"). Yet he appears still to seek out Andy now not primarily to achieve the advance in self-knowledge that the shadow-Andy might provide, but to avoid "such a destruction" by forming with Andy and Norman "the contented trio whose formation alone would render life tolerable on the 'Oedipus Tyrannus'" (20).

There follows the incident of the drowning of Norman's "mickey", symbol, albeit ambiguous, of potential selfhood. Andy is here instrumental in preventing Dana from heroically rescuing the bird (as effectively, though less brutally, as the Andy-like stoker prevented him earlier):

Andy caught him by the shoulder.

'Don't be a bloody fool, man. Stay where you are. This

harbour's a death trap ... You don't know what things are in the damn place, crocodiles, sharks ...'

... At this moment, of all moments, he did not want to appear braver or wiser than Andy ... (160-161).

The conflict of Dana's needs and impulses is epitomised here: to immerse himself in the waters - he is after all the best swimmer in the ship - and rescue the bird; or to placate Andy, and thereby to facilitate the achievement of a "collective status" in which he can play an un-heroic and relatively humble role that would provide his ego-consciousness with the most comforting and least challenging form of protection available on the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' - most comforting because it requires no essential change and no risk whatsoever, as the attempt to achieve heroic status by plunging into the monster-filled waters would involve risk to such an ill-prepared explorer of this territory.

Thus Andy both (very early in the novel) points the way that Dana must go, sooner or later, into the sea of the unconscious, and later 'prevents' him from prematurely pursuing it. Part of the lengthy and confused process of making himself ready - of equipping himself for the "night sea journey" which, indeed, he may never be ready to undertake - is to recognize the shadow side of himself that he projects onto Andy. But as long as this Andy remains submerged, and the Andy who will offer the security of un-heroic "collective status" supervenes, little development, for better or worse, is possible.

At the end of Chapter Five, Dana has achieved the construction of a "collectively suitable persona". He has done so by persistent and now at least temporarily successful repression not only of the shadow, but also of the problems constellated by his anima, and of all symbols of transformation that have been able to struggle to, or close to, the surface of consciousness. As the dubious self-symbol of the "mickey" sinks beneath the ocean ("... the faces of the dead ... tell us nothing"), peace between Dana and Andy is made (170), and the final paragraphs of

of this penultimate chapter demonstrate the coming together over whisky of Andy and Norman and Dana in the roundhouse.

It is however a limited and precarious peace, as the quality of the imagery indicates; vague and feebly rapturous, it arises in Dana's mind from their collective nostalgic satisfaction that the ship is homeward bound. All conflict now excluded, all pressure for change of any kind apparently removed, Dana sits in the snug womb of the roundhouse from which all that lies outside this snugness is apparently excluded: "Outside was the roar of the sea and the darkness", still unexplored, still unsatisfied (173).

The limitations of Andy as a symbol of the kind of man that Dana wants to be become more evident to Dana, once friendship with Andy has been established. This is particularly evident in Dana's concept of Andy's knowledge of "woman", which has changed from apprehension and admiration ("This was the sort of man to be, all right"; "Hilliot knew nothing about women, not in Andy's sense"), to a comforting and patronising reduction of that knowledge to:

That hip bath, and going from one woman to another in port, were all that had been left him (Andy) by 'love' ... (185).

Similarly, the belief that he has arrived at "a perfectly clear vision of myself" at this penultimate stage of the novel is cumulatively undermined by the vague, flatulent, muddled phrases that follow his attempt to elucidate this vision:

I have something Andy, really, except perhaps, as a fantasy of youth, has never thought of; a promontory from which I look incredibly down on the insignificant race of womanisers. Divided between what might be called a promiscuous stallion instinct and a desire to be like Andy and the others I have to some extent obeyed that instinct, but there is the very different thing of yourself (Janet) ...

Here, Dana seems to manoeuvre himself through some understanding of Andy's limitations as a guide to knowledge of "woman" back towards an

attempted restoration of his initial position, where Janet was the "star to the wandering ship" of his consciousness (26-27), a 'white' anima offering only refuge and retreat from the demands of the shadow. He recognizes the inadequacies of Andy's hipbath and brothel concept of womanhood and love, but in doing so isolates himself upon a false promontory of superiority and patronisation, the description of which demonstrates separation rather than integration of psychic elements in that "collective status" he believes he has achieved. .

His 'integration' of "Andy's position" is no more than superficial, and has not included the essential understanding of what love in hip bath or brothel is like, only an understanding of its limitations in relation to the idealised 'superior' concept of love - Olga-less love - to which he now retreats:

Although Andy beat me out in port, it ceases to bother me because first, there is yourself; secondly, being in love with you I have the universal experience of sublimated all-embracing love for mankind ... (185).

He has not and will not recognize and attempt to experience the reality of the Andy within himself - or rather his partial recognition of this simultaneously glosses over the difficulties involved:

But here's the rub, Janet. Having accepted Andy, must I also, since I am a sailor, accept the component parts of Andy, the fulsome fleshpots and the woman-scented evenings, the rough red drawers, and the bawd and lodging? Yes, within limits, of course, I mean that I must no longer confuse moral courage with physical courage ... I have to accept Andy and that is no more dangerous than accepting life (186).

Here, as throughout the novel, the quality of language is a clear indication of the quality of Dana's emotions and sentiments. How seriously can Dana's "perfectly clear vision" of himself be taken when it is characterised by language such as this?:

Divided between what might be called a promiscuous stallion instinct and a desire to be like Andy and the others I have to some extent obeyed that instinct, but there is the very different thing of yourself (185).

Are we to assume that stallions are promiscuous or that men who behave like stallions are promiscuous? In any case this instinct is here opposed to being "like Andy and the others" ("Divided between"), yet it is Andy, more than anyone, who has epitomised the instinct he is now opposed to. The confusion of this "perfectly clear vision" is perhaps unresolvable, for Dana then makes another opposition to the "stallion" instinct: "But there is the very different thing of yourself". First confusingly opposed to Andy, this instinct is now opposed to Janet, which would appear to place Dana back in a position where the 'white' anima is diametrically opposed to the 'red' - almost as though the attempt to integrate Olga and Janet had never taken place.

Stylistically, the passage as a whole is an uneasy mixture of the formal and the colloquial, the familiar and the jargonistic, and this very mixture demonstrates both the confusion of thought and the underlying reasons for it - Dana's deep lack of conviction in the validity of what he claims to have achieved.

To accept this Andy, reduced to the harmless proportions of a fat man on a seaside postcard ("bawd and lodging"/"rough red drawers"), is, claims Dana fatuously, "no more dangerous than accepting life". The sentiments declared in this "vision" are almost totally unconvincing. What is shown is Dana's reduction of a once-threatening shadow projection to an unthreatening insignificance that will allow him once more to revert to Janet, the primary symbol of his initial psychic immaturity. The man who has failed to climb the mast, to dive in the harbour, to confront Olga, will now, he declares, find "a land corrupted and depressed beyond all knowledge" and make it "good", become the provider of milk for its starving children, free its slaves. He has found that land; it is himself. His distance from recognizing this is painfully evident in this, his response to Janet's long delayed letter, which represents an attempt, characterised by sustained flatulence, to regress

from and pervert those limited and fragmentary gains in self-knowledge that he has achieved. Andy's role in Dana's psycho-drama is played out to a pathetic conclusion; and Dana has proved to the satisfaction and reassurance of his ego-consciousness that Andy's tattoo marks can indeed tell him nothing.

## CHAPTER FIVE : VIRGIN OR WHORE

### (1) Virgin or Whore

It is the white flowers of memory that symbolize for Dana the idealized innocence of his relationship with Janet; of the red flowers which could symbolize the other extreme of his polarization of 'woman' there are only intermittent glimpses in the novel. Dana's dilemma is that he both clings to and wishes to free himself from dominance by and dependence on this 'white' Janet. Thus an outburst of frustration and resentment at his own inability to break free of that state of mind which projects Janet as its star, its source and its goal, is forcefully expressed but rapidly retreated from:

Oh, Janet, I do love you so. But let us have no nonsense about it. The memory of your virginity fills me with disgust. Disgust and contempt! ... Good God, I loathe you, I abwhore you, Janet! Forgive me for having thought that, it is not true. Let's make it up. Do you remember the time you wore your white sweater, which gave you a kind of woolly smell, and I put my hand on your heart to feel it beat? It was like feeling a lamb's heart beating, your sweater was so innocent and soft. I love you ... (51).

Woman as virgin - woman as whore. Dana's distance from the integration and transcendence of such concepts is shown here, as also is a dim awareness of a means by which integration might be achieved: "I abwhore you, Janet". It is a facile, clumsy pun, yet one which links white and red, virgin and whore. A few pages later, this passage appears:

Your lamb's heart was beating under your white woollen sweater. A sheep in sheep's clothing ... a tiger's heart wrapped in a sailor's hide ... (55).



In so far as it is possible to make sense of this passage, where so little help is given the reader by its syntax, it would appear to be self-contradictory: if Janet is a sheep in sheep's clothing, then her lamb's heart can hardly also be a tiger's. In effect, the reader is left with a juxtaposition - of lamb's heart beating under white woollen sweater with "tiger's heart wrapped in a sailor's hide". Whether the latter is intended to replace, threaten, offer an alternative to, the former, it is not possible to say. It is possible to say, however, that there are implications that the lamb's heart is sacrificial in nature - that "Love's Crucifixion", the name of the film visited by Dana at the Tsang Tsang cinema, will, eventually, require the blood of this lamb, and that what Dana - sometimes! - fears and seeks within himself is the heart and "mood" of the tiger, of a force that can destroy the immature 'virginal' self, but which cannot do so without pain and great danger.

In the second chapter of the novel, Dana at last musters sufficient courage to reply, abusively, to Andy's abuse (60-62), but his ship-mates are not impressed: "'... we all like Andy ... you're all away to hell, Dungy'", and Dana, with typical melodrama, envisages himself as persecuted by the Furies, "singing over their victim, sending him mad" while Janet enjoys it "in a white sweater, gloating in a thin ululating treble" (61). In this way, the hostility that has been expressed (and so quickly withdrawn) towards this figure a little earlier - "... your virginity fills me with disgust" - is now projected, briefly, onto that figure herself, who is "enjoying it ... gloating ...", as though 'she' who is making him remain chaste is maliciously enjoying her power and triumph. A change in his attitude towards this figure is therefore evident. No longer simply the epitome of an ideally innocent paradisaical state - a sweet white flower of memory - she now becomes an agent of persecution who, while maintaining her power over him, enjoys the humiliations that he suffers on her behalf:

Going ashore tonight?

I don't know ...

Ain't you a sailor? Why don't you have a woman? You'd perhaps get our chow prompt if you had a woman ... We don't think you're a man. You're a kid should be home with its mammy ...

I don't know why I haven't. I haven't anyway. I promised my girl at home (61-62). (my italics)

Gradually, Dana has found himself pushed towards a crisis-point, towards some kind of confrontation - but only gradually. In the passage which follows, he can be seen attempting to deal with the problem at what one might call a theatrical level; it is a typical attempt to superficialize the problem by acting it out in the theatre of his consciousness by means of pose, gesture, and declamation:

Where shall we have mittag, Janet ... let me show you the grave of my little uncles and aunts, all buried so neatly in a row ... The gods hugged my forebears to death. Come, take my hand, let us read ... without a country. Like myself ... like the ship, like my excellent father, the only surviving son, who is now in a home ... composing a sonnet sequence, Songs of a Second Childhood ... Aren't you delighted, Janet? Come, come; delighted that I am as I am, pleased to see me back? No? ... Yes, Janet, home from the sea, but with a difference ... a difference you will discover to your cost, and all because ... he broke the shy abstemious promises with which you invested him. Woe, woe, woe! Nevermore may they stroll arm in arm over the grey fields of Wirral ... Nevermore ... No more. Never, never, never, never, never. Pay attention to your trouser button and see him if you will for yourself, Dana Hilliot, the syphilitic, as he strolls aimfully down Great Homer Street. Look! How everyone he touches is smitten with a dire disease ... (72-73).

That "real coming to terms" with the archetypes that Jung advocates (BW 325), hardly begins to take place here. This is monologue, delivered to the anima, not dialogue with her. What Dana here first 'shows' Janet - the graves of four infant aunts and uncles - expresses that ambiguous fear of the death of the self which I discuss in Chapter Six ("The Divine Child"). The fears that he is attempting to dispel by melodramatic enactment of them are well-founded. Any attempt to conceive a new self through 'union' exclusively with the 'white' anima is bound to fail

and, by causing serious damage to the old self which it fails to replace, may leave the protagonist in a condition of irrevocable fragmentation.

An alternative is presented which, however, seems hardly preferable. Just as these infant deaths prefigure those described in Dana's visit to the Anatomical Museum (110-111), so the "face of an old BACHELOR" and his fate: "he became IDIOTIC and rapidly sank into second CHILDHOOD" (111) is anticipated by the fate fantasied here for Dana's father. In both cases, the "second childhood" may be the fate of those who have never been able to recognize and communicate with the true "woman within me", and whose 'rebirth' when it eventually takes place is a grotesque and monstrous travesty. A fate akin to this may await Dana:

When the door of Dana Hilliot, old age pensioner, was forced, the police found him lying on the mattress in an emaciated and verminous condition. Death from exhaustion and self-neglect ... (74).

That the above passage ("Where shall we have mittag, Janet") is presented in a melodramatic and posturing tone - close to facetiousness - conceals its underlying seriousness of purpose. Dana wants to understand his own fears and confusions, to bring out upon the open stage symbols of his psychic immaturity and of his reluctance - his underlying terror - of facing any confrontation which would demand abandonment of that immaturity. At the same time, he wishes to render these symbols harmless, and consequently the "Divine Child" is reduced to "little aunts and uncles, all buried so neatly in a row", and the 'white' anima has invested him with "shy abstemious promises" which he can only pretend to have broken by presenting a travesty of his shadow-side: "Dana Hilliot, the syphilitic ... Look!" He defuses these symbols also by swaddling them in absurdly exaggerated declamations: "Woe, woe, woe! Nevermore ... Nevermore ... Never, never, never, never, never, never ..."<sup>1</sup>

But as the passage develops further, its language becomes less facetious, less diffuse, more powerful and vivid, more tumultuous and vigorous, as though the impulse of genuine symbols to rise from the unconscious is intermittently stronger than the need to suppress or enfeeble them:

As he passes down Church Street the wind rushes round him with a cold, monstrous, final insistency ... mothers with warm-smelling furs are fussing with their school-capped sons into the Bon Marche; further away secret tunnels bore through the gloomy buildings, and the overhead railway and a number of sloping bridges leading to the landing stage spread round in bleak and bare confusion. Tram bells clang. Brutal buildings stride into the air above Dana Hilliot ... But the wind has enveloped and overarched all these masses of iron and concrete, all this little humanity, and is sweeping these sparkling buildings with rushing, tremendous shadows ... The wind blows up from the road an old copy of the Liverpool Express, rumples and whisks it down the Goree Piazzas. It clings finally to a lamppost, like some ugly cringing wraith. The lamppost was an erect viper, poised in climax of anger to bite ... A drove of black cattle clatter past, herded by a hooligan with a twisted stick ... It is the Oxenstjerna ... that has gone aground ... which now turns over and sinks into the sand, while oil spreads a mucuous film over the Mersey: and now the white sea gulls, which knew once the dark, smoking rocks ... are dying by the score -

When the door of Dana Hilliot, old age pensioner, was forced ... (73-74).

The verbs are numerous and, for the most part, short and strong: clang, stride, sweeping, rushing; blows up, rumples, whisks; clings, sinks, spreads ... They impart a sense of vigorous activity to the passage, which is essentially concerned to enact the brutality and danger - and the life - of the world outside the snug cosiness of the Bon Marche, where furry, warm-smelling mothers protectively incarcerate their sons. Jung describes the wind, in myth, dream, and fantasy, as "the breath of the spirit" (IP 66), and "the pneuma hidden in the prima materia" (MC 21, note 103). It arises here, to sweep through the scene - albeit briefly - like that "breeze" that appears in the novel's final chapter as a force that can utterly devastate ("blows the whole damn place down")

yet appears to be what is sought there ("Catch yo breeze, man! catch yo breeze!") (190).

The passage is not completely convincing: there is a diffuseness of syntax early in the passage that seems not entirely explainable in terms of its enacting the "confusion" of the scene described: "and the overhead railway and a number of sloping bridges leading to the landing stage spread round in bleak and bare confusion". Out of this confusion, nevertheless, bleak, intense images do arise, "enveloped and overarched" and penetrated by the wind, which whips its message, in the form of an old newspaper, through the Goree Piazzas "where they used to chain the slaves" (67) to a lamppost which becomes an erect and angry snake. The snake conveys a distinct threat and challenge: "poised ... to bite", that is hardly mitigated when those other images of the potentially brutal animality of the unconscious, the "drove of black cattle", are seen to be most unreliably controlled by "a hooligan with a twisted stick". When the Oxenstjerna then appears - its previous manifestations have been primarily as a symbol of the idealised purity of Dana's love for Janet - to be sinking into the sand and revealing its inner darkness (spreading a filthy "mucous film" of oil over the Mersey), the overthrow of the 'white' Janet before the dark forces of the unconscious would seem to be in progress. But these images of destruction prove too powerful, too frightening, for Dana; he is a slave unready, as yet, to lose his chains, and face the imminent possibility of the death of those white seagulls "which knew once the dark smoking rocks". So defensive shutters are immediately thrown up against such images in the form of Dana Hilliot, "old age pensioner", safely though ignominiously dead "from exhaustion and self-neglect" - an image of another kind of death, that of the refusal to admit the unconscious, rather than of being overwhelmed by it.

Chapter Three begins with Dana's resolution to go ashore, at last,

that night: "to have a night's drift ... I made up my mind. It was as if I had made up my mind to commit a murder ..." The murder, if indeed it is to take place, will be that of the 'white' anima - but there are signs that Dana's fear of such a murder is still as strong as his desire to commit it:

The fiendish heat of the day ... the heavy stink of molasses and urine hanging about the ship made my thoughts darker and more fearful ...

He struggles against this:

To hell with Janet. She could take care of herself ... Norman said again the Janes weren't any good. But I would have to find all that out for myself ... (79).

And then backslides a little:

Surely Janet wouldn't mind that: she would want me to be a man, a hell of a fellow like Andy (79).

Yet it is precisely Janet who, as symbol of his ignorance of "the woman within", must be sacrificed to the "syphilitic" Dana - although it may be that all Dana could achieve through this sacrifice would be to lurch from one projection to another, from 'white' to 'red', from one state of one-sided ignorance to the other. The solution he is seeking is far too simple:

Besides, I felt with a renewal of intensity my failure to be a shipmate among shipmates. My breaking of faith with Janet in this simple fashion meant ... my acceptance by the community in a matter of hours; then surely, it was worthwhile ... (79-80).

A wish to evade the crucial issue is evident here. Dana's problem of reconciling the conflicting needs of persona and shadow, epitomised by his relationship with Andy, is radically over-simplified. He wishes to retain Janet as his symbol of "woman" and, equally, to achieve at a stroke a persona acceptable to his shipmates by a means which inescapably necessitates some change in his knowledge of "woman" and some recog-

nition of the persona's antithesis, the shadow.

His vacillation continues. From an image of Norman's pigeon, now caged, clipped, and tethered, from this image of a maimed and imprisoned soul-symbol, "long, unco-ordinated thoughts of home blossom out" (80) in which his conflict is clearly demonstrated:

It would be summer at home now ... That time Janet and I had crossed Marples field together. Milk-white stitch-worts ... No! To hell with that - to hell with it! ... Tonight all that would be stamped out ...

The bird's imprisonment and mutilation has a parallel in what Dana seeks to do to himself in reverting to his "milk-white" Janet. Returning to her, he then abruptly rejects her and declares an apparent determination to 'stamp' her out. It seems that the "murder" will take place - yet his fears will not be quelled, and another terrifying image of what awaits him supervenes:

Some women were among the coal-humpers, and I remembered with horror having seen one of them in the luncheon hour lying with a stevedore down a coal bunker ... (80).

The milk-white stitchworts of idealised physical and psychic immaturity shine still, always temptingly; in spite of this, and in spite of his terror of what may await him, Dana struggles on, at least intermittently, towards the darkness of experience.

Typically incompetent, Dana is maimed at work - his earlier declaration that he will seek acceptance by the crew by shining "in some particular way in his work" is seen, recurrently, to be as misguided as his attempts at "some act of heroism" for the same purpose (20). Now, he is told that what he wants is "a good strong woman" to make a man of him. That Janet is the reverse of such a woman is immediately emphasised:

On the table there were two letters for me, one from my mother, and one from Janet. My bowels melted, all my strength flowed out of me like water, as I saw her boyish handwriting ... (83).

It is an obvious opportunity for him to surrender to her - to "his own worse weakness" (BW 159). The opportunity is refused:

You can't fool me, you little bitch. What was the use now? My mind was made up. And suddenly I hated her for the letter ...

It is after this, a seemingly vehement rejection of her, that the fingers of his maimed hand begin to untwist:

Soon the blood was coming back; there was no serious damage (83).

## (2) Love's Crucifixion

MURDER OF BROTHER-IN-LAW'S CONCUBINE ... Richard Barthlemess in 'The Amateur Gentleman'. Miki Bar. Dancing (91).

These are the slogans of the ego-consciousness, and represent forms of its defence of its own entity; they are what the ego-consciousness seizes upon and offers as the only possibilities open to a psyche that seeks to extend or alter itself, as Dana seeks to lose and to gain something, and at least to change, for better or worse, through his encounter with Olga in the Mikki Bar. The consequences of such an attempt, the slogans declare, can only be "MURDER OF BROTHER-IN-LAW'S CONCUBINE" - a sordid and disgusting death of the "woman within". Better - much safer - to try to become "Richard Barthlemess in 'The Amateur Gentleman'", a fitting persona and counterpart for his pure, 'white' Janet.

The slogans are re-iterated a few pages later, after other conflicting images have arisen in Dana's mind:

... Miki Bar - Dancing: Richard Barthlemess in 'The Amateur Gentleman' ... Olga Tschechowa in LOVE'S CRUCIFIXION ... (103).

The ego's version of the alternatives that face him are once more stated:



completely to become and remain an Amateur Gentleman, or not merely to risk but surely to suffer the death by castration of LOVE'S CRUCIFIXION.

Yet in spite of these warnings, and the even more appalling terrors threatened by the anatomical museum (110-111), Dana appears not to be deterred from his search for Olga:

To tell the truth, I feel just about ready for women (112).

He shakes off Norman's restraining hands: "Now it was my turn to climb the topmast", and hurries past "Richard Barthelmess in 'The Amateur Gentleman'", to the Miki Bar. There he at once meets a girl who emanates just that "extraordinary fascination" that Jung attributes to the power of the anima (MC 356-357):

She made a curious impression on me, the same way that Janet had done the first time I met her; there was something mysterious about her, like stars. I looked down at her thinking that in appearance she resembled Janet extraordinarily. I shut my eyes and imagined that this was indeed Janet ... (113).

He has found, it would seem, an Olga to integrate with the already less than completely white, brown-edged, Janet (UM 103). But his first endeavour seems to be to absorb Olga into Janet, rather than vice versa: "she resembled Janet extra-ordinarily. I shut my eyes and imagined that this was indeed Janet ..." Some kind of integration of these anima counterparts is necessary, but if either totally absorbs the other - swallows her up - then Dana would seem to be back at the situation which offers him only a one-sided anima; either the 'red' anima having swallowed 'white', or 'white, having swallowed 'red'' - in other words, back to Murdered Concubine or a fitting bride for the Amateur Gentleman.

He is then, as he puts it, "brought back to earth laughingly" by what the girl says:

'Me nice girl; very nice very clean very cheap jig-a-jig very sweet very sanitary'. (114).

The closeness of this laughter to hysteria, its source in fear rather than strength, is shown by subsequent events - Dana's precipitate flight from Olga. This departure is prepared for also by his recognition of Olga as offering "Love's Crucifixion", as being the "queen of love" whose speciality, "Night work", shows no signs to him that it could be not only black, but, like Saturn, "black outside like lead, but white inside" (An 139).<sup>2</sup> After the initial attempt, and failure, to absorb Olga into the 'white' Janet, the other alternative immediately threatens: the total absorption of Janet into Olga, "queen of love", a danger the imminence of which is underlined by the song that is played as they dance:

Dead Man Blues ... 'I've got them! I've got them! I've got those Dead Man Blues, yes sir!' I crooned, looking down at Olga and drowning in her eyes (115).

The confrontation has been prematurely sought, and courage ("I feel just about ready for women") reveals itself to have been bravado. Dana is not able, nor is he ready yet, to find Saturn, to drown in Olga's eyes, and when the crucial moment comes: "'Well, are you going to come upstairs?'" he remembers Janet's letter "and a deep wave of nostalgia and of physical sickness swept over me so that I staggered and almost fell. I felt I was going to pass out" (116). As he hastily retreats, the door swings to and "the last chords of the Dead Man Blues were truncated ..."

He retreats hastily, but not without regrets:

Olga liked my hands! Strange ... my all-abiding sense of guilt about my hands. Well, I felt better now, in the air again. But supposing Janet had said ... 'What nice hands you have, Dana ...' It would have made all the difference (117).

The wish expressed here appears to be that Janet might - to at least a limited extent - possess some of Olga's attributes. It is a gesture towards the union of these 'opposites' but no more than that.

The past tense is used, and indicates that while it would have made "all the difference" for Janet to have admired Dana's hands, such a possibility no longer exists; it is a feeble attempt to pretend that what he needs in Olga could - in purified and harmless form - be provided by Janet.

But he finds himself, in spite of this defeat, not able simply to revert to his 'white' Janet, to "a tender dream of home" (43), for he has lost the letter from Janet for which he has been waiting for so long, and which, by its very appearance, was to provide proof of the existence of the girl to whom he claimed a fidelity that had safeguarded him from all the Olgas in all the ports hitherto visited.

On discovering this loss, he makes a particularly naive and unconvincing kind of fuss:

Oh, Mother, what have I done? My God, is this me? Is it?  
Oh, forgive, forgive, forgive, Mother and Father forgive.  
Don't let me die; don't, don't, don't (117).

For the son, writes Jung, "the anima is hidden in the dominating power of the mother" (BW 313), and this image

which lends the mother such superhuman glamour in the eyes of the son, gradually becomes tarnished by commonplace reality and sinks back into the unconscious, but without in any way losing its original tension and instinctivity. It is ready to spring out and project itself at the first opportunity, the moment some woman makes an impression that is out of the ordinary ... (ACU 69).

The tone of Dana's plea for forgiveness is naive to the point of childishness, almost babyishly hysterical, yet feebly so; it suggests that Dana's first reaction on feeling deprived of Janet, and having run from Olga, is a weak little regression to the once "dominating power" of the mother as anima. Jung adds that nobody

can stand the total loss of the archetype. When that happens, it gives rise to that frightful 'discontent in our culture' where nobody feels at home because a 'father' and a 'mother' are missing ... (ACU 69).

Certainly, Dana is most terrified by the thought, and the sensation, of being "Lost. Lost. Lost" (45 and 119), and has turned almost always at such moments to Janet, who even at her feeblest may save him from a variety of ambiguous 'deaths'. Deprived, although only temporarily, of her, he reverts even more feebly to his 'mother' to save himself. He finds it a very short-term solution, at least in the unconvincing form in which he first presents it, and twists in another direction - to an equally facile fantasy of rescuing Olga and taking possession of her, which ends, expectedly, in "Murder!" (118). No way out develops from this, so again he reverts to childhood, but this time much more convincingly in the 'Bathroom' passage discussed elsewhere (Chapter Six, page 111f).

After a further series of vacillations on these themes, Dana eventually returns to the Miki Bar, to attempt again to bring together Janet and Olga, 'white' anima and 'red'. Again he approaches "Love's Crucifixion": "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" (125).

He has decided to return to the Miki Bar and to Olga, but the persisting fears and confusions that underly this decision are suggested by the clumsy and declamatory rhetoric of this question and by the answers he provides, as he endeavours to convince himself:

But why all the bother? Do this thing. Laugh about it, because it is funny; cry, for it is beautiful; smile, because it is inevitable. Hold it ever in your heart for its preciousness; be proud of it, boast of it to Janet. Well, it was Janet, wasn't it? (125).

One can hardly have confidence in the series of poses struck here:

"Laugh ... cry ... smile ... etc." The rhetorical structure of three parallel phrases (Laugh/because, cry/for, smile/because), followed by a fourth (Hold/for), offers, in spite of this parallelism, rhythmically uneasy fluctuations (the words "about it" are superfluous in terms of paraphrasable meaning as well as rhythmically, and those that vary and

suspend the rhythm in the fourth phrase: "ever in your heart", make the phrase a cliché), and reaches a stumbling rather than a resounding conclusion: "be proud of it, boast of it to Janet".

After the mock-heroics of Laugh/cry/smile/Hold/be proud, "boast" has a hollow but truthful ring. It is much closer to what Dana is actually doing, and the colloquial phrases that enclose the bombast ("But why all the bother"; "Well, it was Janet, wasn't it?") further undermine the pose, partly because they are stylistically inconsistent with the more formal syntax and diction of the rhetoric, and partly because the very questions they ask bring the pomposity of the rhetoric, and the reasons for it, under scrutiny. We may well ask: "But why all this bother?", in this particular instance, and the end-question: "Well, it was Janet, wasn't it?", brings us, and Dana, right back to the very problem he has - later if not sooner - to resolve, the discovery and integration of the true "woman within".

A second attempt to coalesce "goddess" and "witch" - white and red animas, virgin and whore, Janet and Olga - is about to take place, before Dana ascends the stairs to Olga for the second time; but the bombastic beginning quoted above is hardly a favourable augury.

### (3) Snow and Olga

North wind blow south over my vineyards, north wind brings the snow: I do not think that this is the north wind. Snow on the high pitched minster roof and spire; snow on the bows of leafless linden trees; snow on the silent streets and squares that freeze. Under night's wing, down drooping high and nigher. To be plunged in snow; immersed soundlessly and without pain in a substance as cold as Janet's cheeks were in November; cold as the dawn ... As cold as green grass, early, on a March morning, or sea under a momentarily veiled sun, as oilcloth to bared feet; to be morally refrigerated and lastly to be eaten, without equivocation, by a lustless Eskimo. Inside the church within

the shadowy choir dim burn the lamps like lights on vaporous seas. Drownsed are the voices of droned litanies. Blurred as in dreams the voice of priest and friar. Cold hath numbed the sense to slumber here!

No - no - no, said a train, empty ... clattering downwards towards the Yumato.

I ran along the streets with the rickshaw-wallah (125-126).

"Winter kept us warm ..." - Hilliot invokes "snow" for a similar purpose, to numb "the sense to slumber here!", to cover over his "vineyards" which, like the Sandvika woman's red currants, her flowers and oats, suggest fertility, cultivation, and, through wine, blood and life (90).

But the confusions and contradictions are multiple in this, Dana's preparation for his second attempt to confront Olga. The North wind blows south; the North wind brings snow: "I do not think this is the North wind". If the identity and direction of the snow-bringing wind is so dubious, so confused, it is hardly surprising that the quality of the snow-imagery that follows should also be extremely uneven.

It varies from the successful piling of three parallel phrases on top of one another (Snow/snow/snow), to the extraordinarily inept bathos of "Under night's wing, down drooping nigh and nigher", which makes it very difficult for the reader to take anything in the passage seriously.

Dana appears to be offering himself a version of ceasing upon the midnight with no pain: "To be plunged in snow; immersed soundlessly and without pain ...", in a substance which reveals the closeness of its affinity to Janet: "as cold as Janet's cheeks were in November", yet we are not in November long enough to register that fact before night, having drooped "nigh and nigher", brings dawn; and then a sudden shift of season: "As cold as green grass, early, on a March morning", brings Dana to the sudden brink of Spring - the "cruellest" season - and to a sea which is under an only "momentarily" veiled sun. But these images,

suggestive even if confusing, do not develop but decline, into the obscurity of being "eaten" by an eskimo, where the "tinkling sciolist" (UM 118) wags his silly-clever head.

From this position, he retreats even further, "Inside the church", which as a possible symbol of the self that is sought is a sad but unsurprising disappointment: shadowy, dim, vaporous, drowsed, droned, blurred and numbed ...

The rhythmic substance of this peculiar passage of 'prose' is provided by these lines:

Snow on the high pitched minster roof and spire  
 snow on the boughs of leafless linden trees  
 snow on the silent streets and squares that freeze  
 Inside the church within the shadowy choir  
 dim burn the lamps like lights on vaporous seas  
 Drowsed are the voices of droned litanies  
 Blurred as in dreams the voice of priest and friar  
 Cold hath numbed the sense to slumber here!

Inside the 'prose' there is a poem, the lines of which are bound together by their number of feet (pentameters), by rhythm (Snow/snow/snow; Dim/drowsed/Blurred), by alliteration and assonance, and even by rhyme (spire/choir/friar/here; trees/freeze/seas/litanies).

It is typical of the language of Dana's monologues throughout the novel that this 'poem', in spite of rhythmic faltering and clumsy repetition (voice/voices), in spite of seeming something of a pastiche of Keats with echoes of Wilfred Owen, and in spite of being disturbed by such anomalies as night's wing "down drooping nigh and nigher" - another rhyme and one which turns pastiche to parody! (choi-yer, spi-yer, fri-yer) - nevertheless conveys the attraction and fascination of such a ceasing upon the midnight with no pain, and conveys it not merely as an idea to be titillatingly played with (though it does that as well), not merely a sub-Keatsian pose, but as a possible though meretricious path for Dana to follow out of his multiple dilemmas: to retreat from those urgent, irreconcilable claims of persona, shadow and anima, into a hibernation

from which he might never have to awake: "Cold hath numbed the sense to slumber here!"

It is also typical of the vacillations of Dana's impulses throughout the novel that he is not able to swoon deeper into this dim yet cosy psychic tomb - the snow-buried church - but finds himself breaking free of it and running towards Olga. The snow dream is abruptly, though temporarily, rejected: "No - no - no" - but snow and wind pursue him:

Snow fell softly across my dream and old bells chimed dully. The cold wind of which I thought chilled me to the bone and blew in my teeth; there was a procession of horsemen in high white hats; my heart rhythmically beat with the rhythm of the horsemen ... my heart swayed and bounced to the motion of the horse, my heart bounced downhill like a stone ... (126).

This passage begins as if resuming the imagery of the snow and church enclosed death-sleep that characterised the passage discussed above. Thus there is the soft falling of snow "across my dream", and an adverbial muffling of the liveliness of the verbs ("old bells chimed dully" - the vowel in "dully" muffles the sharpness of that in "chimed"). But the soft and enclosing embrace of the snow is vigorously swept aside:

The cold wind ... chilled me to the bone and blew in my teeth ...

And now the wind brings

a procession of horsemen in high white hats.

According to Jung, the horse is a libido symbol, and of the vision of one of his patients - Miss Miller's description of Chiwantopel on horseback - he writes:

... the hero and his horse seem to symbolize the idea of man and the subordinate sphere of the animal instinct ... (ST 275).

He adds, also, that:



Legend attributes properties to the horse which psychologically belong to the unconscious of man: there are ... path-finding horses who show the way when the wanderer is lost ... (ST 277).

Thus the horse "also plays the part of a psychopomp who leads the way to the other world ..." (ST 281).

The word "procession" indicates an ordered and controlled even ceremonious demonstration of such possibilities. The closeness of Dana's identification with these horsemen: "my heart rhythmically beat with the rhythm of the horsemen", and with the horses: "my heart swayed and bounced to the motion of the horses", is simply, perhaps a little clumsily, expressed, yet, momentarily at least, there has emerged to ride across the stage of Dana's consciousness a procession of symbols - of man in control of, even in harmony with, "the subordinate sphere of the animal instinct", and seated upon "a psychopomp who leads the way to the other world ..."

The horsemen wear "high white hats" which are perhaps like his grandfather's top hat and deerstalker, symbols of potency and authority, whose whiteness is that of psychic maturity (albedo) rather than of the immaturity associated with the Janet-figure.

The ominous and exciting downward motion of horses and riders ("my heart bounced downhill like a stone") then abruptly suggests at least some loss of control, an un-controlled descent towards the depths and the darkness.

The brief emergence of these symbols - if such they are - of the possibility of psychic maturity, causes Dana swiftly to retreat. He retreats to a stable, which like the church, perhaps, is potential tomb or womb.

An image of a "horse in the stable - 'dreaming and warm'" occurred much earlier in the novel (42) as one of those "few white flowers of memory which were so precious to Janet", and which Dana there conjured

up as part of a protective screen against the threatening terrors of "Love's Crucifixion". It was an image of the libido snugly and contentedly confined - the sort of creature that one could pleasurably and safely pet - and on the following page (43) Dana withdrew into the stable ("the first night in the manger") where he could beg Jesus to save him from "the deep winter, dark and cold" outside.

Dana's attempt to play with the concept of "easeful death" has inadvertently released symbols of potential selfhood, even if remote, in the procession of high-hatted horsemen. Now he retreats again into the stable, but as before (42-43) finds that he can only briefly remain there:

It was afterwards, though, in the stable, in the dreaming warm stable afterwards, that I saw her alone. Over the white familiar fields to happy go. Is that spring where you are, Olga darling, spring with the music of melting snow, spring on the Russian steppes, and spring in your heart? Spring on the West Cheshire Golf Links ... I dreamed back along a chain of days. Olga's shadow ran before her along the snow. I saw her stir the samovar and sweep the kitchen and break the ice to get more water. I saw how in the deep dark cold winter her mother put more wood in the central stove and threw her wolfskin coat on her daughter's bunk to keep her warm. I heard her brother's merry shout, as he chopped wood, and saw him blow on his hands. I heard the tinkle of sleigh bells, and saw snow, light as wool, falling from the eaves. Cold hath numbed sense to slumber here! Then hark, one swift soprano, soaring like a lark, beats round arch and aisle, echoing dark with exquisite aspiration; throbs that soul of fire, higher, higher yearning with sharp anguish of untold desire ...

Richard Barthlemess in 'The Amateur Gentleman' ... Miki Bar - Dancing (126-127).

Some attempt, however confused, to fuse Olga and Janet appears to be made here. It is as though Olga is conjured up in or through Janet, to bring the spring and melt the snow that was "as cold as Janet's cheeks were in November". Dana emerges from the snow-enclosed security of the stable to go over "white familiar fields to Olga". The fields are familiar as Janet's fields; and Olga's spring "on the Russian

steppes" is directly associated with Janet's "Spring on the West Cheshire Gold Links". It seems that the struggle has been re-engaged - as Dana once more approaches the Olga of the Miki Bar - to bring his once rigidly-polarized anima-projections into close proximity.

The thaw of snow continues; once heavily weighing on the roofs ("Snow/snow/snow"), it now falls from the eaves "light as wool". And it would certainly appear that the cold that "numbed sense to slumber here" has been forced to relinquish its grip, when the soaring lark-song of "one swift soprano" (the woman within!) breaks ecstatically forth.

This is what appears and is perhaps intended to happen. But closer attention to the quality of language through which these concepts express themselves causes considerable doubts, and what then appears dominant in the passage are evidences of the spuriousness of its pretensions - evidence that the ego's method of defusing dangerous symbols as and even before they arise by trivialising them is in operation.

The passage is characterized by a lightweight and facile lyricism:

Is that spring where you are, Olga darling, spring ...  
spring ... spring in your heart? Spring on the West  
Cheshire Golf Links ...

It is as though one anima-projection has swallowed up the other. The Olga who takes part in this fantasy-scene has very much more in common with Janet, the 'white' anima, than with her former 'red' self. Her powerfully threatening attributes have not been integrated into Janet; she has merely been divested of them. April is the cruellest month? It hardly seems to be so here. The kind of spring offered by this amalgamation of Janet and Olga, and the nature of the emotions that it now releases, is epitomised by the emergence of the rest of the 'snow' poem:

Cold hath numbed sense to slumber here!  
Then hark  
one swift soprano, soaring like a lark

beats round arch and aisle, echoing dark  
 with exquisite aspiration; throbs that soul of fire,  
 higher, higher,  
 yearning with sharp anguish of untold desire ...

Night's wing "drooping high and nigher" would certainly have a place in a 'poem' that ends, as this does, in a muddled welter of inept rhymes and cliches (nigher/fi-yer/higher/desi-yer; hark (hark-the) lark).

The attempt ends in anti-climax, in bathos, ignominiously. Yet is has not been entirely futile. It has shown that Dana's needs to control and subdue all and any evidence of the dangerous vitality of his unconscious - of shadow and anima - although strong, and here successful, are very far from being in complete and uniform control. The horse has not been entirely confined, 'dreaming and warm', in the docile security of its stable; snow falls heavily, but life, of a sort, breeds under it.

Nevertheless, this bringing together of Janet and Olga, white and red animas, has ended in an almost comically inept 'poetic' anticlimax, which demonstrates all too convincingly Dana's tormented but persistent psychic immaturity, and it is wholly appropriate that the passage should be rounded off by the re-emergence of that ideal persona-model, "Richard Barthlemess in 'The Amateur Gentleman'".

At the Miki Bar, which he now reaches, Dana ascends the stairs for the second time to confront the 'red' Olga, only to find that Andy, in his role as shadow-projection, has taken possession of her. A second time, Dana retreats, defeated and humiliated, yet also relieved and released. The confrontation for which he has shown himself to be radically unready, has, perhaps mercifully, been postponed.

## CHAPTER SIX : THE DIVINE CHILD

Time and again, symbols of transformation reveal themselves to be ambivalent, ambiguous, and even apparently contradictory. The Divine Child is no exception to this. Thus Jung is able to state both that "the child (as higher form of the puer aeternis)" belongs to "the end of the process" (IP 94) and that the symbols of wholeness, including the child-archetype, "frequently occur at the beginning of the individuation process" (PS 128). And again:

The hero and the puer aeternis may appear as themes throughout the whole process (IP 94).

Of course the key to this apparent confusion lies in the richness and flexibility of the symbol. It belongs as higher form of the puer aeternis to the end of the process; yet even in such an instance as this, when the "child-motif appears in the form of a unity" which represents an "already completed synthesis of the personality", even this may signify "no more than a possibility"! (PS 129).

The child-motif, then, may be present as "a symbol par excellence of the reborn psyche" and represent in "its highest incarnation ... a symbol of the self". It may look forward to the sought-for distant end, it may even declare that that end has been seen: or it may look back to and past the individual experience to what lies beyond in the collective unconscious:

The child-motif is a picture of certain forgotten things in our childhood ... Since, however, the archetype (belongs) ... to the whole human-race and not merely to the individual, we might put it better this way: the child-motif

represents the pre-conscious, childhood aspect of the collective psyche ... (PS 124).

However, "even though at first sight it may seem like a retrospective configuration", an essential feature of the motif is "its futurity":

The child is potential future. Hence the occurrence of the child-motif in the psychology of the individual signifies as a rule an anticipation of future developments ... (PS 127).

In this, perhaps, lies the essential feature of the archetype: that it signifies potentiality - a significance described by Jung with some eloquence:

For in the adult there is hidden a child - an eternal child, something that is always becoming, is never completed, and that calls for unceasing care, attention and fostering. This is the part of the human personality that wishes to develop and complete itself (IP 284).

As an augury of the eventual appearance of "the figure that comes from the synthesis of conscious and unconscious elements in the personality", the child-symbol is "therefore a unifying symbol ... a mediator, bringer of healing ... one who makes whole ..." (PS 127-128).

The child-motif can symbolize all that a man could at any stage become and - less sanguinely - all that he could have become but has failed to realize. But it can also, without contradiction, symbolize the psychic equivalent of a child born in marriage: the newborn, then growing, vulnerable new self, generated by the fusion of "male and female principles" in the psyche.

It is with the anima as personification of those forces of the unconscious that he tries and tries not to come to terms with that Dana is most persistently engaged. And it is with the offspring of the kind of union that his consciousness is able to effect with her that this chapter is primarily concerned.

The precariousness of "the psychic possibility of wholeness", and "the enormous difficulties to be met with in attaining this 'highest

good'", are demonstrated, Jung states, by the child-motifs of "'insignificance', exposure, abandonment, danger ..." (PS 130), by the extreme perilousness of the child's situation, "threatened on the one hand by the negative attitude of the conscious mind and on the other by the horror vacui of the unconscious, which is quite ready to swallow up its progeny" (PS 133). However, myth "emphasises ... that the 'child' is endowed with exceeding powers and, despite all dangers, will unexpectedly pull through ..." (PS 135).

The dangers that repression of this archetype could bring about, and the nature of the powers and possibilities that would be lost through repression, are explained by Jung:

If ... the childhood state of the collective psyche is repressed to the point of total exclusion, the unconscious content overwhelms the conscious intention and inhibits, falsifies, and even destroys its realization. Viable progress only comes from the co-operation of both (PS 127).

The conscious mind cannot itself resolve the conflict; what is lost by repression of the symbol is "the thing that unites" the opposites, a symbol that can convey - as the numinous child can - some "inkling of the creative act ...", the vital importance of "the solution of the conflict through the union of opposites" (PS 132-133):

Because the symbol of the 'child' fascinates and grips the conscious mind, its redemptive effect passes over into consciousness and brings about a separation from the conflict-situation which the conscious mind by itself was unable to achieve (PS 133).

This "eternal child" in man is, finally,

an indescribable experience, an incongruity, a disadvantage, and a divine prerogative; an imponderable that determines the ultimate worth or worthlessness of a personality (PS 145).

The child-archetype manifests itself in several ways in Ultra-marine: as Dana's memory/fantasy of his own childhood self; as an imaginary child born to himself and Janet; and in the form of references to or descriptions of dead, aborted, or diseased infants (still-births found in the 'pilgrim ship', the aborted 'venereal' foetus of Norman's wife, the description of exhibits in an anatomical museum).

In a passage which links the first and second of these categories, and which indeed anticipates the third, the particular relevance of Jung's concepts to the appearances of this symbol in Ultramarine can be seen. This passage (UM 69-70) first speculates on the extent to which the child will be subject "to the pre-natal influences", and then describes an angelically innocent child at bedtime; this fantasy then undergoes a sudden collapse into images of disease and death:

O les pauvres amoureux des pays chimeriques! Death. Outside time drips its rain for our son, who lifts to be kissed, a twisted, witless mask, grinning sightlessly at us, two holes in the bridgeless nose, the sightless eyes like leaden bullets sunk into the face ... Myself, also, the man without a soul. It died, suddenly, at the age of eight. I felt it die a little every day ...

This death is both retrospective and prospective. It is the death the self has already died - Dana's childhood self 'dying' suddenly "at the age of eight" - and it is the death (or at best a birth radically diseased in nature) of any self that could be born from a marriage of conflicting elements in his personality that are themselves as yet both feeble and monstrous.

A comparison between Dana's description of his "son's" grinning, witless mask and a closely parallel passage from Conrad Aiken's Blue Voyage, which describes a paralysed child and its diseased parents, clearly declares Lowry's debt and cruelly emphasises the crudeness and superficiality of the Lowry passage.<sup>1</sup> Dana's child-symbols emerge here as contrived and second-hand, and they may block the path to the surface



of their genuine counterparts. Some awareness of their spuriousness is (almost) recognized by Dana:

Yes, Hans ... When I was fourteen I was under the delusion for a year I was Thomas Chatterton ... mad? No ... not even that. But a kind of semi-madman, pernicious and irritating and apathetic in the extreme, for whom in madness, as in death to the impotent, exists the only dignified escape (UM 101-102).

David Daiches describes Chatterton as a "less practically successful but a more genuine poetic forger" than MacPherson. This perhaps inadvertently paradoxical description (genuine ... poetic; genuine ... forger) is curiously appropriate to the always confused mixture of false and genuine in Dana's presentation of his fluctuating states of mind.

The identification of Dana's 14-year old self with Chatterton, that potentially gifted fraud, with his "strangely histrionic melancholy", his "mawkish" sentiment and "exaggerated" images,<sup>2</sup> is an appropriate one - not only to Dana at 14 but also to the Dana in his late teens who struggles still to face the necessity for the death of that incoherent, spurious, secondhand self, the self who abjures Poppelreuter to read "my masterpiece, How to be Happy Though Dead". It is Dana's saving grace that he is, even more strongly, unable to become so. "'You are lying to me'", says Poppelreuter. Dana does not attempt to deny it, but then turns what might have been an emancipating insight into his own self-defeating processes into another facetious self-evading charade:

The important point is that the apparent facts are largely imaginary. I assume the guilt of a mother, or of a father, or of a heredity, imagine it completely, to be able on the one hand to give an adequate explanation of my more inexplicable actions, and on the other in order to be clothed in a dark, blood-stained dignity ... I delight to imagine that my father is mad, when as a matter of fact he is only in a nursing home with a stone in the kidney; I delight to imagine that my mother, who occasionally suffers from con-

unctiyitis, is going blind. But it is I whom the father, or who would be the father, the mother, and who postulate the responsibility for both; it is young Dana who belongs to the ranks of the blind and the dumb ... (102).

The potential moment of insight is turned against itself. Yet Dana has acknowledged that it is he "who would be the father, the mother, and who postulate(s) the responsibility for them both". He is responsible for the bringing together of "male consciousness" and the "personified female unconscious" figure who immediately appears:

But out of this emerges something simpler. I am sick with love for a girl. She wears a white skirt, and a soft blouse and a school blazer edged with brown ... (103).

What sort of child could be fathered by this "male consciousness" upon a 'mother' such as this? That described on the preceding pages - red-cheeked, curly-haired, blue-pyjama'd, innocent - who decays rapidly into a witless, grinning, sightless mask (UM 69-70).

Dana's partial recognition of himself as "Chatterton" takes place in the earlier stages of the 'Night-town' chapter (III). He and Poppelreuter then encounter Norman and "Olga Tschechowa in Love's Crucifixion"; unenlightened by this experience, they make an abortive visit to a deserted ship (The Martensen, from Oslo, has nothing here to tell Dana), retreat to and then from a brothel full of puppies, and then enter an anatomical museum. Here, the theme of the visitation of the sins of the parents (male consciousness and female personified unconscious!) upon the child is most explicitly symbolised, and the manifold causes of pre-natal corruption and malformation of the child are described:

In these models the visitor sees the awful effects of MAN leading a DEPRAVED life visiting the iniquity of the FATHERS upon the CHILDREN and upon the CHILDREN'S children unto the third and fourth GENERATION ... Model of a well-developed CHILD just BORN all its proportions are such as to cause the mother's HEART to throb with THANKFULNESS for so great a blessing ... The face of an old BACHELOR, he became IDIOTIC

and rapidly sank into second CHILDHOOD; what a fearful account he will have to give of himself on JUDGEMENT DAY ... THIRTY-SEVEN models in EIGHT glass cases portraying secondary symptoms all taken from LIFE. Some of these diseases have been greatly aggravated by the use of MERCURY and also wrong treatment namely ulceration small-pox warts and tumours ..... The HEAD and NECK showing the awful and DEGRADED state in which men come when they DISOBEY the laws of GOD; the wages of sin is DEATH.

Extraordinary superfoetation of TWINS, one ... white, the other black ... Embryology and foetal development PARENTS frequently live over and over again in their CHILDREN for they certainly resemble them not merely in COUNTENANCE and bodily CONFORMATION but in the general features of their MINDS, and in their virtues and VICES ... If she ((the mother)) is disordered and defective its vital function must suffer; or gross food may render it FLABBY. If she does not RESPIRE sufficiently it will be PUNY and BLOODLESS; if she is drugged it will be of BAD habit; if she is mercurialised or antimonised it will have a predisposition to CONSUMPTION ..... if any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, WHICH TEMPLE YOU ARE ... (110-111).

The sickness of the 'child' may come from either 'parent'; if either is defective, the union of opposites, of male and female principles - of consciousness and the unconscious - cannot be successful, and the "well-developed CHILD", perfect in proportions and in health, cannot be born. And although the sickness of the child may be treated if it is born, the dangers of mal-treatment appear heavily to predominate. There are parallels here to some accounts of alchemical processes in which, for example, mercury is a crucial ingredient, the premature or misplaced application of which will abort or corrupt the process.<sup>3</sup>

Most significant, it would seem, is the condition of the 'mother': FLABBY, PUNY and BLOODLESS - these are appropriate adjectives for the 'child' born from Janet and Dana (69).

Yet the only evident alternative is declared to offer no escape, for the BACHELOR too will produce a child, a sick child, from himself: "he became IDIOTIC and rapidly sank into second CHILDHOOD; what a fearful account he will have to give of himself on JUDGEMENT DAY". It is

this last fate, perhaps, that most threatens Dana, and which remains essentially unchallenged at the end of the novel, by when no integrated anima-figure has been able to arise or develop, and, consequently, the 'divine child' remains unborn and perhaps, still, unconceived.

Dana's immediate action on retreating (again precipitately) from the museum, is to seek "women" - a bold impulse in view of what he has just seen and in spite of Norman's vomiting and his cautionary words: "You don't know anything about it. You'll have to have women first" (112). This, it seems, is exactly what Dana intends to do, as he rushes off to find an Olga. However, Norman appears to be right; Dana's bravado is short-lived - he encounters Olga, then rapidly retreats. He is perhaps wise to do so, though pusillanimous, since one could hardly be hopeful of a healthy 'issue' to the copulation of the ill-formed and pathetically feeble "old king" (Dana's conscious self) with that preliminary, crude and diseased anima figure, the Olga-Janet of the Mikki Bar.

The child envisaged by Dana at a relatively early stage of the novel (Chapter II: 69-70), and which turns into the grinning "sightless" mask, is presented in these terms:

Yes! When he is fresh from his evening bath, his cheeks red, and his hair rubbed up the wrong way to make it curl! And as he lies there with his dream-bright face, how excited he will become over Peter Rabbit's escape ... Proud parents, Janet, proud parents when we give him, as reward for good conduct, his digestive biscuit ... His pyjamas blue with a white stripe. Sliding into slumber down the smooth snow of sheets. The soft white curtains bellying inward, blown softly by the summer breeze ... Peace, peace, peace, peace, says the clock. The child sleeps ...

It is a conventional picture, not pathetically feeble nor grossly sentimental and embodying some slight linguistic and imagistic vitality:

("his dream-bright face"; "Sliding into slumber down a smooth snow of sheets ..."). The latter phrase, however, emphasises with its facile alliteration the lack of intensity of emotion and expression of the

whole passage, while creating an image of swift, smooth movement that accords ill with the soft passivity of the child. It is a sentimental and self-conscious picture - and an attempt to escape from the misbegotten adolescent self back to the now idealised 'innocence' and simplicity of his early infant self. But it cannot be sustained even at this superficial level; the "witless" mask arises from the bed.

In the course of the Night-town Chapter (III), after the terrible images of the anatomical museum have driven him first to find Olga and then to escape from her, Dana discovers that he has lost a long-awaited letter from Janet. He has, then, at this point lost contact with both aspects of his anima - Olga and Janet - that must eventually be integrated if a healthy 'child' is ever to be conceived. But he has also lost contact with Janet as symbol of his most regressive and escapist desires, and the hysterical fuss with which he reacts to the loss of the letter, and the childish terror underlying the hysteria, indicate that it is Janet as escapist refuge that he most fears to lose, rather than a Janet who, brought together with Olga, could reveal to him the fraudulence and immaturity of his psychic drama.

Yet mingling with the hysteria, the histrionics, are spasmodic attempts to bring Janet and Olga at least into connection with each other and, very briefly, a moment's recognition of his "Chattertonian" spuriousness:

What was it my supervisor said? 'Dana Hilliot is a tinkling sciolist' ... (118).

Self-knowledge here, surely, one would think, in his quoting of this description of himself as a superficial pretender to knowledge (knowledge of himself). Yet this knowledge may in itself be superficial. That the phrase has a direct source in Aiken emphasises the dubious value of this as an insight:

I waste a lot of time in logolatry. I am a verbalist, Cynthia - a tinkling symbolist ... (Three Novels 76).

Thus William Demarest describes himself in Blue Voyage and, indeed, describes the Dana Hilliot who struggles endlessly to avoid or delay his search for the self.

I have described the above processes of thought - a brief account of Dana's progresss from anatomical museum to this point - in order to suggest how the following child-archetype is able to arise both in spite of and because of the terrors of the museum and of Olga, and the hysterical loss of connection with both personifications of his "disordered and defective" anima.

From the apparent vacuum created by his temporary loss of Olga and Janet, emerges this 'child', - tended by the mother-anima:

My mother soaped my face all over; my mother cleaned my ears. My mother separated one from one my inexpressive toes. A daddy-longlegs straggled round the light; the white ceiling sweated; the shadows of the trees shook darkly on the frosted glass of the window. A sudden draught came up the waste pipe ... 'Why are you so dirty, Dana? My father was always so clean ...' (118-119).

Here, and perhaps only here, the child-archetype in Ultramarine, while by no means numinous or radiant, at least brings with it images that are intense, mysterious, darkly yet vividly visualised.

For the child 'born' from Janet and Dana there was "Peace, peace, peace ..." - a "peace" characterised by the facile sibilance of "Sliding into slumber down the smooth snow of sheets" and by the "soft white curtains bellying inward, blown softly by the summer breeze", providing a cumulative excess of S's which seem to be there primarily for the purpose of alliteration. That this child was fanciful in the weakest sense is further suggested by the pastoral cliché (soft-summer-breeze).

It is otherwise in the passage which follows Dana's temporary disconnection from Olga and Janet. This child exists, experiences what is

described. Although externally passive, "inexpressive" as his mother soaps and cleans, his senses are sharply alert to what they see and hear: the sprawled shape and lagging movement of the spider (straggled), the beaded condensation on the white ceiling (sweated), the shape and movement of tree-shadows on the window. Only the sound of wind in pipe is not distinctly conveyed (by the multi-purpose verb "came up"). The total effect of the distinct and quite distinctive visualisation of these objects is to imbue with life the 'child' who visualises them.

This experience has, briefly, the stamp of truth - by means of it Dana could, perhaps does, approach what he is, rather than retreat from such a recognition. It is no obviously redemptive vision - appears almost to be the reverse, indeed, since the whole mood created by these short phrases is by no means idyllic and far from reassuring. In "the process of individuation", the spider is a "Negative form" (IP 94), and here also he moves clumsily, even menacingly, obscuring yet also seeking "the light". The ceiling sweats bleakly, giving off the too-harsh glare of bright light on bare surfaces; in "the shadows of the trees shook darkly on the frosted glass of the window", alliteration is confined to two key words (shadows/shook) emphasising the child's - and the man's - fear of these shapes that signal from the darkness 'outside'. In all of these images, the threatening nature and the fascination of these as yet unknown forces is suggested.

Before the "king's son" can be born, the old king must die. In Mysterium Coniunctionis, Jung compares "the logical sequences of psychological changes with the alchemical symbolism" as follows:

Ego-bound state with feeble dominant

Ascent of the unconscious and/or descent of ego into unconscious

Sick king ... (aged), about to die

Disappearance of king in his mother's body, or his dissolution in water

Conflict and synthesis of  
conscious and unconscious

Pregnancy, sick-bed symptoms,  
display of colours ((peacock))

Formation of new dominant;  
circular symbols (e.g.,  
mandala) of self

King's son, hermaphrodite,  
rotundum (MC 371)

This is an account and a symbolization (there are many others, many alternatives and variations) of a successful transformation of the personality. Its relevance to the processes taking place in Dana's mind is more than general. Following the images that I discuss above (those which I believe imbue with life the child who visualises them) appears, immediately, a figure comparable to and perhaps representative of the sick and aged king:

A sudden draught came up the waste pipe. Afterwards, gazing at the picture of my grandfather in the old nursery, I noticed for the first time how infinitely blue his eyes were, and slightly obscene; watery, as though he had never wiped the salt spray from them. 'Why are you so dirty, Dana. My father was always so clean ... He had his master's certificate before he was twenty-three. When he came ashore he always came in a cab, and wore a top hat. He always wore a deerskin cap ... He was an angel from heaven. He was bringing me a cockatoo'. And my grandfather's eye would water visibly in the picture and seem to say: 'Don't listen to what she says, son. The sea will get you as it got me'. Lost. - Lost.' (118-119).

The ambiguity of this figure - an important symbol in the mythology of Dana's childhood; his father scarcely appears in the novel - is epitomised by his eyes: "infinitely blue" (ultramarine), they are also watery-obscene. A "master" at an early age, topped with symbols of power and authority, bearer of bright birds, "angel from heaven" who drowns at sea, he now rises again not to confirm and encourage the birth and growth of the Child, but to discourage and even deny it. It is not the image of the young top-hatted captain that supervenes, but that of an old man with blurred eyes, lachrymose as the pigeon's eye (UM 44) and as yet undissolved "in water", which arises here to speak through the child to the man. And what he says confirms the man's worst fears:



'The sea will get you as it got me'. Lost. Lost.

The birth, if such it was, is premature. The Child cannot yet live. The "sick King" emerges here to demonstrate this; yet he also points the way, however uncommandingly, that the Child, once born, might grow to formulate eventually a "new dominant". The king's son becomes king - as in The Parable, the new-born king, parched and feeble at first, grows ever "more beautiful ... ruddy and lordly" until he is at last ready to inherit his kingdom (SMS 12-14). The young sea captain, lordly hunter in his deerskin cap, is presented as "an angel from heaven", and Dana is right to ignore him at this stage. There is no valid short-cut to "heaven"; the path must lead through "hell". And while Dana's primary concern is to block the "Ascent of the unconscious" - as the child-archetype is blocked - and while he repeatedly resists the "descent of the ego in unconscious", the sick king, though quite incurable, cannot die.

At the end of Chapter V, the penultimate chapter of Ultramarine, Dana at last makes peace with Andy (170), and he and Andy, soon joined by Norman, settle down in the roundhouse to celebrate the setting out of the ship on its homeward journey. Dana is able to declare that: "He loved the ship - he loved life" (172). "'Soon be home'", sighs Andy, and the chapter ends with this passage:

You'll soon be home - the lights out in the night smile like old friends for you, and the air is full of secrets you know. So you will stand again on the familiar platform, lost in the dark sounds which grow everywhere about you; the river's soft tones, people down on the road, singing fir-tops, and air which nourishes earth with the trembling rapture of a mother. Here is your place on earth! Listen to my song, you are at home!

Oh, journey up to the gate along the only way in the world. The night wind whispers 'I remember you'. The birch trees up there, and the house, two lovers cheek to cheek nod in the murmuring of the west wind: 'Our son, he is yours and mine'.

'Soon we'll be home again', Andy repeated, 'New York or no New York'.

'Yes, that's sure', agreed Norman, and then all of them were silent.

Outside was the roar of the sea and darkness (172-173).

The novel could have ended here, with the coming together of Dana with Andy and Norman, and an anticipation of a further integration of previously 'opposed' components of the psyche in the 'birth' from "two lovers cheek to cheek" of a child: "'Our son, he is yours and mine'". That it does not, is a measure of Dana's underlying refusal - even when he appears to have achieved that state - to remain "Happy Though Dead" (102).

The Child which appears here - and, indeed, the state of mind epitomised by this passage, during which the Child is produced - all too clearly demonstrate the spurious nature of this synthesis. No sign whatever appears here of the child in the bathroom who saw the shadows and heard the wind, unless it is in the implications of the final line ("Outside was the roar of the sea and darkness") which while emphasising the cosiness of the roundhouse womb, indicates also that while light and dark have been falsely separated here, the darkness, though excluded, remains undiminished and, always, awaits.

The passage which produces this Child is almost embarrassingly false in tone. It is apparently intended to express in anticipation the rapturous joy of homecoming. It is a true representation of the nature of Dana's achievement at this point: feeble in its exhortations, coyly exclamatory, muddled in syntax, weakly vague and inflated in imagery and phraseology. The passage is rife with the most sentimental personifications ("You'll soon be home again, the engines seemed to be saying"; "the lights ... smile like old friends for you"; "The night wind whispers 'I remember you'"), and its weakly muddled nature is evident in the catalogue of sounds that he so fuzzily hears: "the river's soft tones, people down on the road, singing fir-tops" (the only sound that can be

'heard' with any degree of distinctness) and "air which nourishes earth with the trembling rapture of a mother" (my italics). What sort of sound is that? In fact, it is merely a more elaborate version of a cliché associated with the earlier emergence of the spurious 'divine child': "blown softly by the summer breeze ..." (69). And the passage dissolves into incoherencies that are not merely grammatical: "The birch trees up there, and the house, two lovers cheek to cheek nod in the murmuring of the west wind: 'Our son, he is yours and mine'". Who nods? What murmurs? It doesn't really seem to matter. A sweetly incoherent rapturousness is what is sought, essentially escapist; a coy and feeble sentimentalism is what is achieved. But then outside, ultimately unexcludable, "was the roar of the sea and darkness".

In the final chapter the child archetype makes two very brief final appearances, amid a thickly planted forest of symbols. In both occurs the death of the child. The first is a "Nancy little chap", a galley boy, the account of whose death is interrupted by a reference to miscarriages dumped from a pilgrim ship, who fell "down the bunker hatch ... all the way and burst open at the bottom like a tomato!" (192-194). And after Dana's much-applauded 'dream' follow tales of strange deaths which include that of a paper boy:

... paper boy, little chap. And he run with his bundle all the way up this bloody great hill and when he got to the top he fell dead. Hymnorage. Blood came slowly out of his mouth, then quicker, then it slivered out like liver ... (200).

In the first instance, the fatal dangers of too precipitate a descent are vividly and crudely demonstrated, and in the latter, the dangers of too precipitate an ascent. In both cases, the image is a truer reflection of the stage Dana has reached in his search for and evasion of selfhood - truer and paradoxically more hopeful index of his potentiality - than the feeble, spurious image of a 'divine child' ("our

child, Janet" (69); "Our son" (173)) which, spanning the central section of the novel indicates in its late reappearance the tenacity and persistence of those negative forces that seek again and again to distort and falsify this and all other symbols which contain within them the seeds of selfhood.

## CHAPTER SEVEN : THE SHIP AND THE SEA

### (1) The Ship and the Sea

The ship in which Dana sails is a typically ambiguous symbol. It can be, and is at various times, a vehicle both of evasion and of pursuit of selfhood.

Its significance to Dana, and its suitability as a vehicle for his quest, is explicitly stated:

... the tramp steamer Oedipus Tyrannus, outward bound for hell ... an ideal match. Both of us born of Viking blood, both robbed of our countries and left to make out as best we can; both, finally, with the same wandering, harbourless, dispossessed characteristics. Her very history is enough to fill me with Narcissistic compassion! (53).

The passage has typical touches of melodrama ("bound for hell"), self-pity ("robbed ... left ... wandering, harbourless, dispossessed") and self-mockery ("Narcissistic compassion!"), which do not encourage us at this stage to anticipate that this ship can reveal, far less realise, its symbolic potential. Already, by this stage of the novel, we have seen Dana retreat from danger into the safeguarding arms of a ship described as "sanctuary", "harbour" and manifold "security" (43); and it is the ship as an escapist refuge that Dana must say "Goodbye to ... for a time", when he at last finds the courage to go ashore.

The choice available to Dana at this point - the early pages of Chapter III, the 'Night-town' chapter - appears unpromising indeed. On the one hand, the manifold security of the ship, of which the homosexual quartermaster is an appropriate representative: "I don't believe in

going ashore when you can get all you want right here aboard ..." (39); and on the other, the improbability of Dana ever finding meaning in a city seen through pretentious rhetoric (86). The quartermaster's view appears to prevail, and Dana returns to a ship that will carry him further away from the confrontation with Olga that he could not face, for which he has proved unready and inadequate. Yet it may also carry him through the achievement of friendship with Andy to the rigours of Nikolai's stokehold, and from thence, perhaps, eventually to the "devastating shock" of full penetration into "the darkness of the unconscious" (MC 172) that may be seen to overwhelm Geoffrey Firmin in UTV. Thus the ship, ambiguous vehicle of the quest for selfhood, may take him simultaneously away from and towards that eventual confrontation, and towards the death or rebirth of the self.

Consequently, the ship is described in the later stages of the novel first as being homeward bound, and then as being "outward bound, always outward ..." (172 and 201). It is homeward bound to Janet and the sentimental scene discussed in Chapter VI; yet it is outward bound towards "burning seas of light" and other rather too "wild mysteries". The possibilities offered by these alternative directions appear to be that Dana may once more attempt to evade any imminence of a real confrontation either by returning to his starting point - an untransformed Janet - or by melodramatising the alternative in such a way that the potential for self-discovery on those "burning seas of light" is cripplingly perverted.

Nevertheless the ship is, at least, in conflict with the sea; and in recognizing this much in a symbol which he has identified with himself Dana is admitting, intermittently, the necessity - if he is to progress - of seeking that conflict between his conscious and unconscious selves, between ship and sea, even at the peril of the sinking of the

ship in the Red Sea of unconsciousness.

Thus the ship, sailing across the "Yellow Sea, the Black Sea, the Dead Sea, the Red Sea and all of the seventy-seven seas" which separate Dana, after his Night-town encounters, from his distant pale fragmented anima (143), discovers a multiplicity of possibilities for Dana - each sea is a tomb or womb, or both.

In these seas, on three occasions, Dana fantasies death by drowning. The first follows the 'Eyes' fantasia discussed in Part One, which terminates in the one eye that plunges up "at him from the morass ... the eye of a pigeon, moist and alone, crying. Where would he die? At sea!" (44).

"Water", writes Jung, "in all its forms ... is one of the commonest typifications of the unconscious" (MC 272). He adds that:

The dissolution of the heart in water would therefore correspond to the union of the male with the female, and this in turn to the union of conscious and unconscious (MC 272).

And later in the same work he states:

The bath, submersion, baptism, and drowning are synonymous, and all are alchemical symbols for the unconscious state of the self ... or ... the unconscious process by which the self is 'reborn' and enters into a state in which it can be experienced ... (384).

Finally, we have been told that: "Those black waters of death are the waters of life ..." (ST 218).

Well, maybe - there can be little doubt that the symbol can have this theoretical meaning, and that if "submersion" in the unconscious is undertaken, both the re-emergence of a reborn self or a final closing of those black waters over the self are possible outcomes. But what if the idea is only played with, at second or third hand, as a means of

appearing to face its implications yet in truth evading them? In this case, neither outcome would be possible, and the likely effect would be to devalue the symbol and prevent or postpone the 'real' submersion.

This, I believe, is what happens in each instance when death by drowning is conceived of by Dana Hilliot. Here is the first:

Where would he die? At sea! His body buoyed up by slow sustained suspension, pushed at by sea strawberries and sea sponges and fiddler crabs. Coiling and heaving, buzzing and falling. Humus for the sea polyps, for the ocean-storming behemoth ... (44).

The idea is played with quite prettily here - a "ceasing upon the mid-night with no pain". It is a death no more real, psychically, than this "ocean-storming behemoth" is terrifying. Only in the four unattached verbs is there any hint of danger, of energy. Here,

Coiling and heaving, buzzing and falling

could refer to his body, or the sea creatures that push at it, or to the more fearful closer integration of body with those creatures, its decomposition, disintegration into "Humus for the sea-polyps ..."

But the menace is barely felt. Essentially, the fantasy allows its inventor to pretend to frighten himself, a means of playing with the idea of such a death in order to disarm it.

The second instance follows the sad appearance of Dana's drowned grandfather - "The sea will get you as it got me" - from which threat Dana consciously takes refuge "in the comic strip":

Proceed Phlebas, to the forecastle head, binoculars in hand ... Lookout reports a large sea moth ... Bosun, see that all hands are on deck in ten minutes with their oilskins, sea boots and butterfly nets ... Away, Away. I shall bend my sail when the great day comes; thy kisses on my face - the anger and regret shall fade, and in thy salt embrace all that I knew in all my mind shall no more have a place; the weary ways of men and one woman I shall forget ... (119-120).

That Dana all too frequently takes refuge "in the comic strip" I



have shown in several other contexts. He does so here, retreating from glimpses of genuine symbols that could not entirely be repressed by a now familiar process of superficializing those symbols. Here, Eliot's Phlebas is introduced as conveying about as much, and as little, significance as a comic strip figure, as part of a semi-farcical scene of posturing and gesturing, in which all hands, absurdly equipped with butterfly nets, are to assemble in order to catch the "large sea moth" of the self. But before the farce can even begin properly, Dana fades "Away. Away." feebly and clumsily to where, in salt embrace, he can "the weary ways of men and one woman ... forget". In this submersion, he appears again to seek the reverse of confrontation with such a monster as the behemoth - the avoidance of psychic conflict or effort of any kind. But as he repeatedly discovers, "the weary ways of men and ... woman" - his persona-shadow-anima conflicts - will hardly yield to such a facile dismissal as this.

Nevertheless, a third attempt is made when Dana fantasises a murder of that part of himself that he has come to identify with Andy. After the 'murder' he feels that he has become "part of the sea" and of the ship, and the objects on it - indeed, Andy, insofar as he is persona, must be destroyed if Dana is ever to recognise his shadow side, but the destruction must be genuine. This is not the case. The passage which describes this 'murder' (147-148) conveys predominantly a sense of play-acting, even of wish-fulfilment - a resolving in easy fantasy of the conflicts in his personality that Andy now represents for him, and the ersatz Phlebas appears again to strengthen this impression:

For the sea is picking Andy's bones in whispers ... Oh you who throw the peel and look to starboard, acuerdate de Flebas, que una vez fue bello y robusto como tu ... (150).  
(See Footnote 1 to Chapter Four.)

These fragments I have shored against my ruin? Against the fear

of ruin, perhaps, in Dana's case. If a symbol, however originally potent, is passed through a sufficient number of filters (Eliot, Aiken, Flores!), and is by this means adulterated and distanced, little if any potency is likely to remain. In Ultramarine, death by drowning is allowed to threaten - or promise - very little.

Yet even amid the play-acting of this fantasy, a brief acknowledgement forces itself upon Dana of what lies outside the safe little ring, the stage, of his ego-consciousness:

The 'Oedipus Tyrannus' is feeling her way along now, shrouded for the grave. Amidships the friendly cabin and ceiling lights, seen dimly from the well decks, suddenly plunge, with a sickeningly accelerated motion, into the infinite; there is a crash and a clatter of shovels in the stokehold, and the ship, thrusting at my unsteady feet, soars upward - always upward, quivering into the darkness ... (UM 148).

In this role, as the consciousness questing so dangerously yet courageously across the black sea of the unconscious, the ship is to appear again. After peace is made with Andy, and Dana watches Nikolai struggling in the hell of the engine-room, then remembers his collapse and recovery in the heat of the Red Sea, he finds himself on deck:

The great ship slowly sank beneath him into an avalanche of sea, above him the stars reeled, but the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' was like a wild animal in a pitfall. She quivered powerlessly as she beat against the dark wall of the sea ... (UM 171).

In such instances as these, and in spite of the weakening effects of the grand abstract noun ("into the infinite") and the rhetorical insistence of "upward - always upward", a quite powerful sense of the struggle and conflict of these forces is conveyed, stemming from concrete verbs (plunge, thrusting, sank, reeled, quivered, beat) and from such clearly 'visualised' images as the "crash and clatter of shovels" and "the dark wall of the sea".

It is the roar of this sea and this darkness that is last heard at

the end of this chapter, outside and encompassing always those cosier fantasies of the ship as "manifold security" and of death by drowning as a soft sinking away from the pain of consciousness, a ceasing upon the midnight with no pain.

## (2) The Engine Room

Twice in the course of the first chapter of Ultramarine, Dana enters the ship's engine room, seeking in the engine's structure and the interaction of its parts a principle of order that could apply to himself - or seeking at least some understanding of the nature of his own confusion. Later, after the central experiences of the novel have taken place, Dana, on entering the engine room once more appears to be provided with at least the beginnings of an understanding of those principles, of that confusion; and it is on this occasion and in this place that he is able at last to make his peace with Andy, thereby establishing a persona which survives, precariously, until the end of the novel.

On his first visit to the engine room (23), Dana finds that:

it was humiliating to watch the nicety with which lever weight and fulcrum worked, opening and closing their hidden mechanisms and functioning with such incomprehensible exactness! He thought of the whirling clanks holding horribly in their nerveless grip the penetrating shaft that turned the screws, that internal dynamic thing, the life of the ship.

At this stage, he sees the workings of the engine as essentially demonstrating an ordering of inter-related parts - essential to "the life of the ship" - that he can recognize but not understand: "incomprehensible exactness". From the humiliation of this incomprehension he soon retreats. Nevertheless, the potential relevance of the engine as a symbol of how his psyche could - perhaps should - work, remains in his

mind to emerge in the geometrical and crucifixion image placed at the centre of the novel, essential components of which are "the two great shafts, the propeller shafts, ... AB, DC ... the diameters" (99) a rather muddled image, which I have elsewhere described as spurious (Chapter IV), yet one in which "the penetrating shaft that turned the screws, that internal dynamic thing" is transformed, or transferred, however clumsily, into an image of his selfhood.

In his second early visit to the engine room, however, the sense of his own confusion and of the incomprehensibility of the processes taking place there still predominates, and he even contemplates, not very seriously, the possibility of suicide, of plunging or rather letting himself fall ("the relaxing of a muscle") into the engines below (40). That this would indeed be a too precipitate entering into those depths, as an anecdote in the novel's last chapter emphasizes. It is of a galley boy who, failing to see that the necessary ladder is not there, fell down "the bunker hatch ... clean down all the way and burst open at the bottom like a tomato ... There was bowels all over the place ..." (194). This image of the crude disintegration of the self demonstrates that there can be no violent short cut into participation in the engine's processes; sooner or later, Dana must find - or make - and carefully descend the missing ladder.<sup>1</sup>

But if the ladder leads down into a place and a process that is as likely to destroy the self, and particularly the ego, as it is to resolve its incoherencies, it is not likely to be immediately or readily sought. The ego has a vested interest in preserving itself as it is; hence the feebleness of the impulse to suicide is an indication both of a desire fully to embrace those mysteries at work below and of the ego's way of converting that desire into harmless channels, and even into a form - fear of that 'death' below - that strengthens its own position.

Yet Dana believes that it is only here that he can begin to understand

what was so all-poisoning in him, this incapacity to position things and see them in their places (40).

Then follows the description of the geometrical monster (discussed in Chapter Two) that so terrifies Dana, image of his fear of the very order that he seeks, which brings him again to awareness of

this lack of order in his life which even now permitted him only vaguely to be aware of the ship as a sort of Moloch ... (41).

Now the ship, and particularly its engine, is seen not as "sanctuary" from his conflicts but as offering insight into "order" only at the terrible price of a monstrous sacrifice of the self.

Dana's reaction to this is typically to find a means of retreating from it all. Having approached too near to insight for the comfort or safety of his ego, he decides that

he would never be able to understand the mysteries and tortuousness of the tangled derrick guys and winch levers; this stilled engine ... into which he was now peering with despair, was equally meaningless and imponderable at sea, when it was teeming chaos ... (41).

Chaos? Order? The retreat into the relative safety of confusion and defeatism continues. The safety is only relative, however, since it may be possible for Dana at any moment, and in spite of the anxious vigilance of his ego-defences, to stumble through confusion and contradiction into meaningful paradox - towards some glimpse, however groping, of an underlying identity of opposites. Perhaps this possibility does show itself when he states:

Yet in the engine of the Oedipus Tyrannus, with whose disunion, as perceived by him, he felt his sympathy to be perfect, existed also that revolution from the complex he so desired; and it was precisely this order, more particularly regarding Janet, but also in regard to Andy and Norman ...

that his consciousness lacked - was it lacking in intensity too? - and would, so far as he could see, always lack ... (41-42).

He is dimly aware of the difficulty and complexity of the task that awaits him - that "disunion", "chaos", will have to be entered into and survived - yet simultaneously he seeks the kind of short-cut, "that revolution from the complex", that would in a stroke free him from the complexity of "chaos".

If the engine room is a stage on the path to self-knowledge for Dana - perhaps the shadow's door through which he must pass and beyond which lie the distant anima and far-distant self - then that stage has still to be confronted at the novel's end, where Dana is about to accompany Nikolai, the fireman, into the engine room's depths, there to work as a fireman for the rest of the voyage - if he is strong enough. Before this happens, however, his reconciliation with Andy - a harmonization at one level - has taken place in the engine room.

First he enters and gazes round:

It was a wonderland, a laboratory of laboratories, a twilight island of mysteries ... (169).

He struggles again with the concepts of order and chaos:

Why was it his brain could not accept the dissonance as simply as a harmony, could not make order emerge from this chaos? Surely God had made man free from the first, tossing confusion of slime, the spewings of that chaos, from the region beast. Chaos and disunion, then, he told himself, not law and order were the principles of life which sustained all things, in the mind of man as well as on the ship (169).

Then he sees Andy, "standing by the opposite entrance ... his heart leapt". Immediately, "Peace was made", and all the contradictions and confusions of the above passage are "instantly" resolved:

Instantly there was no lack of order in his life, no factors wrongly co-ordinated, no loose tangled ends ... (170).

Chaos gives way, immediately and completely, to order; it is as though "that revolution from the complex he so desired" has miraculously taken place:

And all at once the maelstrom of noise, of tangled motion, of shining steel in his mind was succeeded by a clear perception of the meaning of the pitiless regularity of those moving bars ... he saw that at last the interdependence of rod grasping rod, of shooting straight line seizing curved arms, of links limping backward and wriggling forward on their queer pivots, had become related to his own meaning and his own struggles. At last there dawned upon him a reason for his voyage, and it was the strong, generous ship he knew he must thank for giving it to him (170).

Confusion gives way immediately and completely to "perception" and "meaning" - a "revolution from the complex" indeed.

Yet something is achieved - a more precise, concrete and vivid perception of the ways in which the engine's parts interdependently work (e.g. particularly "limping" and "wriggling"), a more complete understanding of how the engine harnesses and integrates conflicting forces and energies. The temptation to which he simultaneously succumbs however - as though such insight, intrinsically threatening to the ego-consciousness, must therefore in some way be blurred or falsified - is to regard this increased understanding as an end in itself, rather than as a pointer to the very difficult path that he has still to follow to its far distant and uncertain end.

The presumptuousness of his belief that "meaning" is now fully understood is underlined by what follows:

Those enormous cones of light flooding some places, and leaving others in broken masses of shadow - they were the lanterns of his mind swinging in a house of darkness: but sometimes the very lamps themselves were quenched by roaring day, and the house of darkness itself blossomed into a tree of light! (170-171).

Jung writes that:

When consciousness draws near to the unconscious not only does it receive a devastating shock but something of its

light penetrates into the darkness of the unconscious. The result is that the unconscious is no longer so remote and strange and terrifying, and this paves the way for an eventual union ... (MC 172).

The above passage from Ultramarine is not without power; it appears to describe, with some symbolic force, the kind of interaction of light and dark, consciousness and the unconscious, that Jung postulates. What is lacking, nevertheless, is the intensity implicit in Jung's phrase "a devastating shock". No such shock has taken place; no prospect of confrontation has arisen that has not been evaded, as Dana evades or fabricates such potential experiences throughout his 'night-town' adventures. The light that has so far penetrated the darkness of Dana's unconscious, far from being an "enormous cone"; far less "roaring day" that could transform "the house of darkness ... into a tree of light" (an image of the ultimate integration of consciousness and the unconscious), is small and faint, and is held still at a safe distance from that darkness, "strange and terrifying" still, that it dare not approach more closely, and enter.

### (3) Nikolai

Nikolai, the fireman who leads Dana down to his ordeal in the engine-room at the novel's end, has had an attraction for Dana since before the beginning of his voyage (17-18). This persists even when Dana is most preoccupied with his 'surface' relationships on board the ship. In offering Dana advice and assistance before the voyage begins, and in leading him down to the engine-room as the novel ends, Nikolai performs a role attributed by Jung to the "wise old man", an archetype of the unconscious who appears at crucial moments when the hero (in myth and legend) is at a loss, to offer him advice and show him the path to follow.<sup>2</sup>



Nikolai is seen as having a more crucial function, and a more vivid presence, than the seamen with whom Dana associates throughout the stages of the voyage that precede the final pages (Andy, Norman, the quartermaster, the bosun, and others, virtually indistinguishable). His function and his presence both attract and repel Dana as strongly as does the engine-room in which he labours:

He ... looked down to the stokehold where Nikolai, who had scarcely noticed him once they were aboard ship, seen through a shower of sparks, like red blossoms, was leaning heavily on his slice bar. He threw the slice away, and hastily shovelled more coal into the furnace, then returned to his slice. The furnace blazed and roared, the flying clinkers were driving him further and further back into his corner, the fire was beating him. He dropped the slice with a curse, and mopped his face with his sweat rag. 'Plenty hard work!' he shouted grinning up at Hilliot, a firebright fiend. 'Like hell you say', Hilliot muttered. As they spoke a trimmer emptied a bucket of water on the ashes, a tremendous cloud of steam hissed up with an awful sound, all was dark (23).

When conceiving of himself - theatrically, hysterically - as "Tinfoil Jesus" in the geometrical and crucifixion symbolisation at the novel's central point (98-99), Dana-Christ describes himself as "the crown of thorns dripping red blossoms", a meretricious image that is there being used in part at least to parody and pervert the concept of self-sacrifice into the relatively harmless realm of melodrama. In the above passage describing "firebright" Nikolai at work, the image of "a shower of sparks, like red blossoms" through which the fireman is seen, is the most vivid in the passage and the most distinctive: it images the liquidity, fluidity and beauty of the sparks - fire in its creative aspect - in a way that emphasises the later perversion of the image by Dana-Christ into a garish and debased form. Nevertheless, the correspondence between the two versions of this image directly links Nikolai's work in the engine-room with the concept of crucifixion - of self sacrifice.

Although the attraction - fascination - is seen to be there in this early visit to Nikolai, it cannot be said that the experience is an intense one, or is yet able to be so. The description is quite vigorous - a series of energetic movements are depicted - but the use of language is generally conventional (Blazed, roared, tremendous, hissed, awful), and from it Dana is only able to draw the rather wistful conclusion that:

It was a pity that Nikolai always seemed to be down below, or skylarking with the other firemen; he could never see him.

He does at least weakly glimpse a correlation between Nikolai's exhausting work and his vitality:

But despite their work the firemen seemed to get more fun out of life than the seamen, and seemed somehow to be better, in some queer way to be nearer to God ... (23).

although always underlying such thoughts is the fear that such work may as well destroy as revitalise. Thus the Nikolai at work later in the novel - immediately after the resolution of Dana's conflict with Andy ("Peace was made") - is seen to be at considerable risk. Indeed, the whole of this second, late description of Nikolai at work on the furnace, which if paraphrased would appear to do little more than repeat the first passage, conveys the dangers and potential rewards of such work much more intensely, more vividly, than the first. The peace made with Andy is only a superficial achievement and the so "clear perception" of the "meaning" of the engine's mysteries has the clarity essentially of a surface simplification, yet this cannot prevent Dana from at least seeing into hell, more fully understanding, though still from a safe height above the filth and flames, the dangers and perhaps something of the rewards that could be discovered below:

Cloom - cloom - cloom - cloom. Looking down, he could see through the bulkhead doors where the red and gold of the furnaces mottled the reeking deck, and the tremulous roar of the cages' fires dominated a sibilant, continual splutter of steam. The Nawab's firemen, among whom he again recognized Nikolai, half naked, gritty and black with coal, and

pasty with ashes, came and went in the blazing light, and in half gloom; flaming nightmares, firelit demons (feeding the fires of hell!) The furnace doors opened, and scorpions leaped out; spirals of gas spun and reeled over the bubbling mass of fuel, and sheets of flame sucked half-burned carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted head and smoking body he shot a slice bar through the melting hillocks, and twisted and turned them (until they undulated like serpents). The iron tools blistered his hands, the roaring scorpions seared his body, his chest heaved like a spent swimmer's, his eyes tingled in parched sockets, but still he worked on, he would never stop - this was what it was to exist - ... (1933 edition).

The language of Ultramarine is rarely free from such debilitating factors as facile alliteration and cliché for very long, but here those "firelit demons feeding the fires of hell" and the cliché pairing of "twisted and turned" are heavily outweighed by the concrete vividness of Dana's expression of his empathy with Nikolai.<sup>3</sup> In comparison with the tameness of the earlier description (23), this demonstrates Dana now to be capable of intense and energetic imaginative involvement in the scene - perhaps the most hopeful augury that the novel contains for his survival of these trials which immediately await him at the novel's end. But it is immediately followed here - as always in the novel when symbols have, however briefly, come alive for Dana - by a deflation of what he has achieved: in this instance, an image of physical collapse.

He first asks: "When would he be playing his game seriously like the others?", the clear implication of which is that the game he has been playing has not been serious - some acknowledgement, indeed, that accusation of spuriousness, fraudulence, etc., in his psychic behaviour are not unfounded! Also, the fact that he still describes his predicament as a game, whether serious or otherwise, further indicates the persisting limitations of his understanding. He goes on to remember

that time in the Red Sea, when Nikolai had rushed up the iron steps, and collapsed on deck, blood pouring out of his mouth. They had rubbed him down with ice and laid him out on the poop to cool. 'Hot', was all he said (171).

Nevertheless, Nikolai survives:

Two days later he was on duty again ... and Hilliot had seen him once or twice up for a spell from the stokehold, his hair blowing in the fresh wind that had come after they had passed Perim ... (171).

The heat that Nikolai survives is at its most intense and dangerous in the Red Sea, which, according to Jung,

is a water of death for those that are 'unconscious' but for those that are 'conscious' it is a baptismal water of rebirth and transcendence.

Those that are 'unconscious' "would be those who have no knowledge of the contents of the personal and collective unconscious ..." (MC 199). Dana Hilliot is far from being entirely 'unconscious'; but the continual effort of his ego-consciousness has been towards preventing or concealing those insights, into such symbols as ship and sea, engine-room and Nikolai, which have arisen against all opposition into his consciousness. That effort, although too often successful, has never, for long, been able to douse entirely the gleams of light that shine from the darkness that encompasses the ship and contests continuously for possession of its engine-room.

## CHAPTER EIGHT : A DREAM AND A VISION

### (1) Gods and Animals

... I was living in a house in Dale Street, Liverpool, forty bloody years ago, and everything was - you know - realistic like - Victorian dress, walk, cabs, growlers ... This house was haunted by somebody and I lived in it with my sister. Well one day we thought, my sister and I, that we'd lay this bloody ghost like, and on the stairs we met Lofty, the carpenter, and young Hilliot here ... When I saw him I smashed up the table with a kitchen chopper, and splintering off the wood, you know, went into Dale Street. There I met the ghost feller, you know, a chap that looked like a Solomon Islander. In one hand he held a bunch of wire and a pair of scales, in the other a belt, and despite the fact that his hands were pretty full - he was a head shorter than me - he held me in a hell of a bloody grip so that I couldn't move. I am not evil, he said several times, I am the god of seeing that things are done well. There is something wrong on the other - ... so I took out my jackknife and cut up the belt into four pieces. All right, the ghost says, let me cross the Dale Street tramlines. I won't haunt your house any more ... (197-198).

This description of "a bloody funny dream" is given by one of the crew, Matt, in the final chapter of Ultramarine. Its relevance to Dana is discussed below, as are his reactions to it; his initial near-hysterical attempts to stem a flood of jumbled symbols that arise in immediate response to Matt's recounted dream, and his secondary, and compensatory, development of a fantasy in which the animals on the ship escape their cages, devour the crew and defile the ship, leaving only Dana still there "somehow, but not another soul was ..."

The fantasy is closely followed by Dana's final internal monologue, in which he rapturously declares his eagerness to "go out with

the ship towards the eternal summers ..." This 'vision' is in turn immediately followed by the emergence of the "firebright" fireman Nikolai, as Dana's guide to the next stage of his experience in the fiery darkness of the stokehold.

In this chapter, therefore, the nature and quality of the dream, the fantasy and the 'vision', presented in the final stage of the novel, are considered.

Matt's ghost, which has appeared to be an intruder, a cause of unease and disturbance in the house, demonstrates, when confronted god-like powers and symbols. It holds "a bunch of wire and a pair of scales ... (and) a belt" - symbols of judgement and authority, of bondage and punishment; as a representative of dark, primitive and most powerful forces, he demonstrates both the disturbed condition of those forces ("There is something wrong on the other -") and their determination, meeting that of the dreamer ("we thought ... we'd lay this bloody ghost like"), to resolve or at least allay the conflict ("I am the god of seeing that things are done well").

Mircea Eliade tells us that the supreme weapon of the Terrible Sovereign, Varuna, of the Indo-European mythologies, is "depicted in most cases in the form of a noose, of a knot". Varuna "magically binds culprits, and one prays to him either not to bind, or else to unbind them", and Professor Eliade adds: "bonds, cords and knots characterise the divinities of death ... and the demons of various maladies". However, as the rope that hangs the Hanged God may thereby bring about sacrificial renewal of life, so an ambivalence

is to be found in all the magico-religious uses of knots and bonds. The knots bring about illness, but also cure or drive it away; nets and knots can bewitch one, but also protect one against bewitchment; they can both hinder childbirth and facilitate it ... bring death, and keep it at bay ... (they) may be either positive or negative ... in the sense of being 'benefic' or 'malefic'.<sup>1</sup>

While demonstrating his 'benefic' intent ("I am not evil"), and exhibiting his irresistible strength ("he held me in the hell of a bloody grip so that I couldn't move"), Matt's ghost allows himself to be propitiated. In spite of this propitiation of such a potentially terrifying figure, Dana is deeply disturbed by the dream and reacts hysterically and defensively - he has, on several occasions earlier in the novel, encountered, and in one instance, been in conflict with, symbols of such a god.

In Chapter One, having been jeeringly shown the shark that is "after" him by Andy, Dana finds on the poop "a coil of rope". He then pauses, looks around "as if for enlightenment" and finds himself staring aloft at the mickey with its ambiguous "message of reprieve, "Swansea" (UM 26); he ignores this message because "the sun hurt his eyes", and is clearly unready for it (UM 16f).<sup>2</sup> In Chapter Five, remorse for his insults to Andy and a feeling of the senselessness of the "entrances and exits" of ships into and out of harbours, is followed by his decision to "speak to Andy alone" (UM 157). Frustrated in this,

He went out on deck and found a coil of rope, and sat there brooding for he did not know how long. The sun slanted down upon his head ... (159).

When he then goes to give water to the mickey, he finds it is not in its cage. The discovery of the mickey drowning gives Dana again an opportunity for a kind of reprieve, in the rescue of the bird. Still unready, he is unable to act.

In each of these instances, the appearance of the "coil of rope" occurs at a moment when Dana is at a loss, (1) looking round "as if for enlightenment", finding it, and failing to recognize it; and (2) "He felt that he could not now wait much longer, something was - something was ... (he) sat there brooding for me did not know how long". The rope's passivity, coiled, limp, reflects Dana's, and reflects also the never entirely escapable danger of forces in Dana that could tighten

swiftly, suddenly, to a noose. And when the time comes to use this rope, Dana yet again, is hardly ready:

'Here, hold this!' somebody shouted to Hilliot. 'Here, for Christ sake, what do you think you're doing there? Let go, there! Let go, there! Didn't you hear me say 'Let go?'

Hilliot was holding a double wire round the drum-end of the port-winch; it snaked away from him, kinking and writhing. The lamptrimmer cleared it. Hilliot could hear below him the propeller thrashing out furiously. The stevedore threw the bight of the hawser clear ... Then the Oedipus Tyrannus swung round and steamed ahead for open sea (167).

Dana's part in freeing the ship from its bonds is carried out with ineptitude and bewilderment, menaced by the wire, which leaps away now from his confused passivity, becoming as it does so an image similar to the lamppost encountered earlier: "an erect viper, poised in climax of anger, to bite" (73), of hostile, perhaps malevolent, vitality: "it snaked away from him, kinking and writhing" - of a vitality that ignored and opposed may assert itself most damagingly.

The description of Matt's "Solomon Islander", his god of judgement, confinement and punishment, of knots and bonds, causes this reaction in Dana - a jumbled flood of "archetypal images", followed by a typical quasi-hysterical attempt to stem or direct that flood into channels that will immediately reduce the force and depth of its flow (198). The Solomon Islander has symbolised for Dana his deepest fears - that such a force could and might arise from within himself to seize him in such "a bloody grip" that he could not move. Unlike Matt's dream-self, he has not - or has only most inconsistently and reluctantly - sought to lay this ghost within, and he therefore remains that much more its potential victim. For him, it remains equivalent to

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams, in death in dreams, in  
dreams in death, how the hell does it go? (198).

Those eyes, like "the silver writhing in the mesh" of the successful fisherman, are, if they can be seen,



tiny soul-sparks from which the shining figure of the filius is put together ... (MC 53),

the "prima materia" which must first be found and recognized, before it can begin to undergo the process from which the self may eventually be formulated.

Dana dare not yet "meet" such symbols unprotected by his defences of facetiousness, and he attempts immediately to reduce the symbols to "mere fantasy". Thus the initial and desperate recognition of his kinship with the "Hollow Men" is retreated from here - a retreat that is also from Matt's Solomon Islander - into the distancing facetiousness of

Dream interpretations. Philosophers maintain that two and two make four. But every little doggie knows more ... (198).

But this briefly erected defence is then swept away by the flood of "archetypal images":

Dreaming, when reading psychology, of climbing the Jungfrau. Getting lost in tunnels, tube stations, caves; many thousands. Coal mines with their wheels revolving; but no shafting, no mine, nothing to be mined; stigmata; eyes and exploding gas lamps, a fungus that sang, very sweetly, in a wood; pimps with silver in their wings. Never again. But what has this bloody sailor really got up his sleeve? (198).

These dream symbols, that he finds himself forced to recall, are treated rather like the tattoo-symbols on Andy's arm. They begin to accumulate, in a rather higgledypiggledy way, some force, but just as the tattoo-symbols were dismissed unconvincingly - "For tattoo marks, like the faces of the dead, tell us nothing ... remember nothing" (149-150) - so these mountains, tunnels and caves of the psyche, these eyes, revolving wheels, unminable mines and "exploding lamps" are, just as they gather force, abruptly denied: "Never again".<sup>3</sup> And the answer Dana provides to his own question ("What has this bloody sailor really got up his sleeve?") is that he has there the equivalent of Andy's 'meaningless' tattoos: "Nothing. It's a bore." And the way is now clear for an

attempted escape into "mere fantasy" that yet finds itself using symbols that are by no means entirely amenable to trivialisation (as in earlier would-be fabricated symbol-dramas):

Hell, I could make up a dream as good as this, couldn't I?  
... If those animals got loose, yes, just supposing, if the elephant got out he'd naturally smash all the other cages! Then they'd all be out. Then hell would be popping. God, how funny! How insupportably funny! Monkeys aft and amidships and up aloft. Tigers. The Crew eaten. The mandrill at the wheel ... (198).

Dana announces and, to the accompaniment of loud applause, develops this 'dream'. The elephant smashes the cages of the other animals, releasing them to devour the crew:

And then hell was let loose properly, and suddenly my dream switched to next morning. I was there somehow, but not another soul was. They'd all been eaten, sailors, firemen, officers, stewards, all the bloody crowd of you! There was a tiger on the bridge, anacondas spiralling down the ventilators, a hyena on the breadlocker ... (199).

If, as Jung states: "All this theriomorphism is simply a visualization of the unconscious self manifesting itself through 'animal' impulses" (An 145), and if:

The guise in which these figures appears depends on the attitude of the conscious mind; if it is negative towards the unconscious, the animals will be frightening; if positive, they appear as the 'helpful animals' of fairy tale and legend ... (ST 181).

then what is to be made of the animal fantasy that Dana makes up here? It is "mere fantasy" to the extent that it is escapist in intention and effect; it is other than this to the extent that its hysterically compulsive development demonstrates an intensity of feeling evoked by and evoking these symbols that the "joke" aspect of the fantasy fails to conceal or subdue entirely.

But since this is an at least partially controlled, conscious fantasy, Dana is able both to indulge and partially to disarm his fears

of just such an irruption of the unconscious as Jung describes in

Mysterium Coniunctionis:

But when he loses his own values he becomes a hungry robber, the wolf, lion, and other ravening beasts which for the alchemists symbolized the appetites that break loose when the black waters of chaos - i.e. the unconsciousness of projection - have swallowed up the king ... the decay of the conscious dominant is followed by an irruption of chaos ... (362-264).

Dana releases these "ravening beasts" - and has the vicarious satisfaction of seeing "hell ... let loose", while preserving miraculously unharmed, unswallowed, the "king": "I was there somehow, but not another soul was. They'd all been eaten ... all the bloody crowd of you!" - the artificial preservation of a "conscious dominant" in an advanced state of decay!

While the artificial preservation may be a vitally prudent measure if the consciousness is not adequately equipped to survive a confrontation, it may also by repression increase the dangers and pressures from the unconscious. The fantasied release of these "ravening beasts" enables Dana to retreat in some kind of order from the most threatening emergence of Matt's "Solomon Islander" - to release a little pressure, while resolving nothing.

At least the fantasy leads him to a curious elaboration on the filth and mess that the animals will make:

But that was nothing to the mess. You never saw such a bloody mess in your life - never. The remains of the crew were nothing to what the animals had done themselves. Well, you know what monkeys are. But imagine the lion's lordly leavings ... And the parrot's household pigment strewn along the deck ... And the walrus' warm waffle ... Bombs from the bison's bung, eh? Ha ha ha! (199-200).

His 'conscious' fantasy carries him into areas more potentially fruitful, and dangerous, than he realises. Silberer writes that:

It will be evident to the psychoanalyst that the original material is occasionally identified with secretions and

excretions, spittle, milk, dung, menstruum, urine ... I ... refer to the close relationship of excrement and gold in myth and folklore (SMS 124).

Dana, of course, maintains a relatively safe distance from his images of filth; his fantasy self preserves its miraculous immunity from the animals' deprivations, and this distancing - obvious from the beginnings of the fantasy - is demonstrated by the would-be comic alliteration of the descriptions of the creatures' defecation: "the lion's lordly leavings", "the parrot's household pigments", "the walrus' warm waffle" and, perhaps most obviously, "bombs from the bison's bung, eh? Ha ha ha!"

So that when Silberer adds:

... putrefaction and rotting. Without this no fruitful work is possible ... and corruption unius est generatio alterius 'the breaking up of one is the begetting of another' (125).

the distance of Dana from a real experience of these symbols is emphasised. Facetiousness predominates, triumphs: "God, how funny! How insupportably funny! ... bombs from the bison's bung, eh! Ha ha ha!" Yet the symbols, although debased, have appeared. Although gravely weakened, they have struggled to the surface. Silberer describes the coming together of 'white' and 'red' in a "prison ... the philosophic egg". In this, "the bodies ... turn actually into a rolling, stinking, black mass, which is expressly called dung by many authors", and it is from this "material" that the later stages of the work must successively develop (SMS 133 and 135). Jung quotes Morienus:

'Take that which is trodden underfoot upon the dung-heap; if you do not, when you wish to climb the stairs, you will fall down upon your head ...'

and comments that by this Morienus means that

if a man will not accept what he has cast aside, it will force itself upon him the moment he wishes to climb higher (IP 268).

For Dana, these symbols have emerged in far too weakened a condition seriously to threaten the dissolution of his "conscious dominant" (ego-consciousness) into "a rolling, stinking, black mass", the filthy chaos of the unconscious. Yet that is just the fear that underlies and stimulates the fantasy, which demonstrates both the fear and the means of subduing it. If it is worth remembering, as Silberer informs us, "that out of dung and urine, things that decompose malodourously and repulsively, fresh life arises" (106), it may be possible to estimate the distance that still stretches between Dana and the possibilities of such "fresh life", from the very lack of odour, of repulsiveness, conveyed by the kind of dung that the controlled and licenced animals of his fantasy are allowed to produce.

## (2) Outward Bound

Dana's final monologue declares his intention to "go out with the ship towards the eternal summers ... towards those burning seas of light ... outward bound, always outward, always onward ..." (UN 201).

This monologue, asserting, it might seem, his decision to pursue the sea voyage of self-discovery for "Bad, or good, as it happens to be", follows the shock of Matt's ghost, the reaction of his own fantasy release of the animals, and several anecdotes of deaths; and it is followed by his transformation into a fireman. This synopsis might indicate that Dana, in this final monologue, suddenly finds the courage to defy his fears - that he is determined at last to face up to "what it is to exist", having recognized that: "It is as though I have been silent and fuddled with sleep all my life". He resoundingly declares his awakening, and, it would seem, is at once rewarded by being invited to

undergo initiation into those mysteries of the engine-room that have earlier fascinated and terrified him.

The placing of this monologue as part of and, in effect, justification and substantiation of the novel's conclusion, brings it under particular scrutiny. Essentially, it declares his acceptance, his willingness to confront - for better or worse - all those symbols that previously, throughout the novel, he has been at considerable pains to evade. It therefore, has much to do, if the reader is to be convinced of the validity of its declarations. Here is the monologue in full:

There is, as it were, a storm flood within, as my heart beats with the beating of the engine, as I go out with the ship towards the eternal summers. A storm is thundering out there, there is the glow of tropical fire! Bad, or good, as it happens to be, that is what it is to exist! ... It is as though I have been silent and fuddled with sleep all my life. In spite of all, I know now that at least it is better to go always towards the summer, towards those burning seas of light; to sit at night in the fore-castle lost in an unfamiliar dream, when the spirit becomes filled with stars, instead of wounds, and good and compassionate and tender. To sail into an unknown spring, or receive one's baptism on the storm's promontory, where the solitary albatross heels over in the gale, and at last to come to land. To know the earth under one's foot and go, in wild delight, ways where there is water. Or a radiant, happy intoxication of fields and men and flowers and trees and horses ... to return again over the ocean ... The Suez Canal! All around is desert save where a cluster of palms struggle in the noonday fire; the eternal stream, which once was lost but lived always in the dream of man. The anchor weighed, to be released, to glide slowly through the grey, sun-bleached land where the desert men kneel in still, confident peace, where the darkness draws in in a moment. Where the wild mysteries of the desert nights gleam in everything, in the sand garden's waste, in the palm's breath, in the starlight's cold, and in the stars in motion on the dark stream. Then at last again to be outward bound, always outward, always onward, to be fighting always for the dreamt-of harbour, when the sea thunders on board in a cataract, and the ship rolls and wallows in the track of the frozen sea's storm ... 'Here; out of this! No firemen here!' 'I'm looking for Hilliot'. (201).

At the end of the fourth chapter of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Stephen Dedalus, encountering a 'bird-girl' among the waters of the

sea shore, reacts with ecstatic rapture:

On and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him ... To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! ... On and on and on and on! (Penguin 172).

Almost immediately after this, at the beginning of Chapter Five, Stephen is to be found "stumbling through the mouldering offal, his heart already bitten by an ache of loathing and bitterness" (Penguin 175).

The language of the Joyce passage (Penguin 169-173) is both more elaborate and more controlled than that in Dana's monologue; its cadences are measured, balanced, its syntax often quite complex and varied, yet always firmly structured in its repetitions and inversions of sentences and phrases. These firm structures support language that is vivid and precise (the descriptions of beach, sea and sky) and lushly and vaguely declamatory: "He was alone. He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. He was alone and young and wilful and wild-hearted ..." (Penguin 171). What Joyce demonstrates in this crucial epiphany is both Stephen's artistic (and psychic) potential and that the development of this potential is still at a relatively immature stage.

By comparison, the Lowry passage makes a by no means dissimilar assertion in by no means dissimilar terms: "Wild delight ... wild mysteries" - "singing wildly ... wild heart ... wild hearted"; "Bad or good, as it happens to be, that is what it is to exist!" - "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph"; "always outward, always onward" - "On and on and on and on!" Yet there is no equivalent to the delicate and precise yet strong, vivid descriptions of the beach that interweave in Stephen's mind with his ecstatic exclamations and declamations. What Dana envisages are 'imaginary' scenarios - 'imaginary' used, as in an earlier instance in the perjorative sense of "mere fantasy", imaginary rather than imaginative. In the earlier instance - the crucifixion and fish

symbolism that emerged at the mid-point of the novel - I discussed the mixed quality of the passage, that inadvertently acknowledged the nature of Dana's predicament, yet enabled him simultaneously to evade the challenge of that acknowledgement. Amid the meretricious indulgence of the wounds-and-whips imagery appeared

The net and the silver writhing in the mesh, and all the fish that swim in the sea.

There is much less evidence of such a mixture - of genuine and spurious symbolism - in Dana's final monologue. It declares, declaims and exclaims, on the basis of shaky and often unbalanced syntax which reflects the barely coherent expression and development of ideas:

To know the earth under one's foot and go, in wild delight, ways where there is water. Or a radiant, happy intoxication of fields and men and flowers and trees and horses ... to return again over the ocean ... The Suez Canal! All around is desert save where a cluster of palms struggle in the noonday fire ...

The language is that of romantic cliché ("the wild mysteries of the desert nights"), of pseudo-poetic archaism ("All around is desert save where, etc"), and of facile alliteration (to "go, in wild delight, ways where there is water ..."), which, together with a generous indulgence of exclamation marks, are almost always signs throughout Lowry's work of discrepancy between what the passage purports to say and what it does say, between the assertion and the evidence; in this case most notable is the absence of powerful structures of language and of vivid and distinctive imagery, in a passage which purports to convey and to embody the narrator's radiantly irresistible urge to confront and conquer life.

Consequently, the symbols that do appear in this fabrication of inspiration - ship and sea; summer, spring and storm; desert and sand-garden, birds and "flowers and trees and horses" - are almost totally lacking in potency: it seems indeed no more than "a radiant happy intoxication".



At an earlier stage, as he waits for the opportunity, and courage, to go ashore in search of "Olga", Dana declaims:

Oh God, oh God, if sea life were only always like that! If it were only the open sea, and the wind racing through the blood, the sea, and the stars forever! (82).

Recognizing that "that was not the way of things", he finds himself confronted and at least temporarily overwhelmed by filth and pain; he recovers from this to clean himself up and at last venture ashore.

Similarly, in his final monologue he declares:

... again to be outward bound, always outward, always onward, to be fighting always for the dreamt-of harbour, when the sea thunders on board in a cataract, and the ship rolls and wallows in the track of the frozen sea's storm ... (201).

In the first instance, Dana's incompetence in coping with the heavy, filthy tasks allotted to him is vividly demonstrated (UM 82-83) as following immediately after the rapturous declamation. In the later case, the rapturous 'recognition' of the desirability of going "out with the ship towards the eternal summers", is apparently immediately rewarded by Nikolai's appearance and invitation: "You've got to turn down below with the boys tomorrow ... It's down the little hell for you. Plenty hard work ..."

Dana's capacity for hard and dirty work - which is what to a very much greater degree than before awaits him below - has not been impressed upon the reader. Amid the naive delight of his reaction ("That's great Nikolai, that's great! My God, that's wonderful!") appears some justifiable self-doubt:

'Yes; but shall I be able to do it?' ... courage ... It's your chance. The ship will only get you if you deserve it ... (202).

Nikolai both reassures and cautions Dana: "Sure: my God yes, you'll be alright ... Sure. But don't be saying it's great till you've tried it".

At least Dana attempts to face this new and most serious test with "courage" and a determination to "fight!", despite the dubiousness of his readiness to encounter what Nikolai has only with difficulty survived:

that time in the Red Sea, when Nikolai had rushed up the iron steps, and collapsed on the deck blood pouring out of his mouth ... (171).

There is no direct route to 'heaven', to a sea life that is "always like that!" or to the "eternal summers". Sooner or later, and sooner, indeed, if the "little hell" of the stokehold is all that it seems, Dana must descend into the darkness, the Saturn of the self.<sup>4</sup> The alternative is to continue to resist for as long as he can those demands and impulses from "below". What remains in question, however, as the novel ends is Dana's fitness for that descent. As I've indicated, the quality of his final declaration to voyage boldly on towards the kind of self-discovery that is described in romantic clichés and archaic poeticisms does not, finally, inspire confidence. And, indeed, the novel closes with a glimpse of that profounder and more remote task that awaits Dana in the problematical future - more remote and profound than the confrontation with his shadow that must be his first major task, is penetration to the anima, and through her to the mysteries, far more vital and awesome than those of the "laboratory" of the engine room he now approaches, that lie beyond her, of "the impersonal figures of the collective unconscious" (MC 107, note 66).

The novel closes with a glimpse of the Oxenstjerna passing, emblem of the kind of love that Dana has had for Janet; a sailor comments:

'She's a cow, that ship. I was down below in her'.

And Dana adds, finally,

But oh, Janet, no sorrow is so bad as that which quite goes by (203).

The Oxenstjerna passes by; but Dana Hilliot has yet to be "below" in any ship or woman.

### (3) The Malajusted Sailor

Writing of the Consul's younger brother Hugh, in her study of Under the Volcano, Perle Epstein states<sup>5</sup> that

The drawers of his mind begin to unlock when he signs aboard the SS Philoctetes in order to find his own identity ... (121).

but, she adds

his assault upon the initiatory sea turns out to be a self-deception in that he seeks 'the promise of unlimited delight ... an illusion, to say the least' (121).

Hugh's essential failure, in his very Dana-like "initiatory" sea voyage, was in

leaving the investigation of the self entirely to God's mercy without assuming any accompanying responsibility (which) results in little or no development regardless of the novice's mystical affiliations ... (EP 121).

And Jung writes of "the modern man" that

Although, to a certain extent, he looks on from outside, impartially, he is also an acting and suffering figure in the drama of the psyche. This recognition is absolutely necessary and marks an important advance. So long as he simply looks at the pictures he is like the foolish Parsifal, who forgot to ask the vital question because he was not aware of his own participation in the action ... if you recognize your own involvement you yourself must enter into the process ... If this crucial operation is not carried out, all the changes are left to the flow of images, and you yourself remain unchanged ... (MC 529).

Throughout Ultramarine, Dana attempts to remain safely looking "on from outside" at the drama within, and he attempts to do this in part by continuously translating the symbolic components of that drama into

impotent forms - forms, that is, which are deprived of the power to draw him in as he really is to involvement in the process. Almost always, he is able to safeguard that 'external' self by, as it were, creating a substitute to play his part in the drama - Jung's "fictitious personality" (MC 529).

Yet even if Dana's journey is as futile as Hugh's in the ways suggested above, it may not be without after effects that are both damaging and potentially fruitful. As Miss Epstein writes

there is now a new direction to Hugh's own introspection, evoked by Geoffrey's presence, in which he discovers that 'the experience of the sea ... had invested one with the profound inner maladjustment of the sailor who can never be happy on land' ... (Ep 120).

In this sense, there is no going back for Dana. He has undertaken The Journey That Never Ends, and that undertaking is irrevocable, however damaging that "profound inner maladjustment" may be to the wanderer who cannot find his path. Hugh decides to go back to sea again, in the hope that his days of "waiting" have been

'more like a droll descent, to be survived in order to repeat the climb' (125).

And Miss Epstein comments:

Hugh has begun to understand the purpose of all the trials and failures that form a necessary part of the last true voyage ... as he contemplates his own approaching sacrifice ... (125).

However far he may be from such an understanding, Dana is launched irrevocably upon a voyage that has many confused and conflicting paths but only three ultimate destinations - the 'permanent' condition of self-neglect symbolised by his vision of himself as

old age pensioner ... found ... lying on the mattress in an emaciated and verminous condition. Death from exhaustion and self-neglect ... (74);

the collapse of ego-consciousness into the pit of the unconscious, or its destruction by an overwhelming irruption of unconscious forces; or, finally, and most remotely and obscurely, selfhood, "the longed-for wholeness and redemption" (MC 357).

## PART TWO : UNDER THE VOLCANO

### CHAPTER NINE : IXION OR PROMETHEUS?

In Chapter Seven of Under the Volcano, Laruelle challenges the basic validity of the Consul's quest. The Consul first defends himself by stating that:

'You are interfering with my great battle ... Against death ... my battle for the survival of the human consciousness' (220-221).

"... it never occurred to me", wrote Lowry, in a letter published several years after Under the Volcano, "that consciousness itself could be of any aid, quite the contrary, and let alone a goal ..." (Letters 373, July 1954). For a moment, the Consul is able to see this goal - the integration of unconscious contents into consciousness. Yet Laruelle, although essentially advising abandonment of this struggle, nevertheless points to what is lacking in the Consul's method of conducting his "great battle". It is, argues Laruelle, "precisely your inability to see ... the things so important to us despised sober people, on which the balance of any human situation depends ... that turns them into instruments of the disaster you have created yourself" (221).

The Consul has indeed lost - or failed to find - "balance", and puts fatally at risk consciousness of any sort. The case Laruelle puts is for normalcy, a condition that is the equivalent of defeat for the Consul (as demonstrated by Laruelle himself, living in a state of permanent exile from his creative-destructive self). "But had they ever led a normal happy life", the Consul has asked himself, has it "ever been possible for them?" (218). Laruelle's argument is not likely to convince one who in the darkness of the shadow has glimpsed a "brightness" infinitely more alluring than the pusillanimous compromise of Laruelle's normalcy.

"'And you forget'", Laruelle adds,

'what you exclude from this, shall we say, feeling of omniscience. And at night, I imagine, or between drink and drink, which is a sort of night, what you have excluded, as if it resented that exclusion, returns -'

'I'll say it returns', the Consul said, listening at this point ... (222).

What you have excluded, as if it resented that exclusion, returns - but what Laruelle fails to understand is that he is suggesting only an alternative and inferior form of exclusion. What the Consul would have to exclude from an attempt at "normal" life with Yvonne would also "as if it resented that exclusion" return. Laruelle's escape-route from conflict is inferior because it holds out no hope for growth - growth towards individuation - of the personality, merely the sealing off (in a dubiously secure persona) of what are for the Consul the sources of potential growth. The fascination and terror of the Farolito is that it may offer not only death but also rebirth for "the human consciousness" (221).

"'Facilis est descensus Averno'", argues Laruelle, "'it's too easy'". "'You deny the greatness of my battle? Even if I win. And I shall certainly win if I want to', the Consul added ..." A real danger

to the Consul is revealed here in his too glib and vainglorious assertion that "'I shall certainly win, if I want to'". The danger - described by Jung as "inflation" (BW 123f, 128) - is the Consul's presumptuous if intermittent belief that he can at any point control by an act of will those fundamental sources of human motivation and behaviour of which he has obtained such confused and uncertain yet vital knowledge. The danger is emphasised by a quotation that springs into his mind as he makes this statement:

'Je crois que le vautour est doux a Prométhée et que les Ixion se plaisent en Enfers' (222).

"'I love hell'", the Consul declares later, "'I can't wait to get back there ...'" (316). But between Prometheus and Ixion there appears to be a crucial distinction in achievement.

Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave it to man; Ixion attempted to seduce the goddess Hera, Jove's wife, but was outwitted by Jove who "shaped a cloud into a false Hera with whom Ixion, being too far gone in drink to notice the deception, duly took his pleasure". He was scourged and bound "to a fiery wheel which rolled without cease through the sky".<sup>1</sup> Both were punished for their presumptuousness, but whereas Prometheus' terrible punishment did not discredit that advance in consciousness for man that he achieved, Ixion's was a consequence both of presumptuousness and incapacity. He presumed to know the anima in her highest form, yet lacked the wisdom and alertness not to be deceived by the false anima that Jove created for him.

The Consul claims, in effect, to have Promethean ambitions:

My battle for the survival of human consciousness ...

In Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, C. G. Jung provides his interpretation of the significance of the Prometheus myth - of the achievement of this 'hero' and of his punishment:



... every step towards greater consciousness is a kind of Promethean guilt: through knowledge, the gods are as it were robbed of their fire, that is, something that was the property of the unconscious powers is torn out of its natural context and subordinated to the whims of the conscious mind. The man who has usurped the new knowledge suffers, however, a transformation or enlargement of consciousness, which no longer resembles that of his fellow men ... but in doing so has alienated himself from humanity. The pain of this loneliness is the vengeance of the gods, for never again can he return to mankind. He is, as the myth says, chained to the lonely cliffs of the Caucasus, forsaken of God and man (156, note; also PS 137, note).

Elsewhere, he adds: "The crucifixion evidently betokens a state of agonizing bondage and suspension, fit punishment for one foolhardy enough to venture like a Prometheus into the orbit of the opposing principle" (ACU 236).

Here, clearly enough, the punishment fits the crime; and both crime and punishment are undoubtedly heroic in stature. The Consul may, by implication, claim such heroic stature for his "battle". But is this claim entirely convincing? In some respects, he is perhaps closer to Ixion:

The Consul was gazing upward dreamily at the Ferris wheel ... tonight it would be lit up ... the wheel of the law, rolling ... (221).

He, like Ixion, is drunkenly un-heroic when he penetrates his "false" anima, the Maria/Yvonne of the Farolito; and he too, like Ixion, is - albeit briefly - whirled helplessly round on the giant wheel of the 'Infernal Machine' at the Quahuanuac Carnival.

In a curious passage, he appears to become aware of this possibility - that his "battle" may be both presumptuous and futile. (The passage is curious, because it is unclear whether it is spoken by Laruelle, by the Consul, or is a combination of both, merging within the Consul's mind):

'To say nothing of what you lose, lose, lose, are losing, man. You fool, you stupid fool ... You've even been insulated from the responsibility of genuine suffering ...

Even the suffering you do endure is largely un-necessary. Actually spurious. It lacks the very basis you require of it for its tragic nature. You deceive yourself ... (222).

He then sees a sign being nailed to a tree: "Le gusta este jardin ..."

It is a sign which recurrently reproaches his neglect of the garden of the self, and sounds an ominous warning of his final incapacity to wrest the knowledge that he confusedly seeks from "the gods" who, whether he succeeds or fails, will exact their vengeance for the attempt. But how should he respond to this suggestion that his "suffering" is both self-indulgent and self-destructive? That the Consul's quest may well be presumptuous is a warning he ought to heed; and that it is being undertaken with unbalanced and flawed equipment he must - for survival's sake - recognize. Yet these signs and suggestions may be acting as do those voices and illusions which attempt to convince the Grail-seeking knight of his unworthiness or of the futility of his quest. And if he is, still, potentially either Ixion or Prometheus, only one consequence is at this stage certain - he has invited and will suffer the vengeance of the "gods".

Prometheus, although 'crucified' in punishment, first returned with the gift of fire for mankind. But what of a would-be thief of fire who is consumed by the prize that he seeks? Is his whole endeavour thereby rendered worthless, shown to be both "spurious" and futile? If so, it would be difficult to explain why, and how, such myths still persist and still fascinate. "Man started from an unconscious state", wrote Jung, "and has ever striven for greater consciousness. The development of consciousness is the burden, the suffering, and the blessing of mankind" (PR 308). "Every advance in culture is, psychologically, an extension of consciousness ...", and the role of the individual, the "hero", is to cut "a new path through hitherto untrodden territory ..." (PR 31). Additionally, he states that: "The goal is important only as

an idea: the essential thing is the opus which leads to the goal: that is the goal of a lifetime" (PR 305).

It is arguable, therefore, that the question of whether or not the Consul's heroic-tragic pretensions are justifiable need not be answered only in terms of his success or failure in achieving a "goal" that he is, indeed, never able to identify (yet which is imaged most vividly in his dream-vision of "the mighty mountain Himavat"). It can be answered also in terms of the nature and quality of his "opus". In these respects, perhaps, he can be shown to be triumphant - not in his "fall", but in the nature and persistence of his quest, in the "extension of consciousness" towards enabling "Modern man ... to know how he is to reconcile himself with his own nature - how he is to love the enemy in his own heart and call the wolf his brother" (PR 92).

"The myth of the hero", wrote Jung, "... is first and foremost a self-representation of the longing of the unconscious, of its unquenched and unquenchable desire for the light of consciousness" (PR 303). Under The Volcano embodies such a myth, and the Consul is such a hero. But, as I have already indicated in contrasting Ixion and Prometheus, there are many such heroes, many stages, many paths. Joseph Campbell demonstrates this in The Hero with a Thousand Faces. The full cycle, as outlined by Campbell, takes the hero through three main stages: (1) separation or departure; (2) trials and victories of initiation; (3) return and reintegration. However, as he points out, many tales isolate or concentrate on "one or two of the typical elements of the full cycle".<sup>2</sup>

The three fictional works of Lowry's that I discuss in this thesis correspond, broadly speaking, to the three stages outlined above: Ultramarine to the "separation or departure", Under the Volcano to "the Stage of the Trials", and "The Forest Path to the Spring", however ambiguously, to "return and reintegration". Campbell describes the process in more detail:

The mythological hero, setting forth from his command hut or castle, is lured, carried away, or else voluntarily proceeds, to the threshold of adventure. There he encounters a shadow presence that guards the passage. The hero may defeat or conciliate this power and go alive into the kingdom of the dark ...

If, as can be argued, Dana Hilliot has proceeded thus far, it is clearly by means of (at best) conciliation rather than "defeat" of "this power" that he is able to go down with Nikolai into the "firebright" darkness of the stokehold, at the novel's end. Campbell continues:

The hero may ... go alive into the kingdom of the dark (brother-battle, dragon-battle ...) or be slain by the opponent and descend in death (dismemberment, crucifixion). Beyond the threshold ... the hero journeys through a world of unfamiliar yet strangely intimate forces, some of which severely threaten him (tests), some of which give magical aids (helpers) ...

The Consul's very situation is being described here - the nature of the world through which he now travels, throughout his final hours of the Day of the Dead, and of those forces which now threaten, terrify (in the ruined garden of Chapter Five, in Jacques' house, most powerfully and overwhelmingly at the Farolito in the final chapter), now offer aid, advice, comfort - or escape (the old woman from Tarasco, Senora Gregorio, Laruelle, Dr Vigil, Cervantes, the Farolito stool-pigeon).

When he arrives at the nadir of the mythological round (writes Campbell), he undergoes a supreme ordeal and gains his reward. The triumph may be represented as the hero's sexual union with the goddess-mother of the world (sacred marriage), his recognition by the father-creator (father atonement), his own divinization (apotheosis), or again - if the powers have remained unfriendly to him - his theft of the boon he came to gain (bride-theft, fire-theft); intrinsically it is an expansion of consciousness and therewith of being (illumination, transfiguration, freedom). The final work is that of the return (my italics) (245-246).

The "Road of Trials" may therefore include "'The Meeting with the Goddess' (Magna Mater); or the bliss of infancy regained"; - a stage reached, at least, by the Consul in the darkness of Senora Gregorio's womb-and-tomb-like cantina - and it may also include a meeting with

"'Woman as the Temptress', the realization and the agony of Oedipus" - the Consul's devastating penetration of Maria in the innermost recesses of the Farolito, after which no "Atonement with the Father" can take place - as Sanabria's sternly implacable hostility so strongly emphasises - perhaps because the Consul does not so much perceive and possess the anima, in this embrace, as succumb, surrender to her, surrender to his ignorance and terror of her, and is thereby possessed by her.

Even if the hero survives such tests and eventually "re-emerges from the kingdom of the dead (return, resurrection)" with the "boon" that could restore the world, he may be seriously damaged by his experiences and may, in any case, be so changed by them that he cannot re-integrate adequately into the "commonday" world.<sup>3</sup> Similarly, the very nature of his gift - as something 'unknown', forbidden, which threatens (and if accepted necessitates) change - may cause it to be ignored, misunderstood, mistreated, in the world of surface consciousness to which it has been brought.<sup>4</sup>

Thus the continuous struggle of the protagonist in "The Forest Path to the Spring" - who at certain points believes himself to be living in the near-paradise aftermath of just such a struggle as Dana may find himself forced to confront, and as the Consul engages in and is overwhelmed by - emphasises that, in psychological terms, the "battle" is never definitively won; or, alternatively, that retreat or escape from the "battle" (to a "Blessed Isle", a "Land Without Fear") can never be entirely secure.

"'You are interfering with my great battle ... for the survival of the human consciousness'", the Consul tells Laruelle, who, in turn appears to suggest that this battle is essentially "spurious" and "lacks the very basis" required of it "for its tragic nature". Insofar as the Consul fails to distinguish "spurious" from "genuine" elements in his

"battle", he weakens that basis; insofar as he seeks escape from rather than confrontation with symbols of transformation, as in his desire to create and remain within his "Land Without Evil"<sup>5</sup>, and without conflict - the white city of "Tlaxcala" envisioned in Chapter Ten - he reverts to a relatively preliminary stage called, by Campbell, "Refusal of the Call". In this condition, "All he can do is create problems for himself and await the gradual approach of his disintegration" (Campbell 59); or, as Jung puts it: "If the demand for self-knowledge is willed by fate and is refused, this negative attitude may end in real death ... he is caught in a blind alley from which only self-knowledge can extricate him. If he refuses this then no other way is open to him. Usually he is not conscious of his situation, either, and the more unconscious he is the more he is at the mercy of unforeseen dangers ..." (PR 333).

"... the essential thing is the opus which leads to the goal"; Lowry's achievement in Under the Volcano is in the opus which explores and so vividly records this modern version of the myth of the hero. Yet the Consul fails, falls - and Laruelle survives, to live on his half-life of compromise and exile from his own creative-destructive inner-self. What then does Under the Volcano achieve? Is it merely a cautionary tale, fatalistic in implication, and offering only the alternatives embodied in Laruelle's self-denying "normalcy" or the Consul's ultimately self-destructive and compulsive rejection of "normalcy"?

If, as Jung asserts, "The hero's main feat is to overcome the monster of darkness: it is the long-hoped-for and expected triumph of consciousness over the unconscious" (PR 36) - my italics - what value can we discover in a "hero" who so spectacularly fails in this main task?

As noted above, a particular version of the myth may "isolate or concentrate on one or two of the typical elements of the full tale"; Under the Volcano concentrates upon Campbell's second main stage in the cycle. The Consul, part deliberately, or wilfully, part compulsively,

has essentially achieved the first stage - "a separation from the world", and moves, during the twelve hours of the novel's main action, definitely into - though not out of - the second: "a penetration to some source of power", the stage of trials, and of crucial encounters with symbols of this source of power. And, as I have suggested, it is arguable that what "The Forest Path to the Spring" deals with, essentially, is the condition of one who has returned or retreated from this second stage. The value of Under the Volcano does not depend on the success of its hero in carrying the myth through its full cycle, but in revitalising the myth in its crucial central stage. I quoted Jung above as stating that: "Every advance in culture, is psychologically an extension of consciousness", the role of the individual being to cut "a new path through hitherto untrodden territory" (PR 31). Paradoxically, this "new" path may be a very old path; the path pursued by the Consul has, in a sense, been trodden before - by those medieval alchemists whose parables and formulae Jung demonstrates to be, at best, profound explorations of the individuation process and by writers such as Melville, Poe, Baudelaire, Goethe, to whom Lowry pays more than occasional tribute.

The important achievement, Jung argues, is "not to know the truth, but to experience it" (PR 299). In this instance, 'knowledge' appears to mean intellectual understanding, and 'experience' to be equivalent to the combination of intellectual understanding with emotional - with the "feeling value" (PS 30) of the experience. To read Campbell's synopses of myths, to understand his analyses and categorisations of stages in the hero myth - this is a valuable process, but one that operates primarily at the level of acquiring "knowledge"; to read Under the Volcano and to absorb its imaginative revitalisation of the aspects of the myth with which it is centrally concerned, this is to move very much further towards "experience". And the value of this experience depends, crucially, upon the imaginative vitality and profundity with which the myth

is explored. A playing with myth, as a kind of decorative embellishment to art, or as a more or less pretentious assertion of the universality and (therefore!) profundity of the theme that is treated, is likely to have the effect not of revitalising the myth and its symbols, but of trivialising and thereby devaluing them (a process that, as I have demonstrated, is frequently at work in the 'consciousness' of Dana Hilliot, and which can arguably be seen to operate, for example, in the drama of Jean Anouilh, and the fiction of John Fowles or John Barth).

Jung states that;

Eternal truth needs a human language that alters with the spirit of the times. The primordial images undergo ceaseless transformation and yet remain ever the same, but only in a new form can they be understood anew (PR 50).

This statement contains the key to Lowry's achievement in UTV. "Not for a moment", declares Jung, "dare we succumb to the illusion that an archetype can be finally explained and disposed of. Even the best attempts at explanation are only more or less successful translations into another metaphorical language. (Indeed, language itself is only an image.) The most we can do is to dream the myth onwards and give it a modern dress" (PR 45). In Under the Volcano, Lowry attempted not to explain the myth ("knowledge") but both to explore and to reformulate it, and by doing so to enable the reader to experience it - indeed, to enable himself to experience it. This attempt, to "dream the myth onwards and give it a modern dress" is triumphantly successful.

In this sense, Lowry is the hero who wrests meaning from the chaos of his life. In Under the Volcano he brings back into "common-day life" a complex yet integrated symbol of the powers of consciousness to penetrate and discover vital meanings within the ever-threatening darkness of the unconscious. That this achievement gave meaning to a life otherwise characterised by a most painful and pathetic inability to come to terms with a (therefore) most hostile and destructive libido, is all



too evident in his biography. That the achievement simultaneously exhausted his potential for any further sustained struggle towards conscious-unconscious integration, is similarly demonstrated both in the life and the work of his last ten years.<sup>6</sup>

What Lowry confronts us with in Under the Volcano, if we seriously attempt to enter its world and to "dream the myth onwards", is what Jung regards as a crucial moral problem:

The shadow is a moral problem that challenges the whole ego-personality, for no-one can become conscious of the shadow without considerable moral effort. To become conscious of it involves recognizing the dark aspects of the personality as present and real. This act is the essential condition for any kind of self-knowledge. (PR 219) (*my italics*).

"Knowledge" of this problem is of strictly limited value; "experience" is essential if the problem is to be regarded as "real" rather than (merely) theoretical or suppositional. In so far as such experience can be provided by art - specifically, by literature - it must be discovered for us, and by us, through the symbol - not, as Jung emphasizes, a symbol reduced to sign and "finally explained and disposed of", but a symbol which finds "a human language" that has altered "with the spirit of the times", a "new form" in which it can be "understood anew". "Wholeness", writes Jung, "is realised for a moment only - the moment that Faust was seeking all his life" (PR 315). The Consul fails to resolve the moral problem of the shadow, yet Lowry convinces us that his striving for "greater consciousness", both in spite of and because of its all too human confusion and limitation, is potentially the "blessing", as well as actually the "burden, the suffering ... of mankind" (PR 308); and he does so, as I have tried to show, by finding a "human language" that is able to symbolize not only "the dark aspects of the personality as present and real", but also to realize convincingly and "for a moment only" in the Consul's psyche such a moment as "Faust was seeking all his life", the glimpse of the beauty and intensity of

"Wholeness" so briefly and poignantly achieved in the Consul's dream-vision of "the mighty mountain Himavat".

Jung writes that: "One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious" (PR 220). In an essay "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetry", he explains how he believes the writer can contribute to this Promethean task:

The creative process, so far as we are able to follow it at all, consists in the unconscious activation of an archetypal image, and in elaborating and shaping this image into the finished work. By giving it shape, the artist translates it into the language of the present, and so makes it possible for us to find our way back to the deepest springs of life. Therein lies the social significance of art: it is constantly at work educating the spirit of the age, conjuring up the forms in which the age is most lacking. The unsatisfied yearning of the artist reaches back to the primordial image in the unconscious which is best fitted to compensate the inadequacy and one-sidedness of the present. The artist seizes on this image, and in raising it from deepest unconscious he brings it into relation with conscious values, thereby transforming it until it can be accepted by the minds of his contemporaries according to their powers.<sup>7</sup>

My central purpose in the body of this thesis is to provide evidence in support of the view that Lowry is such an artist as Jung describes here. To this end, I have attempted to identify the archetypal images that become activated in key works by Lowry, and, by examining in some detail the elaboration and shaping of these images, their translation into "the language of the present", I have tried to show how this artist, having seized upon these images - or, rather, having found these images thrust upon him - brings them "into relation with conscious values", how through language, the medium of his art, he makes visible to us the inner vitality of those forces that live in "darkness" and of their "unquenched and unquenchable desire for the light of consciousness" (PR 303).

## CHAPTER TEN : YVONNE - DEFENCE

### (1) Anima and Animus

According to Jung, the anima has a direct counterpart in the female personality, and almost all of what he has to say about the anima applies also to this counterpart, the animus. This is usually implied in Jung's writings, and sometimes stated - as when he refers to the syzygy (his term for the pair, anima and animus), or to both as having the same function: "As numina, anima and animus work now for good, now for evil ... giving promise of union and actually making it possible" (An 268), or makes similar statements about each of the pair separately: "... the animus is a psychopomp, a mediator between the conscious and the unconscious, and a personification of the latter" (An 16), and: "the anima can appear also as an angel of light, a psychopomp who points the way to the highest meaning ..." (BW 313).

In both cases, in masculine and feminine psychology, the shadow plays a key part in concealing - or revealing - anima and animus:

the realization of ... the shadow ... the personal unconscious, marks the first stage in the analytic process ... without it recognition of anima and animus is impossible. The shadow can be realised only through a relation to a partner, and anima and animus only through a relation to a partner of the opposite sex, because only in such a relation do their projections become operative (An 22).

The discussions of Yvonne's personality (Chapters 10-13) and of the Consul's (Chapters 14-18) that follow are based upon these concepts. They are, however, conditioned - and complicated - by the nature of Lowry's "character-drawing" in UTV. To some extent at least the novel's

three secondary characters - Yvonne, Hugh and Jacques Laruelle - are intended to stand as characters in their 'own right'. Lowry's letters emphasize that they are not intended to operate exclusively as alter-egos for the Consul, or as projections of his conscious-unconscious conflicts, although, he indicates, these are their primary functions. Thus Yvonne can be considered not only as an aspect - the main aspect - of the Consul's anima, but also as an individual fictional personality.

Nevertheless the balance is obviously a very difficult one to achieve; the Consul is the central and essential subject of the novel, and the most important function of the other characters is to cast light upon his psychology and his struggle against psychic disintegration. Lowry himself wrote that in the case of these secondary characters, there simply was not room, in a novel working at so many interwoven symbolic levels, for character-drawing in the traditional sense, and that these characters were aspects of one personality (and of "the human spirit") of which the Consul is the centre. Yet he also makes it clear that he has tried to provide them - Hugh and Yvonne at least - with sufficient substantiation to exist as individual fictional personalities (Letters 60). They are, then, intended to function in the novel at at least two closely related levels: as components of one personality, and as individuals, albeit individuals deeply and crucially dependent on the central personality of the Consul.

In discussing Yvonne, therefore, I have attempted to see her from this dual perspective. In Chapters 14-18, she is considered primarily as an aspect of the conscious-unconscious forces that determine the Consul's fate - as his anima; in Chapters 10-13, the discussion takes place of Yvonne herself, as a fictional character, a 'created' individual, in whose own psychology the Consul plays his part as animus in the acting out of her conscious-unconscious conflicts.

Lowry attempted to establish a balance by, on the one hand, pre-

senting chapters from (broadly speaking) the points of view of each of the secondary characters, and by providing each of them with personal backgrounds in the form of lengthy yet strangely summary accounts of their past lives; and, on the other hand, by treating them in those chapters dominated by the Consul's point of view primarily as projections of the Consul's personality.

I have therefore concentrated my discussion of Yvonne as anima upon chapters dominated by the Consul's point of view; and my discussion of Yvonne as a personality 'in her own right' draws its material primarily from two of the chapters (nine and eleven) where hers is the focal mind. In this way I have explored her function in the novel through each of its dual aspects: as an aspect of the Consul's personality - his anima - and as a fictional personality in whom, in counterpart to the conflicts that take place within the Consul's personality, conscious and unconscious forces struggle for mastery.

#### (ii) Defence of the Ego

I stated above that the personal backgrounds to the lives of Yvonne, Hugh and Laruelle were presented, substantially, by means of strangely summary accounts. What the reader is, for the most part, given, in the sections of the novel which convey parts of the past lives of these characters, is something close to summary or synopsis. No consistent or consistently dramatized attempt is made by Lowry to integrate this material closely into the symbolic texture of the novel, and it is arguable that, overburdened by the extraordinary demands made by the overall density of that texture, he chose this method - of summarized information - as a shortcut towards providing these characters with some depth of personal history and psychological motivation.

Considered from this standpoint, the basic method of this thesis may seem to break down - how can the nature and quality of symbols of conscious-unconscious conflict be determined if those symbols are presented as it were flatly, in summary form and (as at times they are) in near-facetious expository prose?

There are two answers, (1) that not all of Yvonne's past is presented in this way - some events and incidents are re-experienced by her, that is dramatically re-enacted, rather than recounted in summarized and edited form. And (2) the summarizing and editing itself can be seen as a defensive strategy against the significance that these experiences could have for her in terms of self-knowledge. In discussing Ultramarine, I argued that one of Dana Hilliot's basic strategies in defending his fragile ego-consciousness against symbols of transformation was to develop a variety of methods of de-valuing these symbols, of robbing them of potency. Yvonne operates similar mechanisms of defence. For example, she recounts the failure of her first marriage and the death of her child in the manner of a glib journalist writing a feature article on a failed film-star, in order not to re-experience the pain and grief one would assume her to have felt, and in order not to have to re-examine the past in the light of what she could learn about her inadequacies and the sources of those inadequacies. Recognition of these sources would necessitate confrontation with her shadow-side, the personal unconscious, and would imply at least the possibility of radical psychic change. This, at every point, she tries to resist. And even when she appears to recognize certain psychically crippling factors in her formative years - the entire (summarized) relationship with her father, and consequent "dislocation" of "the functions of womanhood" exacerbated by her precocious Hollywood career as "Boomp Girl" - she does so in a way that suggests no possibility that these factors could now be counteracted. Indeed, the very quality of her recognition of them

acts as a barrier to change. The superficial and partial recognition defends her against anything approaching the full power that these events and symbols potentially bear.

Even in these instances, therefore, of summarized accounts of crucial formative relationships and events in her life, the quality of language conveys a kind of truth - not of the power and significance of these past occurrences, but of the nature of her defences against that power and significance.

Most of the account of Yvonne's pre-Consul years is placed in Chapter Nine, where the events in the Tomalin bull-ring and the responses to them, and to each other, of Yvonne, Geoffrey and Hugh, are rather ponderously alternated with Yvonne's memories and summaries of this past life. This life is presented - at first in summary, but developing into realized and dramatized re-enactment - between pages 260 and 270 (Penguin). It is preceded, followed, and at one point 'interrupted', by descriptions of the entangling and humiliation of bulls in the ring that she sees as symbolizing the inescapable entrapment of the men in her life - her father and the Consul - in the nets of their own weaknesses and of the world's callous indifference to them, but which the reader may also see as symbolic of her entrapment, her bondage to unacknowledged, and to her unacknowledgable, psychic forces - to the animus, the approach to which is, for her, forever hidden by the darkness of the shadow.

The information that this account gives us concerning Yvonne's relationship with her father is - to summarize the summary - that his financial failures began after the death of her mother, when she was six, and continued until he reached a condition of alcoholic helplessness and humiliation before he died; that she had begun to support him and herself financially in her early teens by a precociously successful career as cowgirl heroine in Hollywood. The implications of this - some

of which she recognizes - are that after her mother's death, she rapidly became not only daughter but also 'mother' to "Captain Constable" who, reciprocally and increasingly, became not only father but 'child' to Yvonne, and that the basic pattern of her understanding of and relationship to men was cast in this mould. Thus her animus - her image of masculinity, the man within - is apparently unalterably founded upon her father and their relationship, and, as she herself suggests, she has sought to revive and recreate that relationship by marrying another child-father figure, another alcoholic and failed Consul, Geoffrey Firmin. She has all too successfully projected her animus onto the many "hooks" that Geoffrey offers to catch it.

The way out of this vicious circle, would be for Yvonne to grasp what she recognizes superficially and defensively - her choice of the Consul in the image of her father - to grasp this "not merely intellectually but understood according to its feeling-value" (An 30-31). But it is just this "feeling-value" that is disguised, concealed, avoided, in much of Yvonne's account of her past life - and it is disguised by the method and tone of its presentation.

Yvonne has a very good reason to be defensive, to protect herself against radical change, since little if any indication appears in the novel that her personality could assimilate and control the release of its unconscious forces.

To (adapt) Jung,

... the integration of the contents of the collective unconscious ... exerts a specific influence on the ego-personality ... Their assimilation augments not only the area of the field of consciousness but also the importance of the ego, especially when, as usually happens, the ego lacks any critical approach to the unconscious. In that case it is easily overpowered and becomes identical with the contents that have been assimilated. In this way ... a feminine consciousness comes under the influence of the animus and can even be possessed by him (An 23).

And elsewhere, Jung states that (again (adapted) ):



Just as, for the purpose of individuation, or self-realization, it is essential for a woman to distinguish between what she is and how she appears to herself and others, so it is also necessary for the same purpose that she should become conscious of her invisible system of relations to the unconscious, and especially of the animus, so as to be able to distinguish herself from him ... it is very difficult for a woman to distinguish herself from her animus, the more so because he is invisible ... When a woman recognizes that her ideal persona is responsible for her anything but ideal animus, her ideals are shattered ... she becomes ambiguous even to herself. She is seized by doubts ... (BW 165).<sup>1</sup>

These passages emphasize the extreme difficulties which Yvonne faces in attempting anything other than superficial reviews of the crucial relationships in her life, with her father and with the Consul. She shows some insight into what has made her what she is (her 'reason' for marrying the Consul, the "dislocation" of womanhood consequent upon her relationship with her father, her premature and pseudo womanhood in childhood and girlhood). But even this limited awareness is further restricted and superficialized by being conceived and presented "merely intellectually" and not allowed to be "understood according to its feeling value". Whenever awareness of these factors in any way threatens her precarious stability - as when powerful symbols intrude 'uninvited' (e.g. the old woman from Tarasco, the Volcanoes in certain manifestations, etc) - they are resisted and evaded. But for the most part, until the final hour of her life (Chapter Eleven) they are robbed of potency by the manner of their presentation.

(iii) Persona: From Boomp Girl to Oomph Girl

The persona, writes Jung,

is a complicated system of relations between individual consciousness and society, fittingly enough a kind of mask, designed on the one hand to make a definite impression on others, and, on the other, to conceal the true nature of the individual ... (BW 162).

He adds that in the face of the pressures from the external world, "the construction of an artificial personality becomes an unavoidable necessity". But:

This painfully familiar division of the consciousness into two figures (('public' and 'private' selves)) ... is bound to have repercussions on the unconscious ... (it is) a formidable concession to the external world, a genuine self-sacrifice which drives the ego straight into identification with the persona ... A man cannot get rid of himself in favour of an artificial personality without punishment ... (BW 163-164) (my italics).

And: "To the degree that the world invites an individual to identify with the mask, he is delivered over to influences from within" (BW 164).

The masks that Yvonne attempts to resume and to maintain in place throughout the novel have been constructed from the materials of her childhood and adolescence. She examines herself frequently, seeking to see herself as she would like herself to be and as she believes the world would expect her to be, beautiful, glamorous, mysterious. Thus in mirrors, windows, in her own mind (her entry to the Bella Vista bar in Chapter Two), she glimpses images of herself yet never with certainty of what she will see or with firm reassurance from what she has seen. Almost always - except when rarely she forgets herself - she is self-consciously aware of her appearance, her movements, of the poses she has taken up, of the role she is playing. It is the persona of the actress - the film-star - that predominates, however insecurely, an actress who whether directed by herself or by the Consul must play a part in a scene. The scenes in which she now participates are familiar to her: she has enacted them before in the studios, with her father, with the Consul; they are designed "on the one hand to make a definite impression on others", and "on the other, to conceal the true nature of the individual".

Inevitably, those consequences described by Jung have followed, and the 'punishment' that she suffers as a consequence of clinging to "an artificial personality" is painfully evident, despite her numerous

counter-measures, in her deep insecurity and her most damaging ignorance of herself and of others. Finally, (in Chapter Eleven) she finds herself entirely "delivered over to influences from within".

Ideally, writes Jung, just as "the animus or anima should function as a bridge, or a door, leading to images of the collective unconscious", so the persona "should be a sort of bridge into the world" (MDR 411).

But:

because the inner world is dark and invisible to the extraverted consciousness, and because a man is all the less capable of conceiving his weaknesses the more he is identified with the persona, the persona's counterpart, the anima, remains completely in the dark and is at once projected ... (BW 165).

Yvonne clings to this persona exactly in order not to be capable of conceiving her weaknesses, since for her these weaknesses (for which the "shadow" is a convenient term) are unacceptable to her; her terror of them is too great to be confronted and the persistent activity of her ego-consciousness is to exclude or de-activate them.

This ego-defensive activity reaches its epitome in a newspaper-publicity account (presumably memorised, as a most convenient second-hand synopsis) of her film career and intended 'comeback' at the age of twenty-four. It is the result of an interview which took place

that second awful time after Uncle McIntyre sent her to college, and after her first marriage, and the death of her child, when she had gone back once more to Hollywood ... (263).

The death of her child - like the death of her mother - is presented entirely flatly, as part of a synopsis of events preceding her return to Hollywood, and although the child is briefly mentioned elsewhere in the novel he and his death are not here or elsewhere allowed to release even a hint of the "feeling-value" that the reader might well expect to be integral to his memory; the re-experiencing of pain and grief is quite excluded.

The newspaper article is written in what amounts to a parody of Yvonne's own style, and, indeed, of the style that Hugh, a journalist of sorts, adopts to recount the 'significant' episodes of his past life in Chapter Six. Yvonne offers it in the spirit already suggested by "How marvellously absurd!" (263), and it enables her to recapitulate the experience - another failure, another betrayal - that it so flatulently describes in a way that offers no threat at all, yet which, with all its absurdities, corresponds closely to her concept of her persona. This, grotesquely phrased and composed almost entirely of "absurd" clichés, is nevertheless the way Yvonne believes the world should see her, as

a poised exciting woman ... who has known the meaning of love and tragedy, who has lived a lifetime since she left Hollywood a few short years ago.

It is as this "honey-tanned Venus" (263) that she has attempted to see herself earlier in the day (Chapter Two), and it is as a woman who

has been submerged in burning lakes, suspended over precipices, ridden horses down ravines ... (263-264)

and has radiantly survived it all "without turning a hair" that she tries to conceive of herself.

The facts of her biography would indeed suggest that she has encountered these lakes, precipices, horses, ravines - in the deaths of mother and child, in the strains of premature stardom as 'Boomp Girl', in the decline and death of "her adored Dad ... 'The Boss-Boss'", in the alienation of two husbands - but the effect of the description of these ordeals in this context and in this language, is here, most crudely, to turn those tests and ordeals into cardboard facsimiles, scenarios for the Boomp Girl. What is presented is not evidence that Yvonne has encountered and survived such ordeals (as Perle Epstein claims)<sup>2</sup> but that she has encountered and been radically 'dislocated' as a personality by them.

Thus, "Trying to forget the ache in her heart and its emptiness", she proceeded to University and to "the millionaire playboy, Cliff Wright ..." Her life here is presented as though it were an entirely banal film-synopsis, yet an account that she wishes to believe in and re-enact now.

When Yvonne goes on to describe her relations, the Constables, the style she adopts is less bizarre than the journalist's prose, yet is still an exaggeration of the manner in which she has previously attempted to dis-arm her past:

Poor Uncle McIntyre. It was fantastic, it was almost funny ... in a way, as one related it to one's friends ... (265) (my italics).

The way Yvonne has "related it to her friends" is closely similar to the way she relates it to herself; in both cases there is an audience which must be amused but not - not deeply - disturbed. The "screamingly funny" account of the Constables' "capitulation, disintegration", when "caught up in the same kind of meaningless tragedy, or half-tragedy, as herself and her father", facetiously conceals what Yvonne has already revealed in her description of the bull's predicament as being "like a life" (261). Of herself as her father's daughter and "a Constable through and through", she deeply believes what she so flippantly expresses:

The Constables, a mistake on the part of nature, were dying out. In fact, nature meant to wipe them out, having no further use for what was not self-evolving. The secret of their meaning, if any, had been lost (265).

It is temptingly easy for her to believe in this; it absolves her from any responsibility for change - for 'self-evolvment'. The secret of Yvonne's "meaning" is not lost; it struggles repeatedly to reveal itself to her, as symbol after symbol peers over her shoulder, appears and disappears in a cantina, cries out from and is quickly stifled within her own mind. Always, she prefers to see only the Yvonne who

left Hawaii with her head high and a smile on her lips,  
even if her heart was more achingly empty than before ...  
(265).

I have said above that Yvonne's life is presented partly in summary but developing into realized and dramatized re-enactment. This development takes place substantially in pages 266-270, where she becomes drawn deeply back into a re-lived experience as Yvonne Griffaton, and where she achieves also the clearest insights of which she proves capable into the nature of both the 'dislocations' of her personality and the nature of her evasions of such insights.

First she walks again, after her rejection by Hollywood, somewhat melodramatically through "the dark and accursed city of the Angels without even the consolation that her tragedy was no less valid for being so stale". The melodrama ("dark and accursed") is perhaps inseparable from her way of re-living her past as an actress playing the central role in the drama of her own life. It is however a more dangerous and potentially creative approach to the past than the journalese-summary, in that it allows more opportunity for the unconscious release of "feeling-value" in and through symbols stimulated by her histrionic activity.

She then recognizes that

her ambitions as an actress had always been somewhat spurious: they suffered in some sense from the dislocations of the functions - she saw this - of womanhood itself ... (my italics)

Intellectually at least, she recognizes that one aspect of her personality ("as an actress") suffers from "dislocation of the functions ... of womanhood"; it is an insight that could have become crucial to the understanding of herself and of the possibility of change and development. But instead of pursuing this insight - discovering and recognizing the nature and the causes of this "dislocation" - she moves further away from it, virtually denying it even in the process of recognition:

She saw it, and at the same time; now it was all quite hopeless (and now that she had, after everything, outgrown Hollywood), she saw that she might under other conditions have become really first-rate, even a great artist. For that matter what was she if not that now (if greatly directed) as she walked or drove furiously through her anguish and all the red lights ... Too late! (my italics).

From awareness of 'spuriousness' she returns immediately to spuriousness and self-deception. She has not outgrown Hollywood and all the effects that it (together with her father) has had in causing that "dislocation of the function ... of womanhood", yet she reverts directly from some understanding of the needs which cause her to play that role back into that role: "what was she if not that ((a great artist)) now (if greatly directed) ..." She is not "greatly directed", for the director, anxiously alert to maintain control, is her ego-consciousness, ever active to douse such glimpses of self-knowledge. Once again she is, self-consciously, not a woman attempting to understand herself by probing crucial areas of her past, but a "great" actress acting out, with superb courage, the tragic drama of her unjustly frustrated ambitions.

The spuriousness of this passage is indicated by its contradictions - her ambitions are (1) spurious to the extent that they were founded upon radical personality deficiencies, "dislocations ... of womanhood"; (2) would not have been spurious if not so founded - if in effect she had not been herself!; and (3) were not spurious anyway, since "what was she if not that (really first-rate) now ..." These contradictions are caused by her attempts both to understand and to avoid understanding the nature of her conflicts. The effect upon the quality of language is to cause clumsiness of expression ("what was she if not that now"), an ambiguous parenthesis ("if greatly directed"), which adds to the confusion of the passage, and bathos ("as she walked or drove furiously through her anguish and all the red lights ...") which seriously impairs any sense of the reality of "her anguish" in this occasion.

(iv) Shadow: Yvonne Griffaton

These memories of Hollywood failure lead to an attempt to explain to herself what has made "meeting Jacques Laruelle in Quauahuac such a shattering and ominous thing in her life". Laruelle is another handsome and charming failure, weak, though arguably less impotent sexually than either her father could be for her, or the Consul is. It is appropriate that this projection of her animus should appear here; in him, after all, lies the hidden cause of her conflicts. But for 'him' she might have become "really first-rate" - so that Laruelle's 'appearance' here is the consequence of an unconscious recognition of the source of her failure. But the active censor ensures that this 'recognition' remains unconscious and no real sense of why this meeting with Laruelle should have been "shattering and ominous" emerges. It is not even explained superficially:

It was not merely that they had the Consul in common, so that through Jacques she had mysteriously been able ... to talk of Hollywood (not always honestly, yet with the enthusiasm with which close relatives may speak of a hated parent and with what relief!) on the mutual grounds of contempt and half-admitted failure ... and to Jacques she had shown also, what she had kept hidden from the Consul, the old photographs of Yvonne the Terrible dressed in fringed leather shirts and riding breeches and high-heeled boots, and wearing a ten-gallon hat, so that in his amazed and bewildered recognition of her this horrible morning, she had wondered was there not just an instant's faltering - for surely Hugh and Yvonne were in some grotesque fashion transposed! (266).

The implications of this passage may be that her meeting with Laruelle was "shattering and ominous" because it caused her to reveal to him - and to herself - threatening aspects of the causes of her conflicts, even though these aspects are robbed of potency by being, yet again, processed into a rather glib summary.

Jacques has those features in common with the Consul and her



father that I've mentioned above; he has additionally, as this passage indicates, a more fatherly role than either of these other animus-projections. Although a "half-admitted failure", and weak yet handsome in the mould of her father, he is less the child, more the father - and, what is more, a father whom she has allowed to possess her physically. Her hatred of her actual father is an almost entirely repressed emotion - a hardly surprising consequence of what she unconsciously believes that he has done to cause the "dislocations" of the functions of womanhood in her. This hatred is appropriately displaced into 'Hollywood'; the analogy is very close to being explicit - they talk of Hollywood "with the enthusiasm with which close relatives may speak of a hated parent and with what relief!" What relief, to speak of that "hated parent" to his surrogate, yet in terms which enable her to avoid, openly, recognizing the real object of that hatred!

To this wiser and more mature version of her father, whose world-weariness and exhausted creativity are superior versions of her father's humiliation and defeat, she can reveal the self that hides within and is progenitor of the "poised exciting woman ... who has known the meaning of love and tragedy", in a photographic image of her 'dislocated' womanhood:

Yvonne the Terrible dressed in fringed leather shirts and riding-breeches and high-heeled boots, and wearing a ten-gallon hat ... (266)

- an epitome of the confusion of roles forced upon her in adolescence as a consequence of her father's 'incapacities: the child-woman in man's clothing. A further aspect of this confusion of roles is then projected onto Laruelle:

so that in his amazed and bewildered recognition of her this horrible morning, she had wondered was there not an instant's faltering - for surely Hugh and Yvonne were in some grotesque fashion transposed! (266).

Hugh ("She'd thought, just for an instant, that he was - actually! - Bill Hodson, the cowboy star, whose leading lady she'd been in three pictures when she was fifteen ..." (263)) and Yvonne are in her own mind "transposed". Hugh, dressed in gear almost identical with that of her filmstar self, has appeared and now re-emerges as an aspect of her animus that she compulsively formulates in what is for her the most appealing and least threatening image of her father. For a moment she is close here to an "amazed and bewildered recognition" of the significance of these photographs, close to perceiving something at least of the role played by her animus: "for surely Hugh and Yvonne were in some grotesque fashion transposed". How? In what "grotesque fashion"? But the answers to these questions cannot be faced, not even in the form of an interpretation projected into the mind of Laruelle as father-confessor.

She turns instead to what at first appears to be another evasion of such questions, as escape from "Yvonne the Terrible" into the more acceptable role of "a woman who has known the meaning of love and tragedy". She turns to what may be intended as a tritely "tragic" scenario, similar to that of "the dark and accursed City of the Angels". An association of ideas leads her from Laruelle's "old French films" to New York, and a French film seen there when she was in the depths of "her guilty divorced dead helplessness" after her failures with Cliff Wright and in Hollywood. But the evasion - if indeed it begins as such - leads her not away from the danger of insights into symbols of her unconscious but back towards it.

The ego-consciousness attempts to recreate this experience in the relatively harmless guise of melodrama; but pressure from the unconscious has here become equally strong, and the line between melodrama and tragedy becomes increasingly hard to maintain. The state of mind that Yvonne describes is tragic; to treat it as melodrama would enable her, essentially, not to take it seriously, would defend her against what is genuine

in the experience. From the point of view of defending her ego, which "lacks any critical approach to the unconscious" and would therefore be "easily overpowered and (become) identical with the contents that have been assimilated" (An 23), melodrama might be very much the safer path to tread, except that, as Jung emphasizes, the greater the ego's ignorance of the unconscious, the greater the ultimate danger of its falling complete victim to those forces.

The danger is great here, for what Yvonne unwittingly confronts is her shadow-side. The shadow, writes Jung,

can be realized only through a relation to a partner, and anima and animus only in relation to a partner of the opposite sex, because only in such a relation to their projections become operative" (An 22).

The "partner" that appears here is her former self which becomes identified with another Yvonne, "Yvonne Griffaton" - another seemingly doomed heroine struggling with the burden of a tragic past, the heroine of a film (a film within a film, as it were) that has two directors: Yvonne's ego-consciousness and her unconscious, each of whom seeks an absolute ascendancy.

The account of Yvonne's New York experience extends for more than three pages (267-270). It conveys - and recreates - the experience with a vividness and distinctiveness, cumulatively powerful, that have been notably absent from her previous resumé's of past experiences; it is as though in turning her thoughts away from a dangerous near-recognition of the nature and power of the animus, she has not escaped the symbols of her unconscious but has allowed them another access.

There is some evidence in the opening paragraph (267) of an attempt to play the role of "a woman who has known the meaning of love and tragedy" - a pretentious reference to Golgotha, a brief adjectival excess ("A bereaved and dispossessed orphan ... false wealthy loneliness ... guilty divorced dead helplessness") - but the central symbol, the shadow-self

Yvonne Griffaton, exerts so powerful an influence that role-playing is overwhelmed by the intensity of the re-lived experience, which purges itself of bathos and confusion.

Yet paradoxically that central symbol, Yvonne Griffaton, is herself the melodramatic heroine of an even absurdly melodramatic film. The paradox is resolved when it becomes evident that what Yvonne does here is the reverse of what she has done before: instead of turning vital past experience into second-hand melodrama, she here sees in melodrama the inner and concealed vitality of the symbols that are trivialised:

Le Destin de Yvonne Griffaton ... And there she was ... And there, upon the stills, who could it be, that solitary figure, but herself, walking down the same dark streets, even wearing the same fur coat, only the signs above her ... said: Dubonnet, Amer Picon, Les Dix Fratellinis, Moulin Rouge. And 'Yvonne, Yvonne!' a voice was saying at her entrance, and a shadowy horse, gigantic, filling the whole screen, seemed leaping out of it at her; it was a statue that the figure had passed, and the voice, an imaginary voice, which pursued Yvonne Griffaton down the dark streets, and Yvonne herself too, as if she had walked straight out of that world outside into this dark world ... without taking a breath ... (267-268).

Perle Epstein states that Yvonne's horsemanship, as evidenced in the journalist's piece about her, and during her ride with Hugh (Chapter Six), demonstrates her mastery of the forces that have dislocated her early life.<sup>3</sup> The nature of the horse as symbol of Yvonne's shadow-side is discussed below (Chapter Thirteen: The Riderless Horse). It is sufficient to note here that the evidence of Chapter Eleven of UTV declares unmistakeably that far from achieving such mastery, she is at last totally overwhelmed by these forces. Something of the still-latent power of these forces emerges here in the passage under discussion. Pursued through the icy New York streets by nameless, featureless followers, Yvonne is drawn irresistibly, very much as in a dream, into a world within the nightmare world of the city - a chamber within a chamber of her mind -

where her deepest fears find immediate symbolisation in

a shadowy horse, gigantic ... leaping out ... at her ...

This horse is "shadowy" because it is of and from the shadow; later in the same paragraph, she refers to "this shadowy world" in which she finds herself immersed, and "the shadow of one follower" falls upon Yvonne Griffaton - "or Yvonne Constable?" And it is this symbol, springing upon her as she enters the inner darkness of the cinema, together with the irresistible fascination exerted by this version of her shadow self, that have emerged at that point in her life when she is able to exert only the weakest ego-conscious control over her persona. No longer "Yvonne the Terrible", she has tried and failed to become that "really first-rate ... great artist" ("poised and exciting", honey-tanned Venus" etc) that was the version of herself as Hollywood sex-symbol and tragedy queen that she sought to create. Through this weakest point in her defences the horse leaps unhindered.

What follows is still under some conscious control: she remains, after this first deep shock of recognition, aware that what she identifies with is a 'fictional' character in a film, and this occurs even as she experiences the film's banal symbols as having profound significance for an interpretation of her own life. Thus she sees the film as film - with some critical awareness of its melodramatic qualities. But this is a critical awareness that she has not previously demonstrated in the versions of herself and her past life that she has presented. This awareness allows her to discover in the film's debased symbols something of their inherent potential, while preventing her from surrendering to their banality; and what follows is her most honest and least self-deceptive attempt to understand, both intellectually and in terms of its "feeling-value" (PS 30), the nature of her predicament and the means to resolve it:

It was one of those pictures that, even though you have arrived in the middle, grip you with the instant conviction that it is the best film you have ever seen in your life; so extraordinarily complete is its realism, that what the story is all about, who the protagonist may be, seems of little account beside the explosion of the particular moment, beside the immediate threat, the identification with the one hunted ... (who) was also the hunter, was searching, was groping for something, Yvonne couldn't understand what at first, in this shadowy world. Strange figures froze to the walls, or into alleyways at her approach; they were the figures of her past evidently, her lovers, her one true love who had committed suicide, her father ... and the film turned to satire, to satire, almost, of itself: her ancestors appeared to her in swift succession, static, dead symbols of selfishness and disaster, but in her mind romanticised, so it seemed, heroic, standing ... upright in tumbrils in wooden gesticulation ... standing upright in battle, standing upright in death. And now Yvonne Griffaton's father ... came to mock and mow at her. The sophisticated audience laughed, or coughed, or murmured, but most of them presumably knew what Yvonne never as it happened ever found out later, how these characters and the events in which they participated, contributed to Yvonne Griffaton's present estate ... (my italics) (268-269).

Yvonne is shown here in the process of gaining insight not only into her own life - she has shown intellectual awareness, facetiously expressed, of the part played by the "doomed" Constables, her father most prominently, in forming that life - but also into her own ways of falsifying this insight. She too has been shown persistently attempting to romanticize those "symbols of selfishness and disaster" (her ancestors, her father, her lovers), those characters who have "participated, contributed" to her present estate. Now she sees that very process re-enacted in all its spuriousness. And because she sees this, she is able also to glimpse what those symbols could mean - glimpses of the inherent value of symbols which can be seen even through their degraded forms, to the eye unprotected by the many defences that customarily blur, weaken, and divert its visionary powers. "The sophisticated audience laughed, or coughed, or murmured", as Yvonne is aware, and as she as "a poised exciting woman who wears diamonds and white orchids and ermine" could equally well have done, had she been able to sustain that persona in the

face of the humiliations and defeats that she has experienced. It is an obvious escape route - but one which, for once, she does not take.

There are nevertheless limitations to what she is able to achieve here, fatal limitations. It is significant that she has arrived in the middle of the film and that she does not know and "never as it happened found out later" how these "characters ... contributed to Yvonne Griffaton's present estate". That they have done so is evident; she has recognized this much of herself before, though never before so powerfully. How and why, these are the questions that remain still unanswered, and are now, plainly, evaded:

All this was buried back in the earlier episodes of the film. Yvonne would first have to endure the newsreel, an animated cartoon, a piece entitled The Life of the African Lungfish and a revival of Scarface, in order to see, just as so much that conceivably lent some meaning (though she doubted even this) to her own destiny was buried in the distant past, and might for all she knew repeat itself in the future (269).

The clarity with which Yvonne has described both the film and the nature of her identification with it dissolves here, in this rambling and ponderous sentence, the faulty construction of which (a noun or pronoun is missing from its grammatical place) indicates her need to avoid, and then to hamper, expression of the insight into her past that follows - that the keys to her "meaning" are not lost, as she has earlier insisted, but could be found, "buried in the distant past". And if not found, how to prevent those consequences of "selfishness and disaster" from repeating themselves in the future? The list of films, cartoons, etc, is a list of excuses, flimsy enough, indeed, as reasons to abandon the search for what she has been pursuing - unless she can also convince herself (as she does) that even if she could endure their irrelevant banality no further "meaning" will in any case be revealed to her (e.g. "conceivably" and "though she doubted even this").

Yet she is led to ask herself the questions being asked by Yvonne

Griffaton, which "the English sub-titles made ... all too clear" (269).

What has been made all too clear to her is the necessity of asking herself questions which will penetrate to the concealed truths that underlie the banal forms in which they are presented. She seeks once more not to take refuge in the proffered banality but to penetrate it:

What could she do under the weight of such a heritage? How could she rid herself of this old man of the sea? Was she doomed to an endless succession of tragedies that Yvonne Griffaton could not believe either formed part of any mysterious expiation for the obscure sins of others long dead and damned, but were just frankly meaningless. Yes, how? Yvonne wondered herself. Meaningless - and yet, was one doomed? Of course one could always romanticize the unhappy Constables: one could see oneself, or pretend to, as a small lone figure carrying the burden of those ancestors, their weakness and wildness (which could be invented where it was lacking) in one's blood, a victim of dark forces - everybody was, it was inescapable! - misunderstood and tragic, and yet at least with a will of your own! But what was the use of will if you had no faith? This indeed, she saw now, was also Yvonne Griffaton's problem. This was what she too was seeking, and had been all the time, in the face of everything, for some faith - as if one could find it like a new hat or a house for rent! - yes, even what she was now on the point of finding, and losing, a faith in a cause, was better than none. Yvonne felt she had to have a cigarette and when she returned it looked much as though Yvonne Griffaton had at last succeeded in her quest ... (269).

The attempted penetration is intermittent and vacillating. The question How ("How could she rid herself of this old man of the sea? Yes, how?") has an answer which she has just suggested - and evaded: by seeking the secrets of his power over her, those secrets "buried in the distant past". However banal these questions, as formulated in the film's subtitles, and however ambiguous Yvonne's interpretation of them, they lead her at least to some understanding of her own spuriousness. Yvonne has been presenting herself to herself as acting out a "mysterious expiation for the obscure sins of others", and she has been trying to convince herself that "meaning" no longer exists for her and therefore need not be sought. Now she asks, with a solemnity close to portentousness, what is nevertheless a crucial question: "and yet, was one doomed?"



And she describes the very activities of role-playing and falsification of experience that she has a few moments before been actively engaged in sustaining ("Of course one could always romanticize the unhappy Constables, etc").

In Ultramarine, Dana Hilliot develops a similar fantasy about the burden of "doomed" ancestors that he bears, and he too struggles at one point towards at least an awareness of the spuriousness of this pose (UM 101-102). With Dana also, this is a transient achievement. But for him, the consequences of failing to go beyond this point and indeed of retreating further from it, are far less immediately serious than for Yvonne. For Dana, further opportunities may arise; for Yvonne, caught between the dangers of continued repression of vital unconscious symbols and the dangers of their uncontrollable release, few if any opportunities remain.

She sees now the very pose she has attempted, with some success, to adopt:

one could see oneself, or pretend to, as a small lone figure carrying the burden of those ancestors, their weakness and wiliness (which could be invented where it was lacking) in one's blood, a victim of dark forces - everybody was, it was inescapable! - misunderstood and tragic ... (my italics)

Of the three phrases in italics that I have underlined, the first two emphasize a conscious awareness of the method she has used to render experience harmless - the pretence and fabrication essential to the method. The third illustrates both the still operative attraction of escape into such a role and an almost humorous recognition of the nature of that role (the exclamation mark).

Yvonne's discovery that she may "at least" have "a will of (her) own - with its implications that her condition is not fatalistically incurable and could be changed - is immediately counteracted by:

But what was the use of a will if you had no faith? This indeed, she saw now, was Yvonne Griffaton's problem ...

And just as Yvonne is on the point of finding a "faith", Yvonne Constable "felt she had to have a cigarette". The hallucinatory grip of the film is broken, and there is little to comfort Yvonne Constable in the success of this shadow-self, for it is achieved by means of "her faith in life itself, in travel, in another love, in the music of Ravel" - a somewhat bathetic series representing very much the kind of "life itself" that Yvonne has herself pursued in the years that have intervened between "that freezing winter night" in New York and the Day of the Dead, November 1938, in Quauahuac. The catalogue of Yvonne Griffaton's travels jangles redundantly before her eyes, and the possibility of finding "meaning" in that buried past seems hopelessly to have receded. Without this,

richly endowed in a capacity for living as she was, she had never found a faith merely in 'life' sufficient ... If that were all! ... In unselfish love - in the stars! Perhaps it should be enough ... (270).

In the phrase "richly endowed with a capacity for living as she was", Yvonne's powers of self-deception blatantly reassert themselves. The novel shows that she is "richly endowed" indeed, but with an incapacity for living, a "dislocation" of the functions of womanhood the root causes of which lie in aspects of her personality that even her most penetrating insights cannot, finally, reach. Although, as she here concludes, she has

never given up, or ceased to hope, or to try, gropingly, to find a meaning, a pattern, an answer (270),

these repeated endeavours have never been sustained or powerful enough (not even under the impetus of 'Le Destin de Yvonne Griffaton') to break through to that meaning, which remains deep-buried still, "in the distant past", and from which she now returns abruptly to the inescapable present.

She returns to witness yet another recurrence of "boredom, resigna-

nation, collapse", of helpless entrapment, and of another hopeless "birth", in the spiral winding down to "disaster, capitulation, disintegration" (261):

The bull pulled against the opposing forces of ropes a while longer, then subsided gloomily ... temporarily defeated but watchful, he resembled some fantastic insect trapped at the centre of a huge vibrating web ... Death, or a sort of death, just as it so often was in life; and now, once more, resurrection ... (270).

Just so, Yvonne remains trapped at the centre of the vibrating web of her life, unable to break free from "opposing forces" that constrain her, because unable, finally, to identify the spider-self that has tight-woven the web around her and waits now for her struggles to cease that it may consume her.

CHAPTER ELEVEN : YVONNE - ESCAPE

(1) 'Resurrection' - The Northern Paradise

The "resurrection" that Yvonne then attempts is as futile and mis-directed as that of the bull. She has noted, in the moments of insight induced by Yvonne Griffaton, that one cannot find "faith" as easily as "a new hat or a house for rent"; yet this is now exactly what she tries to do. The house to rent is a shack in British Columbia, which has taken shape under Hugh's sceptical then sentimental direction in Chapter Six.

Its re-emergence here, as "another, more convulsive birth" (261), has the flimsiest of stimuli. In her anxiety now to thrust Yvonne Griffaton, and all that was suggested by her, far from sight, Yvonne is ready to seize upon any excuse for renewed fabrication of experience (even to invent it "where it was lacking" (269)). Thus the Consul holds a bottle without, at that moment, actually drinking from it; he met her at the bus terminal. From this - still not quite enough, in spite of her need - she looks around to find what she wants:

An American couple had just climbed up the scaffolding further down, a woman in a dove-grey suit, and a man with horn-rimmed spectacles ... How happy they seemed in one another; lovers they were, or on their honeymoon. Their future would stretch out before them pure and untrammelled as a blue and peaceful lake, and thinking of this Yvonne's heart felt suddenly light ... (270).

This is enough; she begins to weave from it a bright yet pathetic escapist fantasy.

The shack in British Columbia - "But it was not a shack - it was

a home" - is the central symbol of Yvonne's strongest need, to escape from conflict. There, as she visualises it, she will live in an idealised and paradisaical harmony; there she will live a sweetly reformed and creative life with a Consul transformed into a totally unthreatening version of himself and of her father. Abstracted from the nets and webs of the hostile world, his weakness transformed into gentleness, his destructive strengths sublimated into the entirely harmonious creation of their mutual life and work, the Consul will flourish as simply beautiful and conflict-less and as eternal as the flowers of the forest ...

Characteristic of the descriptions of this paradisaical scene that follow is the absence of all awareness of conflict - of the conflicts within herself, of those dislocations that must be understood before they can be healed, and healed before any such life as she here visualised could fruitfully be undertaken. Absent also - here as elsewhere - is any sense of similar necessities for the development of the Consul's personality. And absent entirely is any glimmering of awareness that the struggle for wholeness, even when based upon confrontation with the shadow and survival of that confrontation, must be a continuous, a never-ending process.

Instead, a direct escape route is followed that carries her, at least transiently, free of all such problems. That those problems, insolubly, remain, is clearly indicated by the physical scenes that are taking place before her, with which her flights into the Northern paradise are alternated. In the ring before her, one bull after another is degraded and defeated: "disaster, capitulation, disintegration ..." (261).

The language of Yvonne's visualisations of her Northern paradise is therefore necessarily free of images of conflict. Just as the psychological states of mind and the human relationship visualised are those of ideal and perfect harmony, so the concept of nature that embodies the psychological condition is devoid of "tooth and claw". It is hardly sur-

prising. as a consequence, that a certain sentimentalisation, a prettifying, of natural beauty should take place.

In "The Forest Path to the Spring", the described beauty of the beach contends against yet is inter-related with wreckage, pollution, etc; here, everything must be simply and exclusively beautiful and harmonious. An ideal future, which would "stretch out before them pure and untrammelled as a blue and peaceful lake" (270), begins "to take form in her mind" in this way:

It (the "home") stood, on wide-girthed strong legs of pine, between the forest of pine and high, high waving alders and tall slim birches, and the sea. There was a narrow path that wound down through the forest from the store, with salmonberries and thimbleberries and wild blackberry bushes that on bright winter nights of frost reflected a million moons; behind the house was a dogwood tree that bloomed twice a year with white stars. Daffodils and snowdrops grew in the little garden ... (271).

The use of hyperbole has obvious dangers; it can convey a vehemence and intensity of feeling, yet often conveys simultaneously a suggestion of exaggeration, and hence of falsification of feeling. In this passage, the hyperbole of "a million moons" produces an effect of romantic exaggeration. The passage begins with an attempt to provide, immediately, unshakably strong foundations for the house; but the archaism of "wide-girthed" has a mixed effect. It adds solidity to the upright strength of "stood on ... strong legs of pine", yet is visually vague and has weakening associations with the quasi-medieval prose of modern costume romances. Yvonne is taking some of the materials for her fantasy (e.g. also "a million moons") from secondhand and secondrate sources. And the solidity of this structure is further undermined by the looseness of construction of the sentence which describes it (between pine and alders and birches and the sea), before the hyperbole is prepared for and followed by a list of fruit and flower names and a description of blossom as stars that creates a cumulative effect of determined yet artificial

prettiness, of a cuteness in the emblems of nature described here that reduces nature to the dimensions of a cosy "little" garden.

Yet some faint sense of the potential difficulties inherent in such a life may be conveyed, as the paragraph continues, by Yvonne's description of the building of the pier:

They would build this pier themselves when the tide was out, sinking the posts one by one down the steep, slanting beach ... (271).

It inheres not so much in "build" or "sinking" or "down", as in "steep" and "slanting", words which together convey at least some implication of physical effort and difficulty. But the effect is slight and a description of the cosiness and prettiness of the (now already erected) house supervenes, to be followed by an image of a wheel-reflection that has its grimly ironic and deflatory counterpart later in the chapter - just as that "pure and untrammelled ... blue and peaceful lake" is later to dissolve into "a broken greenhouse roof ... only weeds lived in the greenhouse ..." (281). Here, the cosy security of the "home" is decorated by:

the mill-wheel reflections of sunlight on water ... sliding down the front of their house, sliding, sliding, over the windows, the walls, the reflections that, above and behind the house, turned the pine boughs into green chenille: and, at night ... the mill-wheel reflections would be ... of the moonlight that on the water also embroidered their waving windows ... (271).

The decorative function of this imagery and the basic artificiality of the scene that she is so elaborately creating - artificial because based upon an impossible isolation of selected elements of the personality - is emphasised by "green chenille" and "embroidered", each of which converts the natural directly into the artificial, and converts the potential beauty of such a scene into an ersatz prettiness. Chenille is "Velvety cord used in trimming dresses and furniture"<sup>1</sup> - precisely the effect achieved here. Nevertheless, there are hints of an underlying unease in

the slightly furtive "sliding, sliding" of reflections over the house and in the clumsiness of "waving" (very close to "wavering") windows, which suggests an insubstantiality in the house, and therefore in the fantasy.

This, Yvonne declares, buoyed up by the generally sustained cosiness of her fantasy,

was possible. It was possible! It was all there, waiting for them. If only she were alone with Geoffrey so she could tell him of it! (271-272).

But she and the Geoffrey she here envisages are not alone. Each has - in no way subdued or diminished by the fantasy - his and her shadow self, his and her anima and animus, as inseparable and indivisible companions which will not, and cannot, finally be ignored.

The activities in the bull-ring decline into silence, a "general, meaningless silence" that Yvonne must fill with meaning, not by entering into the silence but by escaping from it, and from all the implications of the arena, back to her fantasy, to the house "dappled with misty light", with "blue wood-smoke from the driftwood fire curling out of the chimney", to "the sloping shingled woodshed on whose roof the dogwood blossoms fell, the wood packed with beauty inside ..." (272), and to yet another catalogue of household gods. Both the continuing prettiness of the scene ("dappled ... misty ... wood-smoke/curling", etc) and the catalogue are intended to give substance to the fantasy: to make it real through the accumulation of circumstantial detail, and to make it safe by the exclusion of any possibility of profound and therefore disturbing symbols.

Yet a disturbing symbol does emerge - although Yvonne shows no awareness of its implications. Amid gliding seagulls and flitting kingfishers and swallows, appears a heron:

that seemed made of cardboard and string, (and) would flap past heavily, to alight majestically on a rock and stand there, tall and motionless ... (273).



What if the whole elaborate edifice is made of "cardboard and string"? Yvonne is far now from the state of mind which allowed her to glimpse truths about herself in the distorted reflection provided by Yvonne Griffaton. This slip remains unnoticed by her, and the elaboration of the fantasy continues:

they would continue to live, in simplicity and love, in their home between the forest and the sea ... (273).

where they can look down from their pier and see

small brown velvet crabs sidling among barnacled stones  
brocaded like heart-shaped pin-cushions ...

Even the crabs in this land without a shadow (even though their movements are precisely and concisely imaged by "sidling") are merely decorative; there is no hint of Prufrock's "ragged claws" here. Instead, they are transformed into sentimental household gods, like the pots and pans and curtains: "heart-shaped pin-cushions", a host of animated valentines emblematic only of "simplicity and love".

Increasingly, however, the fantasy's embroidered texture becomes tattered and fragmented by the intrusion of antagonistic elements from her immediate environment. The brief "convulsive" 'rebirth' of one bull dissolves into the "poor joke" of its hasty retreat; "the premature appearance of another bull" is followed by his stumbling and falling "headlong into the dust". Still Yvonne attempts to prolong and sustain the fantasy, yet finds it now conveying her into the autumn season, when, looking down over Geoffrey's shoulder, she sees:

an archipelago, islands of opalescent foam and branches of dead bracken - yet beautiful, beautiful - and the reflected alder trees, almost bare now, casting their sparse shadows over the brocaded stones like pincushions, over which the brocaded crabs scuttled among a few drowned leaves ... (274).

The events in the bull-ring, whose significance for her she has earlier partially recognized, and indeed suggested, have their effect upon the texture of the fantasy, which struggles now to preserve and insist upon

the 'beauty' of the scene, a beauty that has already been identified as representing an exclusive psychological harmony. Thus "opalescent" and "brocaded" (twice), buttressed by the insistent "yet beautiful, beautiful", find set against them now "dead bracken", bare trees with "sparse shadows", and "drowned leaves". Death, at least, in this "brocaded" paradise is not yet merely decorative, and in this context "yet beautiful, beautiful" has a despairing rather than a reassuring insistence.

The second bull is "roped casually where it lay", the Consul takes "a very small drink, darling, a poquitin ...", and Yvonne finds the fantasy shredding into smaller fragments and revealing at last a symbol that could threaten and alarm:

and gold leaves too, on the surface, and scarlet, and green, waltzing downstream with her cigarette, while a fierce autumn sun glared up from beneath the stones ...  
(275).

First, she now does make an attempt to transform that dead vegetation into acceptably decorative images, devoid of inharmonious suggestions, "waltzing downstream" with a jauntiness that seems all the more forced in comparison with the image that follows: "a fierce sun glared up from beneath the stones". The significance of the sun as a symbol of transformation is discussed, in its several manifestations, in my section concerning The Forest Path to the Spring. Here it appears only very briefly, and with a decidedly threatening aspect, glaring fiercely up from those very stones that Yvonne had presented as decorative emblems of an all-embracing harmony.

(ii) Paradise Lost

The incident then takes place of Hugh leaping into the ring and riding the now re-awakened bull; while he is occupied in successfully subduing the bull, Yvonne makes a determined attempt to 'subdue' the Consul - to do so by initiating the realization of her fantasy.

She has already suggested that she and Hugh were "in some grotesque fashion transposed"; the cowboy costume he still wears is a continuous reminder of his significance for her, and indeed of those dislocations of the functions of womanhood that persist still in the image of 'Yvonne the Terrible' that she carries within her. Hugh rides his bull, subdues it, but this achievement does not threaten her, for it is no more than a parody of ego-conscious control of dangerous unconscious forces. Indeed, it may even reassure her that those forces are, essentially, as un-threatening as this bull, whose fury so easily dissolves and whose defeat is inevitable. Just so, one imagines, did 'Yvonne the Terrible' confront and triumph over the cardboard and string perils of her studio life - triumphs as artificial as the dislocation of womanhood to which Hollywood so substantially contributed was real. Hugh's attempt, far from suggesting to her the extreme difficulties inherent in transforming the Consul into a bowdlerized version of himself and her father, actively encourages her to make that attempt. It seems to easy; as from her paradisaal home all real dangers and difficulties are conveniently removed, so Hugh most confortingly subdues his bull with dreamlike invulnerability:

And somehow one had little anxiety watching him. One trusted him implicitly in this situation, just as one trusted in a trick diver, a tightrope walker, a steeple-jack ... (277).

Ostensibly, the Consul's 'surrender' to Yvonne here (277-279) is paralleled and thereby described in terms of the bull's surrender to

Hugh, and Yvonne's triumph is as transient and superficial as Hugh's. The parallel is apparently strongest in the collapse and humiliation of the bull and of the Consul - a passage of dialogue in which the Consul, pale, sweating, and trembling, tries to resist Yvonne, then seemingly helpless submits, is followed by a description of the bull's short-lived resistance and capitulation: "Hugh rode the tiring bull round and round the ring" (278-279). The Consul, after four vehement refusals (278), has said "wearily":

Why not. Let's for Jesus Christ's sweet sake get away. A thousand, a million miles away, Yvonne, anywhere, so long as it's away ... Away from all this. Christ, from this. (278).

Briefly, for Yvonne, the husband-father is child again - a contrite and submissive child who can be carried with her "leaning his damp head against her hair like a child" (278), into

a wild sky full of stars at rising, and Venus and the golden moon at sunrise, and at noon blue mountains with snow and blue cold rough water ... (279).

But this hastily rapturous vision is almost the last spasm of her fragmenting fantasy, for Yvonne has already become confronted not only by the sun, as threatening symbol of forces excluded from the fantasy, but also "abruptly" by the "black clouds ... ominous darkness" and "thunder ... in the mountains"; and now:

It ran in Yvonne's mind that all at once they were talking - agreeing hastily - like prisoners who do not have much time to talk ...

The hastiness of the brief vision of stars, Venus, moon, sunrise, is now explained, as is its brevity; those forces which seemed to slumber while she constructed detail after detail of her conflictless paradise encroach once more, and she hastens again to deny their implications:

This isn't just escaping, I mean, let's start again really, Geoffrey, really and cleanly somewhere. It could be like a rebirth.

Yes. Yes, it could ...

Below them, the bull's horns again involved the fence ...

Oh, Geoffrey. We could be happy, we could -

Yes ... We could.

- and far across the water, the little house, waiting - (279).

But what prospect is there - however remote - of the Consul and Yvonne, as they are shown to be, achieving such a "rebirth", "really, ... really and cleanly"? That "cleanly" suggests a cutting off, or cutting free, of all dark and "dirty" aspects of themselves and their relationship, as though the shadow could be dumped like shameful and unwanted baggage in Mexico while they fly to "simplicity and love" in British Columbia. As the Consul has written to her in the letter, discovered by Laruelle, that he never sent (Chapter One):

... the name of this land is hell. It is not Mexico of course but in the heart ... (42).

Yvonne cannot recognize that escape is ultimately impossible, that while attempts to escape may bring transitory relief the name of the land they inhabit wherever they are is "hell", and must remain so unless and until they enter into, confront, and transform it from within.

Although Yvonne struggles still to sustain her foundation-less hopes for a life with Geoffrey of "love and simplicity", she does so now under increasing stress - and the more she insists and protests, the weaker her conviction grows ("We could be happy, we could ..."), until only a tiny fragment of the fantasy survives:

... and far across the water, the little house, waiting ...

The bull revives, tussles with Hugh, then subsides finally: "played out, (it) was lying in the dust again" (280). But the Consul is breaking free from the ropes that Yvonne has would weakly yet with increasing desperation around him:

The Consul stood up unsteadily. He was drinking from the habernero bottle, drinking, till he almost finished it ...

'Geoffrey -' Yvonne began hurriedly, 'I don't expect you to - I mean - I know it's going to be -'

But the Consul was finishing the habernero ... (280).

The fantasy has crumbled, even as Yvonne tries much too belatedly to adjust it to the psychological realities: 'I don't expect you to ...' What, Stop drinking, stop immediately, completely, gradually, ever? 'Make love to me?' 'I know it's going to be ...' What? Difficult? But the fantasy was constructed upon the principle of total exclusion of any such considerations; even as little psychological reality as she here permits is fatal to it.

Yet still she clings to it. Below them as they descend into Tomalin that "pure and untrammelled ... blue and peaceful lake", that was her initial symbol of "love and simplicity" from which the fantasy developed, becomes "another little silver lake glittering cool, fresh and inviting before them", but now the Consul has recovered sufficiently to shatter this illusion as, habernero-gulping, he contributes to the final disintegration of the fantasy: "Unfortunately it turned out to be sunlight blazing on myriads of broken bottles" (280-281).<sup>2</sup>

Still she persists, only to find her persistence punished by the emergence of a most devastating symbol of "disaster, capitulation, disintegration" (261). First she struggles, even now, to revive the fantasy:

But their house ... their home was real: Yvonne saw it at sunrise, in the long afternoons ... at nightfall ... she saw it from above ... she saw it from the beach rising above her ...

It then begins to recede, rapidly:

... and she saw it tiny in the distance, a haven and a beacon against the trees, from the sea ...

She attempts to reassure herself that:

It was only that the little boat of their conversation had been moored precariously; she could hear it banging against the rocks; later she would drag it up farther, where it was safe ...

Still she is struggling not to recognize that those rocks are inescapable, that the "little boat" itself is and can be constructed only out of radically faulty materials, and that wherever she 'drags' it she must of necessity drag rocks and faults with it also. At last her "circulation" round this vicious circle of escapist fantasy (whose very success increased its danger of collapse) ends. Right into the centre of her consciousness ("right in the centre of her brain") is forced a powerful symbol of what she has struggled so persistently to exclude:

... a figure of a woman having hysterics, jerking like a puppet and banging her fists upon the ground ... (281).

Thus the shadow is finally able to declare its presence, and when

Their shadows crawled before them in the dust, slid down the white thirsty walls of houses, were caught violently for a moment in an elliptical shade, the turning wrenched wheel of a boy's bicycle ... (281).

then the collapse of the fantasy is completed - in the transformation not of darkness into "pure and untrammelled light", but of the wheel of light ("reflections of sunlight ... of moonlight on water ... sliding, sliding" (271)) into a wheel of darkness:

The spoked shadow of the wheel, enormous, insolent, swept away ... (281).

A final image completes this chapter, of

... an old lame Indian ... carrying on his back, by means of a strap looped over his forehead, another poor Indian, yet older and more decrepit than himself ... trembling in every limb under this weight of the past, he carried both their burdens (281).

All three observers bear these burdens. At the Arena Tomalin, it is the nature of Yvonne's burden and of her attempts to shed it that have been demonstrated. It is a burden that, theoretically, could be shed - but only at great cost and with great courage, courage to confront the shadow, and then to approach and recognize the animus. The limitations

of Yvonne's capacity to shed this burden, other than most self-deceivingly by attempting to pretend that it can simply be left by the wayside, are painfully exposed throughout her visit to that microcosm of "circulation" to "capitulation and disintegration", the bull-ring at Tomalin.



## CHAPTER TWELVE : YVONNE - THE FOREST OF SYMBOLS

### (i) The Forest of Symbols

In the penultimate chapter of Under the Volcano, Yvonne and Hugh belatedly pursue the Consul through the forest towards Parian. Faced with a choice of two paths, they take the left-hand path, which leads them to two cantinas before it again rejoins the other path to Parian. At neither cantina is the Consul to be found. Once the direct path to Parian has been regained, Yvonne becomes separated from Hugh in the darkness at the breaking of a storm that has been threatening throughout this final journey. She begins to climb a ladder over a huge log blocking the path, hears the terrifying approach of a large animal running wild, slips, falls, and is trampled to death by a horse - the 'number seven' horse released by the Consul.

Typically, the chapter is crowded with symbols - what Yvonne here passes into, though not through, is indeed a "forest of symbols", and these symbols demonstrate and reveal the accelerating collapse of Yvonne's defences against them. They illustrate and dramatize the abdication by her ego-consciousness of controls over and defences against symbols from the unconscious that it has determinedly attempted to maintain throughout her adult life. As those defences are abandoned, so her vulnerability to the unleashed powers of the unconscious rapidly increases.

I demonstrated in the previous section (discussing Chapter Nine) that Yvonne's ego is shown to lack other than spasmodic and fragmentary

"critical approach(es) to the unconscious". In this case, writes Jung, "it is easily overpowered and becomes identical with the contents that have been assimilated" (An 23). It is this - for Yvonne final - process, the engulfment by unconscious forces that are all the more terrible and hostile for having been neglected and denied, that I shall concern myself with here.

The forest that she and Hugh enter - seen, basically, through Yvonne's eyes - is very different from that described as decoratively embellishing the little home by the sea in her Northern Paradise fantasy:

The jungle closed over them and the volcanoes were blotted out. Yet it was still not dark. From the stream racing along beside them a radiance was cast. Big yellow flowers, resembling chrysanthemums, shining like stars through the gloom, grew on either side of the water. Wild *tourgainvillea*, brick-red in the half-light, occasionally a bush with white handbells, tongue downward, started out at them, every little while a notice nailed to a tree, a whittled, weather-beaten arrow pointing, with the words hardly visible: a la Cascada ... (317-318).

Here, insistence on prettiness and harmony is not the exclusive concern, far from it. No longer is Yvonne able to select from nature decorative furniture for an escapist dream of paradise. Those very elements that were excluded from her fantasy - essentially those that could embody conflict and hostility, and both destruction and creativity - surround and crowd in upon her now with redoubled force. This is such a forest as Silberer's Wanderer passes through, and such as Jung describes from the 'big' dreams of his patients;<sup>1</sup> in this chapter, Yvonne moves, ever more deeply, into the realm of the unconscious where every symbol unveils its numinous power.

Now the garden-forest of her fantasy has become a jungle. The would-be refuge of her "little house" amid its protective trees and flowers and lit with romantic reassurance by bright moonlight, or "dappled with misty light" (272), disappears, to be replaced first by the cantina El Petate, which has "lighted windows friendly against the twilight". But

Yvonne does not enter, remaining outside in "the smashing din" of the cascada, and she moves on to another temporary sanctuary, the "desolate" Hotel-Restaurant El Popo, with its sham cloisters and ruined garden, before, finally, the "little house" reappears again only to be engulfed by flames.

Similarly, as the forest becomes an enclosing jungle, the light, no longer bright or romantically misty, emanates mysteriously from the flowers of the jungle, from the stream, or ambiguously from sun or moon or both, as they are confusingly and intermittently seen through the forest roof. The flowers - no longer simply and reassuringly identifiable (as "Daffodils, snowdrops", etc) - have assumed a mysterious potency of their own. "Big yellow flowers" which resemble chrysanthemums and shine like stars through the gloom, cannot certainly be identified; even those that can, "white handbells", protrude their tongues like gargoyles, no longer decoratively passive but "starting out" at then, like Goethe's church-bell with its "giant protruding tongue" (79).

The waters in Yvonne's fantasy lapped comfortably at the foundations of the house, or, at worst, could be heard from within the security of the house, "beating along the shore on stormy autumn nights" (271) emphasising that security. Now, not only does the "racing" stream emanate its disturbing radiance, it leads them also through scenes of threateningly uncontrolled vegetable fertility, towards the "smashing din" of the cascada:

The sound of the falls behind was now lost in that of the cascade ahead. The air was full of spray and moisture. But for the tumult one might almost have heard things growing as the torrent rushed through the wet heavy foliage that sprang up everywhere around them from the alluvial soil ... (318);

and as they reach the 'El Petate':

Towards it (the approaching falls) the torrent raced furiously, fed from above, where, down the left bank, transformed abruptly into a great wall of vegetation, water was spouting into the

stream through thickets festooned with convulvuli on a higher level than the topmost trees of the jungle. And it was as though one's spirit too were being swept on by a swift current with the uprooted trees and smashed bushes in debacle towards that final drop ... (319).

It is indeed as though Yvonne's "spirit" is being swept on, in helpless terror and confusion, towards "that final drop"; and her sense of forces now quite beyond her control is emphasised by words that convey the power of such forces when released, or broken free from, conscious control. The verbs are direct and urgent (rushed, sprang up, raced, spouting, swept on), and her sense of being not only "swept on", but also entangled (as in a forest of briars) is emphasised by the "wet heavy foliage" that springs up all around them, and by those "thickets festooned with convulvuli" through which the rushing torrent spouts.

A little later, as they approach the 'El Popo', the menace inherent in the forest's vegetation - its opposition to her conscious purpose - is epitomized:

The path growing steeper inclined still further to their right and began to twist through scattered sentinels of trees, tall and lone, and enormous cactus, whose writhing innumerable spined hands, as the path turned, blocked the view on every side ... (324).

And when they leave the 'El Popo':

They turned into the path. Hugh, with his torch, projected a phantom target, expanding, becoming enormous, and that swerved and transparently tangled with the cactus. The path narrowed and they walked, Hugh behind, in single file, the luminous target sliding before them in sweeping concentric ellipticities, across which her own wrong shadow leaped, or the shadow of a giantess - The candelabras appeared salt grey where the flashlight caught them, too stiff and fleshy to be bending with the wind, in a slow multitudinous heaving, an inhuman cackling of scales and spines ... (332).

This vegetation has now assumed for her monstrous humanoid and theriomorphic characteristics; it has "spined hands" that are also fleshy and emit an "inhuman cackling"; and towards it, entirely uncontrolled by ego-consciousness, leaps "her own wrong shadow ... or the shadow of a

giantess" - the shadow-self she so fears and represses leaps to meet an image of itself, "writhing" and "cackling".

These descriptions have many of the elements of nightmare, and of fairy stories in which the protagonist finds him or herself lost and seemingly helpless in a forest bewitched by an evil enchanter.

It is on such occasions as these that there appears some source of potential aid or advice - a dwarf, old man or woman, an animal or bird.<sup>2</sup> Yvonne finds herself in such a forest and there encounters such symbols, vegetable and animal (cactus, old woman, caged birds, and finally the horse). But the 'enchanter's' power over her is already too great to be opposed, and she is able, with the ironic and pathetic exception of the eagle she releases from its cage, to confront the symbols only with horror and despair. It is this - fear and despair - that leaps towards the symbols it encounters, transforming the lush vegetation of a rain forest into symbols of the monstrous power of unconscious forces.

Why should fertility, the gross, rank, heavy fertility of the vegetation, so oppress her? In the previous chapter (Ten), the Consul has brutally and bitterly accused her of wanting to be sterile. Jung argues that sexual fears and inadequacies may often be evidence not merely of fear of sexuality, but of fear of life - fear of change and development of the personality. In such instances, the sexual symbolism is a 'facon de parler' for psychic dislocations that run deeper than yet include the sexual (ST 8, 10). If this is so in Yvonne's case, then the "extravagant fructification" which engulfs her in the jungle demonstrates the very consequences of fertility sexual and psychological, that she fears. If only the "little garden" of her soul could blossom neatly and prettily, and entirely under the control of sex-less harmony and love! Unconsciously she knows better than this, yet by clinging to that "little garden" in all its spuriousness, she forces her unconscious to present the repressed material in monstrously threatening form:

"Rotting vegetation lay about them, and there was a smell of decay; the barranca couldn't be far off" (322). There is no barranca in Yvonne's northern paradise, yet without it how can fertilization take place?

Approaching the 'El Popo' through the now dwindling forest,  
Yvonne sees:

Far away to the south-east the low leaning horn of the moon, their pale companion of the morning ... (it) was setting finally, and she watched it - the dead child of earth! - with a strange hungry supplication - The Sea of Fecundity ... stood there, in the midst of cataclysm, beyond our knowledge - The moon had gone. A hot gust of wind blew in their faces and lightning blazed white and jagged in the north-east; thunder spoke, economically, a poised avalanche ... (323-324).

The moon has been "their pale companion of the morning" during their horse-ride in the environs of Quahuaruac (Chapter Four); even then its appearance was uncertain and intermittent. Then, Hugh indicated its 'connection' with Yvonne: "'There's your moon for you still', he pointed it out again, a fragment blown out of the night by a cosmic storm ..." (128). The moon that appears on these occasions is not the bright clear reassuring source of light that reflects itself "a million times" so prettily in the "salmonberries and thimbleberries" of Yvonne's fantasy. Always, it is pale, remote, "a fragment", waning, "setting finally". As a traditional symbol of female fertility, this moon - like earth and sky, like mountains and barranca - directly corresponds to Yvonne's attitudes to sexuality and fertility. She has said earlier:

'Weren't those wonderful names ... the old astronomers gave the places on the moon?'

'The Marsh of Corruption. That's the only one I can remember'.

'Sea of Darkness ... Sea of Tranquillity ...' (128).

Corruption, fecundity, darkness, tranquillity - all of these 'conditions' are inherent in the symbol, but for Yvonne it is the corruption that she associates with fecundity that predominates, as does a darkness that destructively obliterates all faint and fading hope of tranquillity.

(ii) Ixta, Popo, and the Old Woman from Tarasco

Throughout the novel, the twin volcanoes, Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl, have appeared, disappeared, reappeared - symbols of hope and despair, of aspiration and of the hopelessness of aspiration, of the promise and of the impossibility of wholeness, and symbols also of the ever-present possibility of the eruption of unconscious forces. Jung points out that the mountain, the place of ascent, is where the vision may be seen, where the messages from the deepest psychic sources may be released and received. The volcano embodies this possibility, yet with it, even more strikingly, it symbolises the dangers of such an ascent and the potentially devastating consequences of seeking the sources of such power.

Soon after their arrival at the Arena Tomalin (Chapter Nine),

Yvonne straightened her back, pulled down her hat, and began to powder her nose, peering into the traitorous mirror of the bright enamel compact. It reminded her that only five minutes ago she had been crying and imaged too, nearer, looking over her shoulder, Popocatepetl.

The volcanoes! How sentimental one could become about them! It was 'volcano' now; however she moved the mirror she couldn't get poor Ixta in; who, quite eclipsed, fell away sharply into invisibility, while Popocatepetl seemed even more beautiful for being reflected, its summit brilliant against pitch-massed cloud banks. Yvonne ran one finger down her cheek, drew down an eyelid ... (257-258).

Yvonne's mirror is traitorous because it reveals as well as conceals. She uses it in order to restore to her persona (undermined and threatened by her response to the incident of the dying Indian in the previous chapter) a reassuringly "bright enamel" surface. Yet it also images Popocatepetl, whose immediate threat - and challenge - she at once tries to evade, firstly by thoughts of sentimentalizing the symbol, and

secondly by trying to adjust the picture so that both Popo (male) and Ixta (female) can be seen to 'beautifully' co-exist, as do the Consul and herself in the fantasy-paradise that she is about to fabricate. But she finds that she cannot achieve a reassuring pairing of the two volcanoes, and although a degree of sentimentalization is infiltrated into the image ("poor Ixta"), Ixta is, nevertheless, quite eclipsed, and Popo remains, a brilliant and threatening image of the power of the animus, so dangerous in isolation from what has been excluded, Popo's brilliance is directly contrasted to vividly described "pitch-massed cloud banks", from which thunder and lightning are, very soon, to descend and destroy her in conjunction with the phallic and lightning-striking hooves of the 'number seven' horse.

Before Yvonne closes the mirror, she gives

her hair a final pat before the mirror, then blinked. Her eyes were tired and playing tricks. For a second she'd had the awful sensation that not Popocatepetl, but the old woman with the dominoes that morning, was looking over her shoulder. She closed the compact with a snap, and turned to the others smiling ... (258).

The old woman, like the volcanoes, appears and reappears to Yvonne's consciousness. Unlike the volcanoes, she is to Yvonne always a threatening symbol (in Chapter Two, and here again in Chapter Eleven). The figures who appear, strategically, to the hero in myth and legend are often of threatening and hideous aspect, and able to defeat as well as to aid him. If he is 'worthy' to survive the tests that they represent, he learns from them what is necessary for the successful continuation of his quest. Each time this old woman appears (mysteriously, in or as in hallucination), Yvonne fails the test. This equivalent of Jung's "Wise Old Man" bears, for Yvonne, only the intolerable threat of knowledge unacceptable to her dislocated consciousness; the "awful sensation" that she experiences here merely repeats - in no way develops from - her earlier response to this symbol. Now, she imagines the Consul asking



her, "unless you drink as I do, can you hope to understand the beauty of an old woman from Tarasco ..." (55).

Whatever else the Consul's drinking does to him, it enables him to "understand" this. For Yvonne there is no such access to understanding, and the old woman has the force for her only of "an evil omen" - an omen of dangers forever lurking under the Volcano, evil because feared, and resisted, always, because that fear cannot be confronted. Swiftly, therefore, she must be shut out of consciousness: "She closed the compact with a snap, and turned to the others smiling ..."

Both volcanoes and old woman return, as the forest of ignored, suppressed and evaded symbols closes round Yvonne in Chapter Eleven. Yvonne's father had "even attempted to harness the volcano behind their estate to run a hemp machine" (260); for Yvonne, no such attempt, however absurd and futile, is possible. Yet, at literally the eleventh hour, the two volcanoes, Popo and Ixta, appear to her together, although they do so ambiguously and un-reassuringly:

Before them Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl continued to dominate the north-east, the Sleeping Woman now perhaps the more beautiful of the two, with jagged angles of blood-red snow on its summit, fading as they watched, whipped with darker rock shadows, the summit itself seeming suspended in mid-air, floating among the curdling ever mounting black clouds.

Chimborazo, Popocatepetl - so ran the poem the Consul liked - had stolen his heart away! But in the tragic Indian legend Popocatepetl himself was strangely the dreamer: the fires of his warrior's love, never extinct in the poet's heart, burned eternally for Ixtaccihuatl, whom he had no sooner found than lost, and whom he guarded in her endless sleep ... (318-319).

Ixta thrusts its vivid yet evanescent symbols into the forefront of Yvonne's consciousness - symbols of that agonizing crucifixion of ego-consciousness that she cannot undertake, symbols not only of the dislocation of womanhood that she has suffered but also of the pain of dismemberment of the personality that she so radically fears. Her abiding terror of such a 'crucifixion' is conveyed most convincingly by the

phrase "jagged angles of blood-red snow". Compare the process in which Silberer's Wanderer confronts, grapples with, and overcomes his lion, separating white bones and red blood delicately, with fear, courage and wonderment. Yvonne cannot confront her 'lion'; it confronts, and ultimately destroys her; those jagged angles are strongly suggestive of a body not delicately dismembered but smashed and broken, its blood flooding the exposed whiteness of flesh and bone. This strength comes primarily from "jagged" which emphasises in "angles" (the repeated g's and a's) a rough and broken angularity, rather than a mathematically smooth and precise diagrammatisation of shapes. The impression of rocky sharpness, so distinctly visualised, is impressively combined with a sense of evanescence and unreality: thus the "jagged angles", sharply vivid, are nevertheless "fading as they watched", yet are - again with vivid energy - seen to be "whipped with darker rock shadows", only for the summit "itself seeming suspended in mid-air" to be "floating among curdling ever-mounting black clouds", in which the summit, briefly static, is yet the centre-point of a continuous process of movement and change, a process conveyed and enacted by a series of present-continuous verbs and adverbs: seeming, floating, curdling, mounting. The volcano is thus seen both with vivid immediacy and as undergoing a massive and complex process of continuous change.

In the face of this vision of the powers that have accumulated to overwhelm her, Yvonne is able only to turn to a dubiously comforting concept of eternal yet tragically hopeless love, in which Popo and Ixta are together yet Ixta has been "no sooner found than lost" and is eternally withdrawn into "endless sleep ..." - reassuring at least in its implications of powers forever dormant and safeguarded from any possibility of reawakening.

The futility, for Yvonne, of seeking now even such dubious reassurance as this soon becomes evident. For her, the conflict can no

longer be concealed or 'put to sleep':

... the sight that met their eyes as they emerged on the road was terrifying. The massed black clouds were still mounting the twilight sky. High above them ... snowstorms drove along the summit of Ixtaccihuatl, obscuring it, while its mass was shrouded by cumulus. But the whole precipitous bulk of Popocatepetl seemed to be coming towards them, travelling with the clouds, leaning forward over the valley, on whose side, thrown into relief by the curious melancholy light, shone one little rebellious hilltop with a tiny cemetery cut into it ... (324).

Now it is Ixta which is again obscured, and Popo which thrusts itself massively "towards them", as though the unconscious forces whose emergence so terrifies Yvonne have resolved the struggle between themselves for possession and destruction of her personality. Again, Lowry is able to demonstrate both the massive bulk and solidity of the volcano and the overwhelming sense that this massive structure is moving to overwhelm her. He does so again by the use of verbs of movement: coming, travelling, leaning ... All that here remains to offset the seemingly irresistible movement of these massive forces are "the candle-flames" at the cemetery, ironic symbols for Yvonne of a faith that can still glean undaunted in the face of such terror - of a selfhood that might, although so vulnerable, survive that terror undiminished.

### (iii) The Luminous Wheel of the Galaxy

Yvonne has previously shown some brief understanding of the causes of her dislocation of the "functions of womanhood" - now overwhelmed by a flood of "feeling-value" symbols from the unconscious. This severely restricted understanding has a correspondence in her knowledge of the stars - of their names, groups, positions, of their rising and setting. For her, this knowledge provides a system of order; of the ordered and regulated interaction of the parts of a whole, and she turns to it now

(as, it is implied, often before) to seek reassurance and compensation for the dis-order of her psyche. From the contemplation of the harmony of the spheres, the disharmony of her psyche can for a time at least be excluded. So she struggles to get her familiar bearings and to comprehend, in spite of the active and massive hostility of nature and the elements, an all-embracing universal order.

At first, those once familiar stars appear "strange" in the Mexican sky, their message is only of their remoteness and of her isolation. But very quickly she finds means to console herself: "When had not she, Yvonne, come home?" The forced, inverted syntax enacts the effort required to replace dangerous questions (Why? ... From what home?) with this, which attempts to insist that "home" does and will exist for her and that she 'always' has and will return to it. Now the stars can "by their very being (console) her". Yet, such is the way with symbols, even when the primary aim of consciousness is to use them for reassurance and escapism, that the vision of stellar and galactic activity that follows very soon develops and accumulates a power and meaning far more profound and numinous than its faltering and evasive beginnings might suggest:

Scorpio setting ... Sagittarius, Capricornus; ah, there, here they were, after all, in their right places, their configurations all at once right, recognized, their pure geometry scintillating, flawless ... And tonight as five thousand years ago they would rise and set ... Tonight, as ages hence, people would say this, or shut their doors on them, turn in bereaved agony from them, or towards them with love saying: 'That is our star up there, yours and mine'; steer by them above the clouds or lost at sea ... watch them, suddenly, careen, put their faith or lack of it in them; train, in a thousand observatories, feeble telescopes upon them, across whose lenses swam mysterious swarms of stars and clouds of dead dark stars, catastrophes of exploding suns, or giant Antares raging to its end - a smouldering ember yet five hundred times greater than the earth's sun. And the earth itself still turning on its axis and revolving around that sun, the sun revolving around the luminous wheel of this galaxy, the countless unmeasured jewelled wheels of countless unmeasured galaxies turning, turning, majestically, into infinity,

into eternity, through all of which life ran on - all this, long after she herself was dead, men would still be reading in the night sky, and as the earth turned through those distant seasons, and they watched the constellations still rising, culminating, setting, to rise again ... would they not, too, still be asking the hopeless eternal questions: to what end? What force drives this sublime celestial machinery? Scorpio setting ... And rising, Yvonne thought, unseen behind the volcanoes ... and some would watch with a sense of fleeting, yet feeling their diamonded brightness gleam an instant on the soul, touching all within that in memory was sweet or noble or courageous or proud, as high overhead appeared, flying softly like a flock of birds towards Orion, the beneficent Pleiades ... (322-323).

For an instant, the "diamonded brightness" is felt to gleam upon Yvonne's soul - what she achieves here, transiently yet convincingly, is a vision of wholeness. It is achieved out of and in spite of the acceleration of her sense of personal "disaster, capitulation, disintegration" (261). It is a tragic achievement, however, in that although the vision is seen, created, by Yvonne, out of chaos, and is still threatened by chaos and doubt, it remains remote from her, distanced in space: a vision of a celestial order that she is unable to understand, and unable to translate successfully into personal psychological terms. Whenever she attempts to do this - to relate the ordered movement of this "sublime celestial machinery" to humanity, to herself - the quality of language softens and weakens.

Thus when the "configurations" of stars have sprung into place, the phrase "their pure geometry, scintillating, flawless" convinces us as a description of a perfect, abstract yet vividly visualised cosmic order. The word "scintillating" is vital to this effect, imparting its life to abstract geometry, as "pure geometry" gives order to the brilliance. A list of "configurations" follows, and then her first attempt to interpret or at least seek their significance for humanity. This includes firstly slight but weakening suggestions of the melodrama and sentimentality so characteristic of her earlier attempts to evade symbols of transformation - the "hereaved agony" of those who turn away

from the stars, and the simplistic romanticism of those who turn "towards them with love saying 'That is our star, yours and mine'" - a phrase that would have been entirely in place in the false bright prettiness of Yvonne's northern paradise. Yet these stars in their configurations do not long remain simply, statically and reassuringly "in their right places ... all at once right, recognized". They undergo rapid transformation, as though in reaction to the brief attempt to sentimentalize them, into images as mutable and as threateningly mobile as the massively solid, rock-rooted volcanoes are shown to be.

This transmutation is prepared for by the contrast between two verbs. The sailor can "steer" his ship by them when lost at sea, yet sees them then "suddenly ... careen". The relevant definition of 'careen' here is: to cause to "heel over" (to keel over, perhaps - "ult. f. L CARINA: Keel").<sup>3</sup> To steer one's ship by a 'careening' star would be hazardous indeed, yet this is perhaps what Yvonne is now attempting to do, and to "put (her) faith or lack of it in them". This oddly ambiguous phrase follows awkwardly after that awkward word "careen", whose clear implication of loss of control ("heel over"/career) is placed immediately before both faith and lack of it. Yvonne's faith is sufficient to enable her to achieve this vision; her lack of faith strong enough to ensure that it remains remote and unrealisable.

Across the lens of her "feeble" yet "supplicating" eyes (323), as "steer" gives way to "careen", and "faith" to lack of it,

swam mysterious swarms of stars and clouds of dead dark  
stars, catastrophes of exploding suns, or giant Antares  
raging to its end ... (etc)

- vast, awesome images of cosmic, and psychic, chaos and disintegration, whose terrible vitality emanates paradoxically from humble almost homely words (swam-swarms-clouds) as well as from words that insist more obviously upon the magnitude and terror of these occurrences (catastrophes-

exploding-giant-raging). The energetic simplicity of the verbs is compounded by collective nouns<sup>4</sup> which are given a verb-like strength of their own (swarms ... clouds of stars), as are the adjectives "exploding" and "smouldering". It is energy above all that emanates from this description, the fierce and terrible energy of never-ceasing destruction and creation in the universe, an energy which here symbolizes the turmoil of the individual psyche.

Then abruptly follows a superb description of the harmony of the spheres:

And the earth itself still turning on its axis and revolving around the sun, the sun revolving around the luminous wheel of this galaxy, the countless unmeasured jewelled wheels of countless unmeasured galaxies, turning, turning, majestically, into infinity, into eternity ...

Again "pure geometry, scintillating, flawless" is re-instated, and elaborated into this massive glittering edifice of "sublime celestial machinery". There is a strange gap here. From one sentence to the next, death, chaos, violent and furious disintegration, are replaced by a sustained image of cosmic coherence. How to relate the one to the other? This 'gap' in Yvonne's vision is crucial. Just as, on a very much more superficial level, she tries to penetrate her shadow-self (Yvonne Griffaton) then escapes into her fantasy-paradise, so here, more starkly and painfully, two groups of images stand in contrast to each other. If the nature of this "celestial machinery" is to be understood - not merely observed - by Yvonne, then the death, the 'rage' of the stars must be integrated with it, must be understood as a vital creative process inseparable from (rather than in contrast to) that remote, luminous, majestic, eternal revolving of the interlocking wheels of the cosmos.

Inevitably the superb jewelled edifice cannot in itself sustain her and her vision breaks down into uncertainty and doubt: "What force

drives this sublime celestial machinery ... to what end?" She cannot answer these questions, and the "diamonded brightness" that has for an instant gleamed on her soul dissolves into "all that was sweet or noble or courageous or proud" - a mixed catalogue of vague and dubious virtues, that seem intended to suggest a simple goodness divorced from evil, as the "dead dark stars" are excluded from the glitteringly jewelled firmamental wheels-within-wheels, and which - in the single word "sweet" - sentimentalises and diminishes the majestic vision.

At the close of this passage, the mountains reappear, yet Yvonne hangs back from them in order to watch "with a strange hungry supplication" the moon, that "dead child of earth" whose significance is discussed above. The moon is swept away by wind, thunder and lightning, the view is blocked by the monstrous humanoid cactus, then when this is passed Popocatepetl thrusts precipitously towards them. Thus the moment of vision is dissolved and Yvonne is confronted with a series of symbols indicative of the causes of her inability to integrate chaos and harmony in her cosmic vision.

#### (iv) The Ruined Garden

According to Jung, both garden and church (or temple) are symbols of the self. In Appendix B, I quote Jung's descriptions of his 'Liverpool rose-garden', the crucial dream-symbol in his recognition of his need to seek wholeness. In Under the Volcano, ruined gardens, palaces, churches, temples, characterize the landscape, and here, in the final hour of her life, Yvonne too finds herself within a ruined garden, within a symbol of the condition of her soul:

The patio of the pub was a long rectangular garden overgrown with flowers and weeds. Verandas, half in darkness, and arched on their parapets, giving them the effect of cloisters, ran down either side. Bedrooms opened off the verandas.



The light from the restaurant picked out, here and there, a scarlet flower, a green shrub, with unnatural vividness. Two angry-looking macaws with bright ruffled plumage sat in iron rings between the arches ... (325-326).

Long past now is the briefly restored "mood of detachment" that Yvonne felt when consoled by the "very being" of the stars. At the El Petate, Yvonne had discovered and released a caged eagle; if birds are souls-symbols, then Yvonne's gesture is defiant yet hopeless. For here, within the symbol of her ruined selfhood, two more such birds sit enchained.<sup>4</sup> This pseudo-cloister is like the inner-garden of the Consul's Farolito:

... it struck him that some reckless murderous power was drawing him on, forcing him ... leading him irresistably out into the garden - lightning-filled at this moment, it reminded him queerly of his own house, and also of El Popo, where earlier he had thought of going, only this was the grimmer, the obverse of it - leading him through the open door into the darkening room, one of many giving on the patio ... (348).

El Popo's "garden" is the counterpart of that at the Farolito. As the Consul is drawn into a crucial surrender to Maria, through the lightning-filled enclosed garden of the Farolito (that reminds him "queerly of his own house"), so - simultaneously - Yvonne finds herself on the edge of "capitulation, disintegration" in the cloistered garden of the El Popo. Both are now directly under the volcano.

In Jung's description of his rose-garden, there stands on an island in a park at the centre of a concentrically-designed city, a mysteriously illuminated red flower. The experience he describes is mysterious, terrifying, yet intensely joyous - a vision of the nature and possibility of selfhood (see Appendix B). For Yvonne, in her garden, the images are not of creative significance for the development of her personality, but of an abandonment of order and of the hostility of symbols in the neglected garden of the self. A combination of darkness and strange light is common to both Jung's dream and Yvonne's semi-

hallucination, but for Yvonne - as by the stream in the forest - the flowers and shrubs of this garden, scarlet and green, shine in scattered disorder with "unnatural vividness". And as these forces then intensify their hostility, Yvonne capitulates, briefly but crucially - for it is following this moment of futile withdrawal from the terrifying pressure of these symbols, that she seeks in mescal a final means of surrender to them. First, in the El Popo garden:

Lightning, flickering, fired the windows a moment; wind crepitated the leaves and subsided, leaving a hot void in which the trees thrashed chaotically. Yvonne leaned against an arch and took off her hat; one of the cockatoos screeched and she pressed the palms of her hands against her ears, pressing them harder as the thunder started again, holding them there with her eyes shut absently until it stopped ... (326).

It is evident from this passage what Yvonne will seek in mescal is not a means of finding herself but of losing herself - the flicker of lightning now so terrifies her, together with the screech of the enchained bird, the thrashing of the trees, the sound of thunder, that - taking off her hat, that symbol of her "poised exciting woman" persona so carefully arranged earlier to frame her bravely "smiling" face (257-258) - she tries like a desperate child to deny the existence of these sounds by physically shutting them out.

Hugh breaks in upon her at this point, bringing beer, and then (at her suggestion) mescal: "Mescal, por favor," Yvonne repeated" (326). And almost at once the effect of the mescal declares itself in images of hysterical self-abandonment and conflagration.

The collapse of Yvonne's paradise-fantasy in Chapter Nine had forced "right in the centre of her brain ... a figure of a woman having hysterics, jerking like a puppet and banging her fists upon the ground, ..." (281); and the false "complete detachment" (320) which she believed she had achieved on entering the forest has already broken down when, at the El Petate:

She became conscious she was laughing unnaturally to herself; at the same time she felt, crazily, as if something within her were smouldering, had taken fire, as if her whole being at any moment were going to explode ... (320).

From this, although engulfed by a "sense of black conspiracy" among elements, vegetation, mountains (320-321), Yvonne nevertheless has struggled against complete capitulation, and has found herself able to release the caged eagle.<sup>5</sup>

Now, however, she attempts not to release the chained birds at El Popo but to close them (and all that "black conspiracy") out of sight and hearing, and turns then for escape to the Consul's mescal, only to find that by this means she has released again to combine even more potently against her symbols of a psyche abandoned to chaos and conflagration:

... something within her was smouldering, was on fire: and once more, too, in her brain a picture shaped of a woman ceaselessly beating her fists on the ground ... (327).

Evident in the recurrently insistent emergence "right in the centre of her brain" of this shadow symbol, is the absence of any conscious control. The symbol thrusts itself up entirely without conscious aid or preparation: "All at once she became conscious she was laughing unnaturally to herself, something within her was smouldering ..." (my italics).

Her attempts to understand these symbols - which immediately follow - are "crazy thoughts ... without form or logic" (327); or, rather, such 'form' and 'logic' as they have cannot be comprehended by one whose response to symbols of the unconscious is essentially fearful and evasive. Indeed, her interpretation at first attempts to separate the symbols from "herself":

But no, it was not herself that was on fire. It was the house of her spirit. It was her dream. It was the farm. It was Orion, the Pleiades, it was their house by the sea ... (327).

Her dream, the farm, the house by the sea - all are aspects of her

northern-paradise fantasy, of escape from those aspects of herself (to say nothing of the Consul!) which cannot and will not simply be wished away. This is "the house of her spirit" only in a wishful sense: the bower in the forest by the sea, this is what she still, and even more desperately now, wishes "the house of her spirit" to be. But she has already seen and refused to recognize what "the house of her spirit" truly is - the ruined garden of El Popo.

The fire that blazes in "the house of her spirit" is then, though only temporarily, doused, "overwhelmed by a sudden wave ... of desperate love and tenderness for the Consul" (387). But this love for the Consul is not based upon any understanding of her animus, of the 'man' within; it is based upon her essential dependence on and enslavement by an animus that has acted throughout her life, and acts now, as the cause of her fundamental psychic dislocations - a love for her own "worse weakness".

No se puede vivir sin amor is among the novel's most prominent refrains - it is not possible to live without love. But what Yvonne loves in the Consul is the projection of her own "worst weakness", and it is this that she desperately seeks now, as the wave of "love" bears on its abortive crest a final cluster of images of an unthreatened paradise, "bright" and "clear", "beautiful, strong, clean", only for this dream to collapse at once as, "crouching" and "blurred and remote" in speech, she orders more mescal and stares "with alcoholic deliberation" and incomprehension at a menu bearing an elaboration of pictorial symbols.

The menu at El Popo bears

a design like a small wheel round the inside of which was written 'Loteria Nacional Para La Beneficencia Publica', making another circular frame, within which appeared a sort of trade or hallmark representing a happy mother caressing her child.

The whole left side of the menu was taken up by a full-length lithographic portrait of a smiling young woman surmounted by the announcement that Hotel y Restaurant El Popo se observa la mas estricta moralidad ... Yvonne studied this woman: she was buxom and dowdy, with a quasi-American coiffure, and she was wearing a long confetti-coloured print dress: with one hand she beckoned roguishly, while with the other she held up a block of ten lottery tickets, on each of which a cowgirl was riding a bucking horse and (as if these ten minute figures were Yvonne's own reduplicated and half-forgotten selves waving good-bye to herself) waving her hand (330).

Several aspects of the dislocation of "the function of womanhood" in Yvonne appear here. That they have significance for her is indicated by the deliberation with which she studies them. That their significance is not understood by her is also evident, for although she sees "reduplicated and half-forgotten" images of herself in the cowgirl, they are for her simply images of a vanishing former self. Nothing, it seems, can now be learnt from this juxtaposition of her precocious adolescent self and "a bucking horse", or from that image of a fulfilled and benevolent motherhood of which she has both been deprived and proved incapable. Nor, it seems, is she able to recognize in the paradoxically sexually illicit invitation of the "smiling young woman" (with her roguish beckoning of the observer into the cloistered bedrooms of this 'strictly moral' hotel and her travesty of a bridal dress) any correspondence to her own repressed fascination with and terror of the self-surrender that is symbolised for her by the sexual act.

Just as the El Popo garden has its "counterpart" in the inner garden of the Farolito, so the El Popo menu has its obverse side, upon which, among "stained, defaced and ... scratchy drawings" of archetypal symbols, appears another symbol - of the nature and condition of her animus projection: a poem "of a wavering and collapsed design" by the Consul. It is a poem which obscurely and clumsily expresses both the need for and the futility of escape - a bitter reminder to Yvonne of the futility of her attempts to escape from her own "worst enemy" which she

almost, briefly, recognizes: "Who once fled north, she thought ..."  
(331).

Amid lightning, thunder, and beneath "Piling black clouds (which) swallowed the stars to the north and east", Yvonne begins the final stage of her journey, with Hugh. They pass, first:

a ruined Grecian temple, dim, with two tall slender pillars, approached by two broad steps ... (331).

This typical symbol of beauty ordered and proportionate yet ruined, like the garden of Yvonne's potential selfhood, then characteristically disintegrates:

or there had been a moment this temple, with its exquisite beauty of pillars, and, perfect in balance and proportion, its broad expanse of steps, that became now two beams of windy light from the garage, falling across the road, and the pillars, two telegraph poles ... (331-332).

Even more fragile and evanescent than the gleam of "diamonded brightness" that the stars cast upon Yvonne's soul, this image evaporates almost as soon as it appears, in a stumbling breakdown of syntax, to be replaced by the much more vivid symbol of "her own wrong shadow" projecting itself onto the cactus, as she stumbles on through the "drunken" forest. Briefly, however, she is almost stopped in this hurried, incoherent progression to her final surrender, by:

for an instant, beckoning her on at the end of the path, the fixedly smiling woman with the lottery tickets ...  
(333).

Now, as she seeks - as so often before - to find the lost Consul, to find and spuriously secure her image of the 'man' within her, her shadow self appears before her, both warning her and luring her forward. "A sharp pistol-like report" signals the death of the Consul, and the final release of the neglected forces that he, as animus-projection, has protected her from. Dying, the Consul releases, to rampage through the forest, the number seven horse that will kill Yvonne. "A sad useless

arrow" points "back the way they'd come" - implying a choice of path and direction no longer open to Yvonne.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN : THE RIDERLESS HORSE

### (1) The Riderless Horse

Yvonne reaches and - now separated from Hugh - begins to climb a ladder mounted "against the near side ... (of) a huge moss-covered bole" that divides her path from "the very path she had decided against, which the Consul must have taken beyond Tomalin ..." (334).

She has reached the meeting point of the paths to Parian through the forest - the centre-point of her cross, and "had clambered up it almost before she realized she had lost Hugh's light ..." Now she is alone, in darkness, her fragile defences of consciousness, of her persona, disintegrated and abandoned:

All at once the rain fell more heavily. A wind like an express train swept through the forest; just ahead lightning struck through the trees with a savage tearing and a roar of thunder that shook the earth ... (334).

The chaotic yet purposeful and overwhelming power of unleashed forces is vividly conveyed, as is a kind of paralysis of will that the storm imposes on Yvonne (334-335). Like Joyce's Eveline, Yvonne, for a prolonged moment, can neither move forward nor retreat. When at last she becomes aware not only of danger but of the possibility of a response to that danger, she attempts too late to avoid it:

Yvonne, still balancing herself on the log, now perceived that something was menacingly wrong. In the slackening thunder something was approaching with a noise that was not rain. It was an animal of some sort, terrified by the storm, and whatever it might be - a deer, a horse,



unmistakably it had hooves - it was approaching at a dead run, stampeding, plunging through the undergrowth: and now as the lightning crashed again and the thunder subsided she heard a protracted neigh becoming a scream almost human in its panic. Yvonne was aware that her knees were trembling. Calling out to Hugh she tried to turn, in order to climb back down the ladder, but felt her footing on the log give way ... One foot doubled under her with a sharp pain as she fell ... (335).

According to Mircea Eliade, the ladder in primitive rites and myth is a symbol of transference from one plane of being to another - of ascent or descent.<sup>1</sup> Yvonne's ascent and precipitate descent, and the long moment of paralyzed balancing in between, marks her final transference from a state in which her ego-consciousness has gradually, then rapidly, surrendered control, to that in which the unconscious breaks through to take full possession of her psyche.

It does so in the symbolic form of a horse. The stampeding horse that appears here, at the meeting place of paths, could have been arrested, calmed, controlled, by a protagonist equipped to do so - as the specially armed and gifted heroes of myth and legend are equipped to 'harness' forces that would otherwise destroy them. Rider and horse, writes Jung, "form a centaur-like unit, like man and his shadow, i.e., a higher and lower man, ego-consciousness and shadow ..." (ST 437). In this context, Yvonne's conception of the figures on the lottery tickets as "her own reduplicated and half-forgotten selves waving goodbye to herself" take on an added significance. She is there bidding farewell to that spurious self described earlier as "Yvonne the Terrible" - the heroic but fraudulent ego-conscious controller of the "bucking horse" of her shadow-self.

Uncontrolled, the horse becomes an expression of "the unruliness of the emotions" (Jung, IP 85). It is, states Jung, a libido symbol - it symbolizes psychic energy which may or may not be subordinated to consciousness. In the context of his discussion of Miss Miller's fantasy (in Symbols of Transformation), "the hero and his horse seem to

symbolize the idea of man and the subordinate sphere of animal instinct ... " (275).

Subordinated - or, better still, integrated - into consciousness, the libido is a force for growth and creative energy; but when it emerges as an unrecognized and alien force in the consciousness, its effects will be devastating. Yvonne has throughout her life acted very much in the spirit of a Brazilian tribe described by Mircea Eliade, which imagines that the end of the world will be brought about by monsters - flying horses and monkeys hunting with flaming arrows. The tribe's portrayal of and quest for Paradise are

directly related to the fear of the impending catastrophe. (Their) migrations were set in motion by the desire and hope of reaching ... the sole place where one is safe from universal destruction ...

This, Eliade adds, the Nandevas call "'the land where one hides'" and also "the 'Land-without-Evil' ... the place where one does not fear - and its inhabitants know neither hunger nor sickness nor death" (The Quest, 105). A similar concept arises in Lowry's The Forest Path to the Spring, where the protagonist attempts to convince himself that he has both discovered and created a Paradise closely akin to Renan's 'Blessed Isle', where, similarly, death, pain, sickness, fear, etc. are excluded.<sup>2</sup>

Yvonne's portrayal of her Northern Paradise is similarly and directly related to her fear of "the impending catastrophe", to an escapist desire to reach "the sole place where one is safe from universal destruction" - the land where one hides. She cannot reach this place, and now the flying horse of her erupting libido is upon her:

The next moment, attempting to rise she saw, by a brilliant flash of lightning, the riderless horse. It was plunging sideways, not at her, and she saw every detail, the jangling saddle sliding from its back, even the number seven branded on its rump. Again trying to rise she heard herself scream as the animal turned towards her and upon her. The sky was a sheet of white flame against which the trees and the poised rearing horse were an instant pinioned ... (335).

That the context of Yvonne's experience, as demonstrated in Chapters Nine and Eleven, has prepared the reader for the irruption of this symbol here, I have demonstrated above. And it is crucial to the success of this climactic scene that it should not appear either bathetic or melodramatic - as it might if the scene were in any way stage-managed still by the ego-consciousness. But dethroned entirely, her conscious mind can prompt her now only to make the feeblest of unavailing efforts to avoid catastrophe ("attempting to rise ..." etc). The language of scene and symbol here is relatively simple, un-rhetorical. The reader is given a precise account of Yvonne's movements and a selectively detailed description of what she sees - as though she is seeing it with the sharpness and clarity characteristic of moments of extreme crisis and shock. The "riderless" horse is described as though lit by lightning, in sharply-etched black-and-white detail, as even the means to ride (and control) the horse is seen and heard to be separating from the horse: "the jangling saddle sliding from its back".

The detail of "the number seven branded on its back" links this horse directly, as Lowry indicates, with "the horse you last heard of in X and that first appeared in IV, likewise riderless ... outside ... La Sepultura" (Letters 84), and the identification of the horse's terror with Yvonne's - of the horse as a manifestation of her inner fears - is quite subtly suggested when its neigh becomes first: "a scream almost human in its panic", and then her scream, "as the animal turned towards and upon her ..." Only in its final sentence does this description, reaching its climax, become more obviously heightened, metaphorical:

The sky was a sheet of white flame against which the trees  
and poised rearing horse were an instant pinioned ...

It is evident from this that the symbolism of the horse in Under the Volcano does not depend for its cumulative effect upon such comparatively mechanical devices as the number seven "branded on its rump".

This image of a "poised rearing horse" gains its immediate effect from the sharp black and white contrasts of the tableau in which it is presented; it gains part of its cumulative effect from the reader's memory, conscious or not, of Yvonne Griffaton's horse which prophetically and terrifyingly "gigantic, filling the whole screen, seemed leaping out of it at her: it was a statue ..." (268). For an instant, this horse is a statue - that statue - "poised" in all its 'concrete' detail in contrast to a vividly lit background, in a manner that suggests the dream-like exaggeration of black and white contrasts in, for example, German expressionist films of the kind that so fascinated Lowry.

The horse is preceded and accompanied by thunder and lightning, and its hooves are mentioned in a way that suggests they have a particular significance for Yvonne ("unmistakably it had hooves"). Writing of the horse "as a symbol of the animal component in man", Jung points to its "numerous connections with the devil" ("the devil has a horse's hoof") and notes also that: "Lightning too is represented theriomorphically as a horse". He then recounts the experience of an "uneducated hysteric patient" who "as a child was terrified of thunderstorms, because after each flash of lightning she saw a huge black horse rearing up to the sky", and an Indian legend which tells of "the black thunder-horse of Yama, the god of death, who dwells in the south, the place of storms". And he adds that: "In accordance with the primitive idea that thunder fertilises the earth, lightning and horse's hooves both have a phallic meaning", and supports this point with an account of

An uneducated woman ... who had been violently forced by her husband to have coitus with him (and) often dreamt that a wild horse leapt over her and kicked her in the abdomen with his hind foot ..." (ST 277-278).

All of this suggests that Yvonne's fear - like that of a helpless child terrified by the "huge black horse" of the thunderstorm, like that of a woman in dream-state helplessly pinioned beneath a leaping horse -

is basically sexual, that what she succumbs to is fear of sexual penetration and fertilization. However, Jung has some cautionary remarks to make upon what he regards as the sometimes simplistically 'sexual' interpretation of such symbolism:

Certainly there are typical dreams ... whose meaning appears to be simple enough if they are regarded from the point of view of sexual symbolism. (This does not necessarily mean that) ... the content so expressed must also be sexual in origin ... Sexual symbolism by no means implies that the interests making use of it are by nature erotic ... for instance, many emotions spring from the instinct of self-preservation ... (In some cases) we may justly suspect that the sexual symbolism is as good a facon de parler as any other and is being used as dream language (ST 8-10).

In the description of Yvonne's death under the hooves of a runaway horse - a dramatic, controlled and convincing description - as elsewhere in the novel, it can be argued not that (a) the symbolism is exclusively sexual, nor (b) that the sexual symbolism is merely a substitute for something else, but that the sexual is a part of something more extensive - part cause, part consequence of the dangerous alienation of conscious and unconscious powers in Yvonne's personality. Fear of sexuality and of fertility is a significant part of fear of libidinal forces that are strangers and therefore enemies to her conscious self. The facon de parler here describes not merely Yvonne's sexual maladjustment but the fatal psychic "dislocation" which includes and is primarily manifested in her sexuality.

(ii)      Irruption, Dissolution, Conflagration

Then follows the penultimate paragraph of the chapter - a page and a half in length. Essentially, it is one sentence (a final one line sentence is added at the end) which describes the complete and ultimate possession of Yvonne's consciousness by symbols of the unconscious.

Yvonne's disintegrating consciousness is first confronted - and imaged - by "whirling" symbols of a wholeness that is now forever beyond her reach or understanding: an inter-relating of wheel symbols that have appeared, singly and recurrently, throughout the novel. These dissolve into the "hurricane of beautiful butterflies" and the sea that Yvonne has seen that morning when "sailing into Acapulco", and as she sinks into this sea, the sound of her name being called from "far away" (presumably by Hugh) brings back the memory, which then repeats itself again and again, of the horse "rearing, poised over her", as over Yvonne Griffaton, from which she can at last "escape, through the friendly forest to their house, their little home by the sea ..." It is a refuge no longer, however, for, in this final section of the paragraph, the "little home" is consumed by flames, detail by detail, before, in the chapter's final paragraph, Yvonne "leaving the burning dream", finds herself "suddenly gathered upwards and borne towards the stars ..." (337).

Into the decaying embroidery of Yvonne's paradise-fantasy in Chapter Nine, there appeared "a fierce autumn sun (which) glared up from beneath the stones" (275). Having appeared, ominously hostile as the paradise-fantasy faded, and again as "revolving around the luminous wheel of this galaxy" in Yvonne's un-integrated vision of cosmic chaos/ cosmic harmony (323), it now appears - finally for Yvonne - at the centre of a "whirling" dissolving and reforming web of "wheels" (merry-go-round, planets, Ferris-wheel, constellations). It appears as a centre, a living, active, and beautiful yet terrifying source and focus of energy - a

symbol of the selfhood that Yvonne has, now finally, turned away from:

They were the cars at the fair that were whirling around her; no, they were the planets, while the sun stood, burning and spinning and glittering, in the centre; here they came again. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto; but they were not planets, for it was not the merry-go-round at all but the Ferris Wheel, they were constellations ... (335).

A fierce and brilliant energy is conveyed by the trio of adverbs; the verb "stood" establishes the fixed solidity of this symbol, and its centrality ("stood ... in the centre"), while the three adverbs convey movement, life, intense vitality - an angry vitality ("burning and spinning and glittering"). (The symbol is then extended and enlarged to become "the hub" of the constellations, Polaris: "like a great cold eye, burned Polaris, and round and round it here they went").

Yvonne's "whirling" phantasmagoric state of consciousness in these final seconds of her life is demonstrated by the repetitive circulation and transformation of these symbols; her alienation from the self is emphasised by the appearance and quality of this sun, and its transformation into the remote, cold yet burning eye of Polaris.

In Jung's account of the "journey" of a medieval alchemist, Maier, through the planets, Maier ascends from Saturn through each planet-stage, only to find that he must return to Saturn to find what he seeks, and in order to ascend again.<sup>3</sup> This 'ladder' is shown now to Yvonne, and her separation from and failure to pursue such a journey is indicated. In 'Saturn' lies what she might have sought, confronted, and possessed: the knowledge of her darkness that, Jung argues, is an essential prerequisite for comprehension of the light of selfhood.<sup>4</sup> Instead, that darkness has now overwhelmed her and offers her symbols only of a "burning and spinning and glittering" selfhood that is forever alienated from her consciousness,

It dissolves now:

yet they were not constellations, but, somehow, myriads of beautiful butterflies, she was sailing into Acapulco harbour through a hurricane of beautiful butterflies, zigzagging overhead and endlessly vanishing astern over the sea, the sea, rough and pure, the long dawn rollers advancing, rising, and crashing down to glide in colourless ellipses over the sand, sinking, sinking ... (335-336).

The butterflies, beautiful but fragile and evanescent soul symbols, endlessly vanish "astern over the sea", that archetypal symbol of the unconscious. And missing now from Yvonne's memory and vision of this scene are the

early pelicans hunting (which) turned and dived, dived and turned and dived again into the spume, moving with the precision of planets, the spent breakers racing back to their calm ... (50).

In Yvonne's much earlier memory of this scene (at the start of Chapter Two, as she arrives at Quahuanuac, "her consciousness so lashed by wind and air and voyage that she still seemed to be travelling" (48)) the butterflies are at first even more flimsy "fountains of multi-coloured stationery" (48), then "endlessly vanishing astern". Now their destination is made evident. It is the sea, and their paper-bright fragility is continuously overwhelmed by the sea. In the earlier version, however, the evanescence of the butterflies is countered by the movement and activities of the pelicans, which enter into, seek and find fish, and re-emerge from the sea. In both versions, the sea is superbly and mysteriously described, its heavy powerful movements precisely yet fluidly conveyed. But in the second version, the word "sinking" is emphasised by repetition, and no bird-symbols now appear to demonstrate even a preliminary and relatively superficial interaction of conscious and unconscious forces.

"... sinking, sinking", Yvonne is recalled by her name, as when she entered the New York cinema - recalled from submersion beneath the sea of the unconscious to wind and rain, forest and lightning, to the



present and final scene of her lost struggle and her defeat - to

the horse - great God, the horse - and would this scene repeat itself endlessly and for ever? - the horse, rearing, poised over her, petrified in mid-air, a statue, somebody was sitting on the statue, it was Yvonne Griffaton, no, it was the statue of Huerta, the drunkard, the murderer, it was the Consul, or it was a mechanical horse on the merry-go-round, the carrousel, but the carrousel had stopped and she was in a ravine down which a million horses were thundering towards her, and she must escape ...<sup>5</sup>

The images of Yvonne's "former selves" repeated themselves on the El Popo menu, spurious symbols of the fragile control of ego-consciousness over shadow. Now the psychic reality underlying these symbols is revealed. The shadow symbol which rears itself repetitively over her prone and helpless consciousness reveals its true source of control in the animus.

This shadow-horse is ridden not by a persona whose "expert horsemanship is a symbol of her earned ability to master most of her destructive impulses" (Epstein 159), but by the animus. And this image of the "man" within her, stripped of its protective disguise as the child-father to whom she could be mother-daughter, reveals itself now as the drunken murderer of the "functions" of her womanhood, as the unacceptable psychic truth of her deeply repressed attitudes to the father who deprived her of true womanhood, and who cast his veil over the true features of his successor and substitute, the Consul, now recognized as "drunkard" and "murderer" also.

From the very possibility of such self-knowledge she must - as always before - immediately escape, "through the friendly forest to their house, to their little home by the sea" (my italics), to the "land where one hides" from the flying horse that is bringing about the end of her world.

But the defensive and protective ability of her ego-consciousness to fabricate and present this "home" in all its shadowless simplicity

and love has long since crumbled before the onslaught of the unconscious. Now those very details of the Northern Paradise used to give substance to and sustain the fantasy, are described again (the house, its contents, woodshed, decorative trees and flowers), now in flames:

the flowers in the garden were ... burning ... the porch where they sat on spring mornings was burning, the red door, the casement windows, the curtains she'd made were burning, Geoffrey's ... book was burning, the pages were burning, burning, whirling up from the fire they were scattered, burning, along the beach, and now it was growing darker ...

These details (whose earlier use was to assist her in the sentimentalization and romanticisation so essential to a fantasy whose purpose was the evasion of psychic realities) are now seen to be consumed by a conflagration as irresistible and uncontrollable as a volcanic eruption. The massively constructed sentence builds up a cumulative weight and power and movement that most convincingly demonstrates the very dangers that Jung suggests for the consciousness "when the latter is not in a position to understand and integrate the contents that have irrupted into it ..." (ST 397).

(iii) 'Ascension'

Yet the chapter ends - and Yvonne 'ends' - most curiously. Firstly, appended to the massive one-and-a-half page sentence describing her final helpless turning away from the murderous animus and the utter disintegration of her defences against symbols from the unconscious, is this oddly vague and pretentious sentence:

Their house was dying, only an agony went there now.

It seems also superfluous. The 'death' of the house, and all that it

symbolises for her, has been abundantly and overwhelmingly demonstrated; and that this 'death' is witnessed, in all its precise detail, with agony is all the more poignant for being (up to this point) unspoken. Then there follows this ambiguous final paragraph:

And leaving the burning dream Yvonne felt herself suddenly gathered upwards and borne towards the stars, through eddies of stars scattered aloft with ever wider circlings like rings on water, among which now appeared, like a flock of diamond birds flying softly and steadily towards Orion, the Pleiades ... (337).

Douglas Day's explanation of this paragraph recognizes its peculiarity, in relation to the cumulative failure and disintegration of Yvonne's personality that has preceded it. But he fails to provide a satisfactory explanation:

Yvonne ends up as a poor sort of das ewig Weibliche: not only does she fail in drawing her man up to heaven, but she is pulled by his death into oblivion herself (my italics). Lowry did leave in the final version of the novel the ecstatic and lyrical conclusion to Chapter Eleven, in which Yvonne feels herself being 'gathered upwards and borne towards the stars', and told Cape that he was thinking of Yvonne's death as being like that of Margarete in Faust, Part I, in which she is translated to heaven as Faust is sent to hell; but since the passage had existed from the time when, in the early drafts of the novel, Yvonne's ecstasy was caused by sexual intercourse with Hugh, Lowry's Faustian allusion strikes one as after-the-fact, a happy accident ... (Malcom Lowry, 340).

This "accident" does not strike me as a "happy" one. After turning yet again, and finally, away from her terror to make a last futile gesture of evasion, only to be completely overwhelmed by the vital forces she has repressed, Yvonne is then "gathered upwards and borne towards the stars", as Day puts it, in an "ecstatic and lyrical conclusion".

Perle Epstein has a solution. And it is that Yvonne, with her "expert horsemanship" as "a symbol of her earned ability to master most of her destructive impulses", and the Gossip Column (Chapter Nine) as "a disguised record of her (successful) spiritual progress", can now - in the very chapters I have been discussing - "guide Geoffrey out of hell..."<sup>6</sup>

In this interpretation it is the Consul, as the destructive agent, who proves too powerful for the balanced and creative woman who could have redeemed him from his fate. Consequently, it would be appropriate for her to end, like Margarete, being "translated to heaven", while the Faust-Consul is "sent to hell".

Obviously, my whole discussion of Yvonne's psychology denies the validity of this interpretation, and is intended to demonstrate the very inadequacies and weaknesses that Miss Epstein believes Yvonne has overcome (her "expert horsemanship") to be the crucial characteristics and causes of her final disintegration.

Considered in her own right, as a fictional character with an individual psychology, Yvonne emerges as a woman crippled by "dislocations" of "the functions of womanhood" that she cannot cure. At the end of the novel, the Consul, her counterpart, is miraculously borne up to the peak of Popocatepetl only for the mountain to crumble beneath him into images of complete disintegration into which he dissolves. It may be that Lowry did not want to anticipate this effect at the end of Chapter Eleven, yet it is to just such a conclusion that Yvonne also moves. Nevertheless, Yvonne's 'ascension' remains, an inappropriate survival from an earlier draft with a very different conclusion.

An examination of the myths associated with "Orion, the Pleiades" casts little light on this problem, primarily because, as the Oxford Classical Dictionary puts it: "The stories vary greatly in detail".

The passage clearly indicates a moving towards Orion by the Pleiades, "softly and steadily", an imminent harmonisation of masculine and feminine principles; and Yvonne is "borne upwards" towards the stars. In my discussion of The Forest Path to the Spring, I consider the circle symbolism that recurs throughout in terms of Jung's concept of the circle as a symbol of wholeness.<sup>7</sup> If the circles appear here as auguries or as 'evidence' of wholeness, and the movement of the Pleiades

towards Orion as evidence of the possibility of the psychic integration essential to wholeness, then the implication of this "ecstatic and lyrical" final paragraph would appear to be that Yvonne at last perceives, even achieves, these ends. Such an implication is entirely inconsistent with the nature and extent of the disintegration of her personality demonstrated in Chapters Nine and Eleven. It is as though the author, as it were, here intercedes to take over the wishful, escapist function that has so signally failed to protect his character - the vague and pretentious ending of the preceding paragraph might be cited in support of this suggestion ("Their house was dying, only an agony went there now").

The "accident" of this final paragraph is an unfortunate one; indeed, were it presented more insistently and substantially, it would constitute a seriously damaging contradiction of all that the Chapters that most directly reveal Yvonne have shown us (Two, Nine, Eleven), and if such 'wishful thinking' had been allowed to infect the Consul's final fate - the last paragraph of Chapter Twelve - the novel would have been radically undermined (the alternative endings of Great Expectations provide a case in point). Happily, this does not occur; the 'undermining' is confined to the fate of a secondary, though important, character. As Lowry himself put it:

Yvonne's dying visions hark back to her first thoughts at the beginning of Chapter Two and also to Chapter Nine, but at the very end of the chapter, (she) has practically stepped outside the bounds of the book altogether ... (my italics) (Letters 84).

But the reader is concerned with what happens within the bounds of the book, and there it is Yvonne's failure to discover the necessity for change in herself (other than most confusedly, dimly, and intermittently) that is shown to lead, devastatingly yet pathetically, to her death in the dark and monster-haunted "forest of symbols" on the path to Parian.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN : THE CONSUL - COPULA MARITALIS  
AND THE VISION OF HIMAVAT

In this and subsequent chapters, I first consider the effect of Yvonne's return upon the Consul, and, in particular, the scene between them in which his "impotence" is most obviously demonstrated ("Copula Maritalis"). The quality of the Consul's subsequent dream of "Himavat" is then discussed, with the aim of establishing that this "vision" (more convincingly than any other single passage in the novel) reveals the value of the potential selfhood that the Consul ultimately betrays (Chapter Fourteen: "Copula Maritalis and the Vision of Himavat" - UTV Chapters Three and Five).

I then discuss scenes and symbols (from Chapter Seven of the novel) in which the Consul's movements away from Yvonne, and their causes, are revealed in his responses to symbols discovered in Laruelle's house and at the Quauahuac fairground, in his attempt to abandon "that frightful bloody nightmare ... that went by the name of Geoffrey Firmin", and in his progression, or regression, into "a dream in a dark place" - the Terminal Cantina El Bosque, realm of the dead presided over by Senora Gregorio, the cryptically oracular "lost mother" (Chapter Fifteen: "The Lost Mother").

In Chapter Sixteen: "A Prayer to the Virgin", the role of Cervantes as Wise Old Man is considered, as is the nature of the shrine of the Virgin Mary to which he leads the Consul, and of the "white" Tlaxcalan "sanctuary" to which the Consul retreats, before violently and decisively

rejecting Yvonne and her "sober, non-alcoholic paradise" (UTV, Chapter Ten). The subsequent chapter (Seventeen: "The Woman Who Slays Her Husbands") explores scenes from the Consul's final hour of life - his confrontation by symbols that both warn and threaten him in demonstrating the extremity of his condition - when, in the scene that corresponds to his "copula maritalis" of Chapter Three of the novel, he reaches at last a sexual and psychological crisis ("a crisis without possession") in the "sharp embrace" of the prostitute Maria (UTV, Chapter Twelve).

Chapter Eighteen: "Triumphant in His Fall", discusses the novel's final scene, in which the Consul, shot and dying, is cast into the barranca, and considers the nature and value of his failure - and of his achievement - in the light of concepts outlined above in the introductory chapter to Part II (Chapter Nine: Ixion or Prometheus?).

#### (1) The Return of the Anima

Chapter Three is the first chapter of which the focus is the Consul's mind. It begins as he returns with Yvonne, his wife, the primary projection of his anima, to his garden and house in Quauahuac; and it ends with their attempt at and failure to consummate sexual intercourse - copula maritalis. Yvonne has returned for reasons suggested above: drawn irresistibly back to "her own worst weakness", unable to live without it, yet finally destroyed by her dependence upon and complicity with it. Throughout the novel, the Consul seeks, and seeks to avoid, his anima - recognises her as "absolutamente necesario", yet tries to flee to a "white sanctuary", an ideal alcoholic paradise bereft of conflict and nightmare where the anima, in so far as she exists at all, does so merely as a reflection of and companion to his desire for this

place (like the paradise of the Nandevas) without pain, or conflict or death.

But the choice between Yvonne and the "white sanctuary" is not a simple one; in some ways the Consul appears to recognise only two alternatives - between the "sober and non-alcoholic paradise" (315) that Yvonne offers, and the never-sober, ever-alcoholic paradise that epitomises an aspect of his desire to escape all conflict. Yet he is also capable of recognizing, however confusedly and vacillatingly, the implausibility of either of these alternatives, and to dimly discern the real alternatives open to him. These are (1) to discover and formulate a socially acceptable and neutered persona - as Laruelle, in effect, advises, and as Yvonne, in more extreme form, fabricates and intermittently persuades him towards; (2) to seek a resolution through integration of the conscious-unconscious forces that struggle for possession of his psyche; and (3) to seek final oblivion, the abandonment of consciousness and its surrender to and disintegration within the darkness of the unconscious.

To accept (1), would require him to simplify and falsify all symbols of the unconscious that together with consciousness constitute the self - to deny and completely repress the shadow, beneath the tight mask of an idealised persona, and to polarise the anima completely into the form of an equally idealised Yvonne. The Consul makes occasional and half-hearted gestures towards this choice; essentially, however, he is neither able, nor willing, to pursue it.

To accept (2), would require a very much clearer and stronger recognition of the nature of his conflicts and of the means to resolve them than he is ever able to achieve - confrontation with the shadow, its integration, the withdrawal of projections with the anima, confrontation with her, her integration ... Yet what he appears to be seeking, throughout, is both (2) and (3); and what he finally and tragically



achieves is (3). He achieves this final oblivion after repeated yet varied confrontations with symbols of transformation, a process primarily demonstrated through symbols of shadow and anima. The ambiguity of his response to the returned Yvonne is, therefore, based upon the need to recognize the nature of his projection onto her and to withdraw it (2) and upon the contradictory need to accept an extreme polarisation of the anima which would, ultimately, deliver him entirely into her power. Yvonne herself quite unconsciously encourages him to give way, to the latter need; she offers numerous and tempting "hooks"<sup>1</sup> onto which he can project a concept of the anima irrevocably split into "angel" or "destroyer". She offers herself in the sexless "love and simplicity" of her northern paradise as a 'white' anima from whom all terrifying and destructive qualities will be painlessly removed. And in rejecting Yvonne, the Consul rejects an unacceptable falsification of the complexity of his psyche, an unacceptable aborting of its potential for growth and change.

Yet he cannot reject her entirely without rebounding, as it were, into the fatal embrace of her counterpart: the anima as seductress and destroyer. Much of his response to anima figures and symbols that are recurrently produced by his unconscious shows him to vacillate between these two extremes, now dimly sensing the vital need to integrate them, now plunging toward one extreme or the other, and, always, confused and bedevilled by the interventions of the shadow.

The Consul's learning includes not only dodging "about in the rigging of the Cabala like a St Jago's monkey" (87) (in a manner claimed by Perle Epstein to be the essential subject-matter of Under the Volcano); he also has some knowledge of those alchemists whose treatises and formulae Jung examines intensively in Mysterium Coniunctionis and Psychology and Alchemy. Jung's thesis is that the transformation sought by the greatest alchemists was that of the self. The transmutation of base

metals into gold symbolises, he believes, the integration into wholeness of conflicting elements of the personality.

In his confused and semi-coherent way, the Consul is able to see that what he describes as "this reunion of us all" (himself, Yvonne, Hugh, Laruelle) could enable him to "get down to work again and finish my book!" (90), and this book will contain "chapters on the alchemists ... the old alchemists of Prague". But:

What am I talking about? Copula Maritalis? Or from alcohol to alkahest. Can you tell me? (91).

This book would contain the wisdom of the alchemists, a revelation of the paths to selfhood that they have shown, and that he could follow - with a difference, however, in that his method will take him perhaps from alcohol to alkahest. Alkahest is the alchemist's "supposed universal solvent",<sup>2</sup> and many alchemists were at pains to emphasise the extreme care required and difficulties involved in preparing and distilling the solvent - dangers repeatedly stressed by Jung in his translations of alchemical formulae into psychological terms.

The most crucial phase is the "marriage" of 'male' and 'female' elements as in Silberer's Parable where the Wanderer guards most anxiously and carefully the disintegration, putrefaction, and regeneration of "bride" and "bridegroom" within their vessel. The coniunctio, then, is the "central idea" of the alchemical process, and by means of this union they hoped to attain the goal of the work. Jung provides a list from the "vast numbers of synonyms" which expressed "the mysterious nature of the substances ... to be united as a pair of opposites":

... for instance as man and woman, god and goddess, son and mother, red and white, active and passive, body and spirit, and so on ...

Totality - psychic wholeness - is "produced only by the synthesis of male and female ..." (MC 457-45()) - by "copula maritalis".

Such a synthesis is about to be (abortively) attempted by the Consul. That it will be abortive is guaranteed by the incompleteness and unreadiness of the "substances", "man and woman", old king and queen. It is nevertheless "absolutamente necesario" that, sooner or later, such a synthesis be attempted, for, as the remarks and gestures of the Bella Vista barman indicate, the anima is indispensable. "... nobody can stand the total loss of the archetype", writes Jung (ACU 69), and the barman points

At an advertisement for Cafeaspirina, a woman wearing a scarlet brassiere lying on a scrolled divan, behind the upper row of tequila anejo bottles. 'Absolutamente necesario', he said, and Yvonne realised it was the woman, not the Cafeaspirina, he meant ... was absolutely necessary. But he hadn't attracted the Consul's attention, so he ... pointed once more to the advertisement ... and repeated: 'Absolutamente necesario' (51).

This time the Consul does respond, "briefly pausing to laugh at this pantomime, and to agree, with a kind of agony, 'Si, Fernando, absolutamente necesario'", and as he agrees he looks up to see, as it were, the consequence of his agreement - the returned Yvonne:

standing there, a little blurred probably because the sunlight was behind her, with one hand thrust through the handle of her scarlet bag resting on her hip, standing there as she knew he must see her, half jaunty, a little diffident ... (51).

With "a kind of agony", the Consul agrees. The conjunctio is, sooner or later, inescapable, though he never entirely excludes the possibility of avoiding, or postponing, it.

(ii) Copula Maritalis

Neither the Consul nor the returned Yvonne is in any condition, physically or emotionally, to give the other reassurance and comfort, let alone sexual fulfilment. While he is, essentially, aware of this, the Consul is nevertheless intermittently lured on by a remembrance of tenderness, of the possibility, interpreted from the movement of his wife's head, of reviving

all the old supplication, the whole queer secret dumb show of incommunicable tendernesses and loyalties and eternal hopes of their marriage. The Consul felt his tearducts quicken ... (92).

The detail of Yvonne's movements - as interpreted by the Consul - have a delicate pathos in that they demonstrate simultaneously her vulnerability and his moment of sensitivity to it:

Yvonne was sitting up half reading her magazine, her night-gown slightly pulled aside showing where her warm tan faded into the white skin of her breast, her arms outside the covers and one hand turned downward from the wrist hanging over the edge of the bed listlessly; as he approached she turned this hand palm upward in an involuntary movement, of irritation perhaps, but it was like an unconscious gesture of appeal ... (91).

Here the Consul is able to see beyond the "honey-tanned Venus" (263) ("half-jaunty, a little diffident") of Yvonne's post-Hollywood persona. Neither simply 'red' (the scarlet handbag, which echoes the scarlet brassiere of the woman in the Cafeaspirina advertisement), nor simply 'white', she is briefly seen here as both red and white: "her warm tan faded into the white skin of her breast". It is this small physical detail, together with the movements of her arm and hand, that focusses the significance of this moment. However briefly, the Consul is here able to see Yvonne as an individual human being, rather than essentially as a function of his psychic conflict. She is, incompletely and momentarily, withdrawn from projection - but only to be replaced in a now faded

and discredited past situation, when the illusions that each projected on the other in early marriage could still be sustained: "all the old supplication ..."

It is an awareness of her needs that the Consul so incompletely recognizes here; in it, indeed, is the seed of that "salvation" that seems "so large with menace" (88), and from it, immediately, he withdraws, first into a remembrance of the ambiguous tenderness of their early marriage, and then into a stronger assertion of his own essential isolation. 'Absolutamente necesario', declared the barman; belatedly and with "a kind of agony" the Consul agrees, yet he turns repeatedly from her and from the demands she makes upon him to the illusory safety of alcoholic isolation. While the shadow still distances and obscures the anima in its lurid half-darkness, she cannot be recognized, and he must continue to see not Yvonne but "the woman within", offering at best (as here) a re-grouping of dispersed and exhausted tendernesses, and at worst, the anima red "in tooth and claw", to whom giving himself can only mean a surrender and an annihilation of the "old king".

So tenderness towards Yvonne is followed by tears, and then by a strong awareness of his separateness from her:

But he had also felt a sudden peculiar sense of embarrassment, a sense, almost, of indecency that he, a stranger, should be in her room. This room! (92).

He moves away from her. Throughout this scene he has moved towards and away from the relatively stationary and apparently passive Yvonne - just as, if the scene had been written from Yvonne's point of view, she would be shown to 'move' away from and towards him:

He went to the door and looked out. The whiskey bottle was still there.

But he made no motion towards it, none at all, save to put on his dark glasses ... (92).

And again he returns to Yvonne, whose arms, no longer exposed in "mute"

appeal, are "under the covers while her face was turned to the wall", and to whom, "with emotion, his voice grown hoarse again", he makes this appeal:

'Do you remember how the night before you left we actually made a date like a couple of strangers to meet for dinner in Mexico City?'

Yvonne gazed at the wall: 'You didn't keep it.'

'That was because I couldn't remember the name of the restaurant at the last moment ...'

Then the Consul reconstructs that night of hopeless searching through the Via Dolorosa for the woman he wished - then as now - both to find and to lose, but, ultimately, more strongly to lose. Just as then he both forgot "at the last moment" the name of their rendezvous yet persistently searched for her ("and not finding you I had a drink in each one") in a manner that cumulatively impaired his ability ever to remember their rendezvous, so now he moves towards her impeded by similarly conflicting impulses, until, in spite of Yvonne's unwelcoming response ("'Cheery little matter'", Yvonne answered in a lost hard tone with her face still turned to the wall"), or perhaps because of it, as a reassuring augury of imminent failure, he finds himself emotionally and sentimentally burying "his face on her shoulder". Almost inadvertently, he finds that copula maritalis has begun:

he had not meant to elicit this, to thrust her back against the pillows ... (94).

"Could one be faithful to Yvonne and the Farolito both?", he is later to ask himself (205). Yvonne can only offer her northern paradise, an escape "from ourselves" that he recognizes to be impossible since the source of conflict lies "not in Mexico of course but in the heart" (42). The Farolito offers an alternative and more compelling illusion of "dead silence and peace" (94) an abandonment of the anima which, however, will exact the heaviest price in her compulsive and irresistible return to

lead him to the innermost depths of that most ambiguous "sanctuary" in the final hour of his life.

(Thrusting) her back against the pillows ... he felt her body stiffen, becoming hard and cold. Yet her consent did not seem from weariness only, but to a solution for one shared instant beautiful as trumpets out of a clear sky ... (94).

Now "the perfect inappropriate moment" has been prepared for and arrived at; now "the awful bell would actually touch the doomed child with giant protruding tongue" (79) - but will do so in a manner so diminished and enfeebled as to rob it almost entirely of terror and of potency. That the moment is inappropriate is made very evident by the frigidity of Yvonne, and by the Consul's insistent recapitulation of past failures and fiascos at the time of their severance. The moment is inappropriate for a successful copula maritalis, but is a carefully prepared and chosen moment for failure.

The dilemma - to move towards or away from Yvonne - is resolved; he moves towards her in such a way that no surrender, no 'giving', on either part is possible, and in a way that will confirm his severance from her. That solution, "for one shared instant beautiful as trumpets out of a clear sky", is as facile as the imagery which describes it, for while technically making love to Yvonne, he sees "the image of his possession" of her fade, to be replaced by:

a cantina, when in dead silence and peace it first opens in the morning -

just such a scene as Yvonne had intruded into, an unwelcome reminder of the 'absolutamente necesario' role of the anima, earlier that morning.

Now he anticipates what he had there achieved:

and he was queerly conscious of his own presence there with the angry tragic words, the very words which might soon be spoken, glaring behind him ... (94).

Even when "never ceasing to play the prelude" to copula maritalis, he

anticipates the outcome he has determined upon - those "angry tragic words" - and even as he replaces the "image of his possession" with that of the cantina as sanctuary, "This image faded also", and he looks out of the window almost willing Hugh to appear and abort the scene for him, only to find the "dead silence and peace" of his cantina filling rapidly with a kind of life, with noise, with filth, with humanity. This is where "now he wanted to go", for

none but he knew how beautiful it all was, the sunlight, sunlight, sunlight flooding the bar of El Puerto del Sol, flooding the watercress and oranges, or falling in a single golden line as if in the act of conceiving a God, falling like a lance straight into a block of ice ... (95).

It is the beauty of the sunlight within the cantina that the Consul perceives - an aspect of the interaction, the interdependence, of light and darkness, of consciousness and the unconscious. If the Consul could achieve what he envisions here: some understanding of the interdependence of ego-consciousness and shadow, then the "golden" flood of his selfhood could melt the frigidity of this anima-figure, with whom he is so desultorily copulating:

'Sorry, it isn't any good I'm afraid.' The Consul shut the door behind him ... And the the whiskey bottle: he drank fiercely from it. He had not forgotten his glass, however ... (95).

The possibility that the Farolito could contain for him not merely the most direct route to oblivion is suggested here, in the vitality of this cantina and in the vivid shining into darkness of "sunlight flooding the bar of El Puerto del Sol ..." I have discussed elsewhere excerpts from Jung's discussion of the sun as symbol of selfhood (see "Solificatio" in my commentary on The Forest Path to the Spring); one of his illustrations describes doors within the sun opening, to emit the numinous light of selfhood. The vision is too bright for the Consul and he withdraws simultaneously from it and from Yvonne. The failure he has



stage-managed has been successfully acted out, and he retires to drown out both Yvonne and sunlight - remembering even at such a crucial and painful moment to take his glass with him! It is just such details as this that demonstrate that between Yvonne and the Farolito there is essentially no contest - in either oblivion or phantasmagoric derangement of the senses, the Farolito is the Consul's necessary destination.

Yet still his direction is not clearly determined. Still he tries to pretend that his movement away from her will and can become a movement back:

'Strychnine is an aphrodisiac. Perhaps it will take immediate effect. It still may not be too late ...'

and still a voice (which "might have been either of his familiars") reproaches him for neglecting her letters, urges him to "go back to her now she will understand" (96).

But there is nothing that the Consul can do for Yvonne (other than to revive and share her illusions of escape to a northern paradise, to start out again round the vicious circle of their mutually deceptive and mutually destructive relationship), unless and until he has penetrated the shadow, from which a most threatening figure now emerges:

The instant the Consul saw the thing he knew it an hallucination and he sat, quite calmly now, waiting for the object shaped like a dead man and which seemed to be lying flat on its back by his swimming pool, with a large sombrero over its face, to go away. So the 'other' had come again. And now gone, he thought: but no, not quite, for there was still something there, in some way connected with it, or here at his elbow, or behind his back, in front of him now; no, that too, whatever it was, was going ... (96).

The number seven horse is, in the early chapters of the novel, controlled by its rider, an Indian with a sombrero. In one instance (216) it and its rider "form a centaur-like unit, like a man and his shadow, i.e. a higher and a lower man, ego-consciousness and shadow" (ST 437). At some point, however, ('between' Chapters Seven and Eight) this control and

equilibrium are shattered, for the horse is discovered, "wicked and plausible", close to its rider who, "His face covered by a wide hat", is now "lying peacefully on his back with his arms stretched out towards this wayside cross ..." (249, 244). Thus now too, in anticipation and warning, this image of consciousness as a "dead man", unseated and destroyed by his "inferior" shadow side, forces itself into the Consul's mind. This too fades away, and he consoles himself with more whiskey and with excuses for his failure with Yvonne:

... alcohol is an aphrodisiac too. One must never forget either that alcohol is a food. How can a man be expected to perform his marital duties without food? (97).

Beneath a clear and beautiful morning sky, in which Ixta and Popo now ironically image "the perfect marriage" and vultures hover,

The shadow of an immense weariness stole over him ...  
The Consul fell asleep with a crash" (97).

In the "sunlight, sunlight, sunlight" flooding into the dark bar of the Puerto del Sol, the Consul has very briefly glimpsed - and hurriedly withdrawn from - an image of the dangerous vitality of conscious-unconscious integration. The withdrawal is only temporary, for he is next confronted, in the dream-world of the unconscious, with an overwhelmingly vivid vision of the "brightness" of selfhood, of the potential that perhaps he could achieve, but ultimately betrays.

(iii) The Vision of Himavat

At the end of Chapter Three, the Consul, overwhelmed by "The shadow of an immense weariness ... fell asleep with a crash" (97). He is overwhelmed by alcohol, lack of sleep, and exhausted emotionally by Yvonne's return and by the renewed, reinforced demands of the anima with which he has found himself unable to come to terms. No longer willing - or able - to sustain the struggle at this point, consciousness collapses into temporary oblivion where, perhaps, neither the sound of Yvonne crying nor that bitterly ironic "image of a perfect marriage", the twin volcanoes, may be discernible.

But the region into which he is precipitated is no simple refuge - the realm of sleep is also that of the unconscious, and before he can emerge at or be forced back to consciousness once more, the Consul dreams.<sup>3</sup> It is an extraordinarily intense and beautiful dream, yet desperate, bewildered, anguished. And, more powerfully than any other single passage in the novel, it reveals glimpses of the quality and value of the potential self-hood that the Consul is unable to realise, and thereby plays a crucial part in establishing the tragic nature of his ultimate degradation and defeat.

Lowry was certainly capable, like Joyce, of weaving into the dense texture of his fiction patterns of extremely arcane references. It may well be, for example, that the Consul's dream here follows a "prescribed (Cabbalistic) route, each stage represented by the colours and scenery encountered by the initiate", as Perle Epstein asserts. An additional factor in the interpretation of symbols from a Jungian and literary point of view, however, is an assessment of the quality of the symbol as revealed by the language through which the symbol is created. Jung insists that symbols of transformation may appear at any stage in the psyche's development, and that they do so not as signs, simply denoting

the achievement of a specified stage; they may as well indicate distance from or the impossibility of such achievement - or indeed all combinations of such alternatives!

Although Miss Epstein's interpretation might be challenged in detail (and as part of a rather too rigid application of her thesis to the novel as a whole), a Jungian interpretation would, in my view, reach similar conclusions, in particular that the Consul:

too unstable to complete his journey, is overwhelmed by the light and is immediately catapulted back (to) ... find himself once again in hell - his ruined garden ... (Epstein 108).

It can, however, attempt also to support those conclusions with some analysis of the quality of language through which this powerfully symbolic passage is created.

The object and destination of this dream pilgrimage is the "mighty mountain Himavat". The mountain "stands for the goal of pilgrimage and ascent, hence it often has the psychological meaning of the self" (Jung: PS 74, note 13). The Consul achieves here a vision of the existence, however distant, of the self. In "Himavat" those twin volcanoes, masculine and feminine Popo and Ixta, are combined; their integration, and its ultimate necessity, is declared. But as the pilgrimage begins the dream-Consul is accompanied by others ("Behind them") and by "the only living thing that shared their pilgrimage, the dog ..." This group - composite, yet seeking final integration, with its attendant animal element (so necessary to the reconstitution of the "buried" and dismembered self)<sup>4</sup> appears to have successfully survived the initial stages of its pilgrimage, where it can behold, "with heaven aspiring hearts, the mighty mountain Himavat ..."

Language and syntax in this opening sentence support this initial conclusion:

Behind them walked the only living thing that shared their pilgrimage, the dog. And by degrees they reached the briny

sea. Then, with souls well disciplined they reached the northern region, and beheld, with heaven aspiring hearts, the mighty mountain Himavat.

Language and syntax are calm, orderly, controlled; a steady yet determined progression is developed, a movement of language that supports and becomes focussed in the phrase: "with heaven aspiring hearts", a phrase which, placed in suspension between "beheld" and what is beheld, creates a moment of suspense and of still "well disciplined" wonderment.

It is then that the "discipline" breaks down - under stress of the achievement of this vision of (still-distant) selfhood. It gives way first to a vividly rapturous vision of the vitality of natural symbols, achieved apparently by the simplest of means: the manifold repetition of the past continuous tense - a series of verbs that hasten the sentence eagerly from phrase to phrase, image to image, until the verbs become adjectives, and the rapid breathless movement slows, to be halted as the final phrase begins the first, terrible, movement of reversal.

In The Forest Path to the Spring, the narrator-protagonist believes that he has progressed

as if to a region where such words as spring, water, houses, trees, vines, laurels, mountains, wolves, bay, roses, beach, islands, forest, tides and deer and snow and fire, had realized their true being, or had their source: and as these words on a page once stood merely to what they symbolised, so did the reality we knew now stand to something else beyond that that symbolized or reflected ... (FP 284).

An author may be deeply versed in, for example, the colour symbolism of the Cabbala, in which "Blue symbolises the magician and the Sephirad Chesed, mercy, towards which, we learn, Geoffrey is striving" (Epstein 62). But all this will remain merely as elaborate and contrived machinery unless he sees (as the Forest Path narrator believes he sees) beyond the word as sign to the word as symbol - unless he can both envisage and create a context for the word that demonstrates its "feeling-value" in addition to its pre-established place on an intellectually ordered scale

of signs. And this, most importantly in the passage under discussion, Lowry does achieve.

The "rapturous" sentence I discuss above reads as follows:

... Whereupon the lake was lapping, the lilacs were blowing, the chenars were budding, the mountains were glistening, the waterfalls were playing, the spring was green, the snow was white, the sky was blue, the fruit blossoms were clouds: and he was still thirsty... (129).

All the senses (except taste) are engaged here. In the first phrases, the verbs convey sound (lapping, blowing, playing), and movement, and provide visual images as well (of which "glistening" is the most vivid); and all these effects stem from very simple words in phrases that achieve an eager, breathless movement by the brevity and close similarity of their syntax. In this context, the colour adjectives that follow: "the spring was green, the snow was white, the sky was blue", have a simplicity that is extraordinarily intense and vivid, as if, indeed, they are here, briefly, able to realize "their true being" and have "their source".

After the breakdown of the rhythm of rapture - in the flat, deliberate anticlimax (an anticlimax without bathos): "and he was still thirsty" - the rhythm is briefly resumed, but in reverse, as it were. It is slower, because of the addition of an extra syllable upon which the main emphasis of the first two phrases falls - emphasising the negation, the denial, of rapture - and then subsides again, thinned and weakened by the use of two phrases to do the work of one. Here are the first two phrases:

Then the snow was not glistening, the fruit blossoms were not clouds, they were mosquitoes ... (my italics).

(i.e. instead of 'the fruit blossoms were mosquitoes'). And finally, instead of "the mountains were glistening" is: "the Himalayas were hidden by dust" (not "the Himalayas were dust"). Every phrase is, therefore,

longer, slower, and more cumbersome than in the preceding sentence, which this sentence counteracts. Even "and he was still thirsty" is both repeated and extended to become "and he was thirstier than ever". In the first sentence there are five active verbs, all indicative of vitality and growth; in the second only "was glistening" survives to be negated and obliterated, and is supported only by "hidden" and by the weakness of "were", bereft of vigorous auxiliaries.

Now "he" is isolated; "he" has replaced "them". The dog also does not appear again. But the vivid creative vision is by no means spent. Miss Epstein explains the ebbs in this visionary flow of images in these terms: "the distance between each stage is spanned by a trial ..." She sees the Consul's dream as following a prescribed route through a specific series of stages;<sup>5</sup> in fact, 'his' movement in this passage seems far less logical and precise than this, after the calm progress of the beginning - far more vacillating, confused, mysterious. Certainly, rapture and delight are followed by their collapse into dust and thirst - a withdrawal from the intensity of the vision of the self. But it seems that, rather than following a step by step progression towards "the goal of the pilgrimage", he reaches a stage, in the "northern region", beyond which he repeatedly tries and fails to progress, and at which he is not even - or only for the most fleeting of moments - in the mountains themselves.

After "and he was thirstier than ever", the vision and rhythm suddenly regain impetus, an increased and more urgent impetus:

Then the lake was blowing, the snow was blowing, the waterfalls were blowing, the fruit blossoms were blowing, the seasons were blowing - blowing away - and he was blowing away himself, whirled by a storm of blossoms into the mountains where now the rain was falling ...

It is an impetus outside his control. Lost now, far distanced, is the "well disciplined" soul. Helpless, he is 'blown away' by a wind of

irrestible force, together with the features and elements of the visionary world that, briefly, he seemed to possess. Again, the power and urgency of the rhythm of words demonstrates the power of the forces that seize him; again, that power then weakens and subsides in the final, extended, explanatory phrases of the sentence, and he finds that:

this rain, that fell only on the mountains, did not assuage his thirst. Nor was he after all in the mountains ...

Once more the vitality and energy has rapidly ebbed, and again a stage achieved - this time more terrifyingly, as if through the compulsion of forces quite outside any "disciplined" control on his part - is, as it were, withdrawn.

Now:

He was standing, among cattle, in a stream. He was resting, with some ponies, knee-deep beside him in the cool marshes. He was lying face downward drinking from a lake that reflected the white-capped ranges, the clouds piled five miles high behind the mighty mountain Himavat: the purple chenars and a village nestling among the mulberries. Yet his thirst still remained unquenched ...

The wind that seizes and whirls him, and his vision-world, "into the mountains", is that wind discussed by Jung, which bursts into the dream of a patient. As Jung's dreamer, for the first time (the preliminary part of the dream has recurrently appeared to him before) approaches a lake in an abyss, an "uncanny darkness" falls and "a gust of wind suddenly rushes over the face of the water. The fear seized him and he woke up". Jung comments on the "uncanny" and terrifying power of this "spirit" that the dreamer, unready as yet to confront or submit to this force from within, escapes from it (IP 66). The Consul's dream-self is possessed by it before he is fully aware that it has arisen-possessed, and then, it would seem, rejected. No more than in an "ambulance" can the protagonist so easily and "miraculously" attain and maintain his place on those heights (UTV 375): "Do you wish to see the



transfigured Christ?" asks Richard of St Victor: "Ascend that mountain and learn to know yourself" (PS 74, note 13) (my italics).

But although he finds that "this rain, that fell only on the mountains, did not assuage his thirst", and although he is not "after all" in those mountains, he has been returned to a place where there is water, in which animals cool and refresh themselves. These animals are docile - at least they show no hostility - but the waters in which they and he stand are shallow, changeable, ambiguous. The dream-nature of the vision is emphasised by the absence of connecting links - of narrative movement between the 'scenes'. The dream-Consul is first standing in a stream, then in "cool marshes", then lying at the edge of a lake; the effect is that of three still photographs not so much dissolving into one another but successively replacing one another. The scene as a whole is one of stillness and tranquillity - clouds and mighty mountain seem placidly reflected on the still surface of the lake. Yet undermining the tranquillity of the imagery, is the uneasy abruptness of the transitions (from stream to marsh to lake), emphasised by the repetitive beginnings of each sentence ("He was standing ... he was resting ... he was lying").

The waters, writes Mircea Eliade, "are the fons et origo, the reservoir of all the potentialities of existence; they precede every form and sustain every creation". He adds that:

... immersion in the waters symbolises regression into the pre-formal, reintegration into the undifferentiated mode of pre-existence ... (it) is equivalent to a dissolution of forms. That is why the symbolism of the Waters includes Death as well as Re-Birth ... (Images and Symbols, 151).

The waters, therefore, may symbolise purification and regeneration, or be "pre-eminently 'killing'" - or ambiguously either or both (Ibid, 152, 158).

The dream-Consul stands in the living but shallow waters of a

stream, then in the "cool" and also shallow waters of the marshes; in neither does he immerse himself. He does not then venture into the shore-line shallows of the lake, although lying down drinking from the lake he can see the majesty and beauty of what he seeks - the majestic mountain's top - statically reflected upon the surface of those depths in which it must first be sought:

We must surely go the way of the waters, which always go downward, if we would salvage the treasure, the precious legacy of the father ... (IP 67).

If "The lake in the valley is the unconscious" (IP 68), then it is there, as the mirrored image on its surface reveals, that the dream-Consul must go - "the way of the waters", before he can emerge, "purified and regenerated". But for the unready (unstable) protagonist, fear of that dissolution of the dream-self may forever prevent the crucial and most dangerous submersion.

Thus, drinking from the outermost edge of the lake, his body prone, as though at the edge of a precipice, the Consul finds that "his thirst still remained unquenched". And yet that water is regenerative as well as "'killing'", and although his thirst remains unquenched, he drinks:

not water, but lightness, and promise of lightness - how could he be drinking the promise of lightness? Perhaps because he was drinking, not water, but certainty of brightness - how could he be drinking certainty of brightness? Certainty of brightness, promise of lightness, of light, light, light, and again of light, light, light, light, light! ... The Consul, an inconceivable anguish of horripilating hangover thunderclapping about his skull, and accompanied by a protective screen of demons gnattering in his ears, became aware that ... he was (almost running) ... down his garden ... (129-130).

The Consul rises from where he lies, or crouches, within the dimness of his house and - close now to consciousness - moves from verandah to "saunter" then run through his ruined garden. The movement of the prose in his dream corresponds to these physical movements, of which he becomes

conscious only when he is already in the garden. It demonstrates also bewilderment and delight developing rapidly into an overwhelming intensity and urgency.

The first two lines move lightly, quite swiftly, the second responding to the first, to be briefly suspended by the question-mark at its end ("how could he be drinking the promise of lightness?"), to which a reply comes, which is also a question, providing a second brief pause. Then flooding in with almost brutal force and insistence come the answers, with a sudden acceleration of the rhythm, followed by an even sharper increase in the speed of the rhythm, whereby the word "light" gains cumulative weight until it seems to have the force of a blow - a transformation of a word of 'light' weight and connotation into a symbol of powerful and 'heavy' intensity.

It is by means such as these that Lowry establishes that the Consul's failure is a tragic one: not merely, for example, by the adoption of a system of Cabbalistic, or indeed alchemical, signs, but by a creative intensity of vision that he is here able to convey through the disciplined power of his use of language. Because of this achievement, it is possible for the reader to accept (because he has here seen, heard, felt) the high value of what the Consul betrays. He is here given a glimpse of the heights to which the Consul might have aspired, and from this is able to gauge the extent, the depths, to which the Consul falls - the depths of tragedy.

But Under the Volcano is also tragi-comedy. Brilliantly, Lowry switches the reader and Consul from too-bright, too-light shatteringly vivid "certainty of brightness", to

an inconceivable anguish of horripilating hangover  
thunderclapping about his skull ...

- to the comic-pathetic figure, running and stumbling through his overgrown garden in desperate search of tequila - and in flight from his

vision, yet paradoxically towards those very depths he has not sought within the dream-lake, towards not "certainty of brightness, promise of lightness", but the certainty of darkness which, before it becomes total, will discover to him a few final shreds and shards of "light". He will quench his thirst in tequila, in mescal, in drinks innumerable, in pharmakon, antidote or poison like the waters of life and death he has just evaded,<sup>6</sup> but he will not drink again that "certainty of brightness".

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN : THE CONSUL - THE LOST MOTHER

### (1) The Lost Mother

When for the first time since the collapse of copula maritalis the Consul is briefly alone again with Yvonne (in Laruelle's house), she appeals for love and urges escape (200-202). He tries to respond, as indeed he had tried to respond to her earlier (Chapter Three), to accept as a reality the possibility of "their" immediate salvation now" (201), but he can only feel "the unreality" of such a solution. He thinks: "'I can never forgive you deeply enough'" - but this is an excuse or symptom, not the cause of his inability to respond. That cause, however, is immediately suggested:

And yet, he was thinking ... how he had suffered, suffered without her: indeed such desolation, such a desperate sense of abandonment, bereavement, as during this last year without Yvonne, he had never known in his life, unless it was when his mother had died. But this present emotion he had never experienced with his mother: this urgent desire to hurt, to provoke, at a time when forgiveness alone could save the day, this rather had commenced with his step-mother ... (201).

For the Consul the mother-anima had early revealed her devastatingly treacherous power. His image of the "woman within" (MDR 210) is formulated from the mother who loved and protected him only to desert him in death, to be replaced by a substitute who must be inadequate since - so the image has formulated itself - she too if she loves can only betray him. The Consul recognizes, on occasion, the extent to

which he has thrust this image onto Yvonne: "I realize to what degree I brought all this upon myself ... that I am admitting moreover that to have cast Yvonne upon you in that fashion was a reckless action ..." (83-84). Yvonne has been "cast ... upon" Hugh, as upon Laruelle, in order that she may act out the part required of her by the "woman within" the Consul; and Hugh and Laruelle, as alter egos for the Consul, enact in his mind those very horrors of copula maritalis that he has, recurrently, fled from.

Again and again, the vicious circle of his attempts to escape from Yvonne leads him back to symbols of all that he fears in her. Nobody "can stand the total loss of the archetype", writes Jung,<sup>1</sup> and the Consul's part-reluctant, part-wilful separation from Yvonne ("such desolation") appears to have been an attempt to reproduce that first "abandonment" when his mother died. He cannot integrate the products of this anima, nor can he abandon them - for they will not abandon him (MC 308).

Escaping from Yvonne's pathetic pleas ("Momentito", he said, disengaging himself" (202)), he strolls, again with the nonchalance of a man who has committed murder whilst dummy at bridge (UTV 86), back into Jacques' room. There he finds himself surrounded by symbols of his fear of copula maritalis - of woman in her most threatening and deadly forms: harpies, "gnashing their teeth" on a bed of broken bottles, "Expressionless Amazons" - enormous earth mothers, indifferent, yet inescapable as the earth is ultimately inescapable - and "Medusae". All these inhabit and dominate the "very room, perhaps" that had been filled with Yvonne's "cries of love" as she betrayed him.

These "Medusae" appear in a "terrifying" picture which the Consul examines and interprets in some detail:

Down headlong into hades, selfish and florid-faced into a tumult of fire-spangled fiends, Medusae, and belching

monstrosities ... shrieking among falling bottles and emblems of broken hopes, plunged the drunkards; up, up, flying palely, selflessly into the light towards heaven, soaring sublimely in pairs, male sheltering female, shielded themselves by angels with abnegating wings, shot the sober. Not all were in pairs, however, the Consul noted. A few lone females on the upgrade were sheltered by angels only. It seemed to him these females were casting half-jealous glances downward after their plummeting husbands, some of whose faces portrayed the most un-mistakable relief. The Consul laughed, a trifle shakily. It was ridiculous, but still - had anyone ever given a good reason why good and evil should not be thus simply delimited? (202-203).

But it is against just such a simple delimitation that the Consul rebels in his rejection of Yvonne's "sober and non-alcoholic paradise". Recurrently he shows awareness of the un-reality of hoping to separate a self exclusively composed of "simplicity and love" (273) from the dark side of the personality. This picture - both horrifying and absurd - nevertheless demonstrates the fate that awaits a psyche divided against itself. Palely unconvincing are those absurd pairs ("soaring sublimely ... shot the sober"), as unconvincing as Yvonne's fragile belief in a paradisaical life of "simplicity and love" for herself and the Consul - for a Consul whose Mexico cannot be left behind by flight to British Columbia, since it is always "in the heart", just as Yvonne's British Columbia must contain and ultimately reveal Hollywood, Hawaii, New York, Mexico, the unsubmergeable landscapes of her heart. And the only possible consequences of copula maritalis, as envisaged in this context, are then described:

Elsewhere in Jacques's room cuneiform stone idols squatted like bulbous infants: one side of the room there was even a line of them chained together. One part of the Consul continued to laugh, in spite of himself ... at the thought of Yvonne confronted in the aftermath of her passion by a whole row of fettered babies ... (203).

Copulation of the "old king" with the anima, as conceived by the Consul - amazon, harpy, Medusa - can only give birth to monstrous progeny,

fettered stone babies, just as in Ultramarine the fantasy union of Dana with his 'white' anima Janet produced a syphylitically diseased and monstrous child.

(ii) Sanctuary, Sunrise and Self-Analysis

The Consul turns again to visions of the Farolito as sanctuary, wherein, he deludes himself, he is safe from the demands and terrors that the anima inflicts upon him. And again - as in Chapter Three - this cantina does not, can not, remain other than briefly simply a refuge; as before, when it filled rapidly with life, filth, and beautiful yet devastating sunlight, so now (now he has "grown to know it well"):

he had discovered how far back it ran, that it was really composed of numerous little rooms, each smaller and darker than the last, opening one into another, the last and darkest of all being no larger than a cell. These rooms struck him as spots where diabolical plots must be hatched, atrocious murders planned; here, as when Saturn was in Capricorn, life reached bottom ...

From this innermost diabolical darkness, he can return to the edge of the barranca and see:

the dawn again, watched with lonely anguish from that open door, in the violet-shaded light, a slow bomb bursting over the Sierra Madre - Sonnenaufgang! - the oxen harnessed to their carts with wooden disc wheels patiently waiting outside for their drivers, in the sharp cool pure air of heaven ...

It is a sunrise that the Consul will never see again. His final journey into the innermost darkness of the Farolito awaits him imminently, and he will re-emerge from there helplessly impaired by the confrontation with the anima that he has been compelled to undergo there. She appears



now - an inescapable reminder of the price that must be paid for such moments of "peace":

and he was gripped by thoughts like those of the mariner who, sighting the faint beam of Start Point after a long voyage, knows that soon he will embrace his wife (my italics).

Then they returned to Yvonne abruptly. Had her really forgotten her ... (204).

The alchemist (Maier) whose journey through the planets Jung describes, ascends, only to find that he must take the light of consciousness down into Saturn's darkness to find there what he seeks, and ascends once more with it to the highest planet (MC 224-225). Into the darkness the Consul must go, but, unlike Perseus, unlike Maier, lacking the wisdom and certainty of purpose essential to protect himself against its terrors. Very soon, Saturn will be in Capricorn for the Consul; his life will reach its "bottom". There he will "embrace his wife" (Maria-Yvonne), and in that embrace all prospect of "Sonnen-aufgang" will be not found but lost.

Weakly, remotely, he turns again towards Yvonne - Yvonne as epitomising the short-cut escape from this darkness to a life devoid of taverns, to a spurious "love and simplicity" emphasised by the pretentiousness and exaggeration of the imagery (205). But there is for him no finding his way back to this earlier stage in his journey (the illusory idyll of their courtship and early marriage), and when Yvonne appeals once more to Geoffrey to go with her (207, 208), he rejects her once more, and prefers to remain alone - or even with Jacques - in order to try to comprehend, to analyse, his situation.

He attempts to penetrate his confusion of conflicting impulses and symbols, in order to understand where on the path to self-knowledge (or self-obliteration) he stands now - or even to attempt to identify which path he has taken and to locate his position upon it:

What if courage here implied admission of total defeat, admission that one couldn't swim, admission indeed (though just for a second the thought was not too bad) into a sanatorium? No, to whatever end, it wasn't merely a matter of being 'got away'. No angels nor Yvonne nor Hugh could help him here. As for the demons, they were inside him as well as outside; quiet at the moment - taking their siesta perhaps - he was nonetheless surrounded by them and occupied; they were in possession ... (208).

This self-analysis is all the more convincing for not being phrased in the language of desperation. Colloquial in tone, its rhetorical repetitions are relatively subdued, not over-insistent (admission/admission/admission). It is even grimly, quietly humorous ("taking their siesta, perhaps"). Yet what the Consul recognizes here, consciously and quite clearly, is the impossibility of simple abandonment of the situation. His repeated struggles towards then away from Yvonne have shown his underlying awareness that "it wasn't merely a matter of being 'got away'" to sanatoriums of any kind; and he recognizes what Yvonne is never able to understand, that his demons are "in possession".

Recognizing this condition, what can he do to alter it?

The Consul looked at the sun. But he had lost the sun: it was not his sun. Like the truth, it was well-nigh impossible to face; he did not want to go anywhere near it, least of all, sit in its light, facing it. 'Yet I shall face it'. How? (208-209).

He can remember, briefly visualise "Sonnenaufgang"; but now tells himself that he has "lost the sun", symbol of consciousness arising reborn from the darkness of the unconscious. He is separated now from this symbol and its possibilities - "it was not his sun" - and to face it seems now beyond him. Its merciless light would reveal to him his weaknesses and failings, his unworthiness in the quest for selfhood, and, most "impossible to face" of all, the root causes of his separation from it. Yet he appears bravely to determine "'I shall face it'". How?

How? When he not only lied to himself, but himself believed the lie and lied back to those lying factions

among whom was not even their own honour. There was not even a consistent basis to his self-deceptions. How should there be then to his attempts at honesty?

'Horror', he said. 'Yet I will not give in'. But who was I, how find that I? where had 'I' gone? 'Whatever I do it shall be deliberately'. (209).

How indeed to penetrate these layers of confusions and interwoven self-deceptions to find "where had 'I' gone"? When he then stated: "'The will of man is unconquerable'", he appears again to be deluding himself into believing that deliberate conscious determination will be enough, or could be, to guide him unaided through the perils that lie immediately before him.

Yet it is possible that aid - of just the kind he needs - may even now still be available to him. Intermittently in the novel, various figures present themselves to the Consul offering advice and assistance. The hero of myth and legend must, if he is to progress towards his goal, respond correctly to such figures. If they appear as hideous and hostile forces, he must disarm or outwit them; if as obscure or inconsiderable creatures he must recognize their hidden powers and secure them to himself; if as friendly and helpful he must have the confidence to respond in kind.

The archetype of this figure (or "function" of the unconscious) is Jung's Wise Old Man, whose function in Under the Volcano is undertaken by several characters, of whom the most significant are Laruelle, Dr Vigil, Cervantes, and the old beggar at the Farolito (this archetype is discussed in more detail below - Chapter Sixteen: A Prayer to the Virgin). The hero must also know what advice not to take; Laruelle urges upon the Consul the non-solution he has already, and now consciously, rejected: to gratefully accept Yvonne's return, give up drinking, and renew his life with her. Yet Laruelle is also able to point to Vigil:

It's a pity you didn't meet him long ago. That man might really be of some help to you ... (210).<sup>2</sup>

Vigil has guided the Consul through the Via Dolorosa of the previous night, evincing a sympathy and understanding of the Consul that could potentially be of great value to him. But the Consul cannot respond; his will to face the sun is not strong enough to penetrate those confusions of mind he has recognized, and is in the service still of conflicting forces. The continuing struggle of these forces obscures Vigil for the Consul, renders him unreal:

the good fellow seemed by now unreal to him as some figure one would forbear to greet for fear he was not your acquaintance of the morning, so much as the living double of the actor seen on the screen that afternoon ... (210).

The Consul's danger is indicated here - as throughout: that he is losing, has lost, control of consciousness to the extent that he cannot distinguish and therefore properly recognize and inter-relate levels of reality. It is a demonstration of the truth of his own self-analysis that Vigil who might have directed him towards finding that 'I' - the true, lost self, the profoundest reality - now seems merely "unreal". And further demonstrating his delusion and confusion, the Consul is

amazed for an instant at his mastery of the situation (my italics), that it here turned out there actually was someone named Vigil, who had invited one to come to Guanajuato ... (210).

Such "mastery" as this has enabled the Consul thrice to refuse Vigil's invitation - his company, his insight, his guidance.

(iii) The Animal Below

The Consul's self-congratulation is immediately shattered when, opening his eyes to break off Vigil's voice which had returned "distinctly" to his reluctant consciousness promising aid ("But now that your esposa has come back ... I would work you with"), he is confronted with a vivid and (to him) hideous reminder of the horrific nature of copula maritalis:

He opened his eyes ... But the abominable impact on his whole being at this moment of the fact that that hideously elongated cu-cumiform (sic) bundle of blue nerves and gills below the steaming unselfconscious stomach had sought its pleasure in his wife's body brought him trembling to his feet. How loathesome, how incredibly loathesome was reality ... (210).

His brave declarations - "'Yet I shall face it'" - are shattered by this reality, the reality of the kind of sacrifice he must make in order to face the sun of selfhood. Laruelle's sexual organs are seen with a grotesquely distorted clarity far stronger in "feeling value" than his glib assertion that "'The will of man is unconquerable'" - seen as being essentially monstrous, as though Laruelle becomes a creature whose lower, animal half, with its steaming horse's stomach and reptilian gills, obliterates entirely his upper half, with its urbane human head and features, as though the Consul sees here what he most fears: the obliteration of "high man" by "lower", of ego-consciousness by shadow (ST 437).

"... shaking frankly now", he peers out to see puffs of smoke hovering over the volcanoes, "accompanied by the rattle of musketry":

'Mass reflexes, but only the erections of guns, disseminating death', he said ... (211).

he comments, and his fear is laid bare. Copula Maritalis is indeed "death" to one who regards the synthesis of conscious-unconscious forces that it symbolises with such intense fear and loathing. From such a

union only "death" could be disseminated.

A desperate impulse to seek aid takes him to the telephone, but to call not Vigil, but Guzman, another, inferior doctor: "'Who do you want ... God!'", he shouted, hanging up. He would need a drink to do this ... He came on the mirador and drank down all the drinks in sight ..." (212).<sup>3</sup>

Where now is that illusion of self control: "'Whatever I do, it shall be deliberately'"? As Cocteau almost immediately informs him: "'The gods exist, they are the devil ...'" (212).<sup>4</sup> This indeed is what Los Borrachones attempted to deny in its demonstration of the separation of heaven and hell; to the simple delimitation of heaven and hell, Cocteau, for one, gives the lie.

Those panic-stricken drinks and a little un-threatening wrangling with Laruelle about Yvonne calm the Consul down, until he sees first a cluster of theriomorphic symbols on "the Riviera frescoes", warriors "wearing the masks and skins of wolves and tigers" (215). Insects, animals, birds, all throughout the novel threaten him, as indeed does the very landscape they inhabit. Now these symbols of the shadow side.

were gathering silently together. Now they had become one figure, one immense, malevolent creature staring back at him. Suddenly this creature appeared to start forward, then make a violent motion. It might have been, indeed unmistakably it was, telling him to go away ... (215-216).

This warning is a serious one. Yet the Consul knows that he cannot "go away", since his Mexico is "in the heart". The number seven horse, with its gay and courteous rider in control, now passes; at the top of the hill, this rider "suddenly waved his hand and galloped away, singing".

The Consul's response to this "centaur-like unit, like a man and his shadow", is to convert it into a means of going away, of escaping from the threat embodied in that "immense, malevolent figure".

Ah, to have a horse, and gallop away, singing, away to someone you loved perhaps, into the heart of all the

simplicity and peace in the world; was not that like the opportunity afforded man by life itself? Of course not. Still, just for a moment, it had seemed that it was (216).

This same rider is next seen dying by a roadside cross, his "wicked and plausible" horse, riderless, crops grass nearby (249). Such an animal, however deceptively docile it seems, will not carry the Consul, Pegasus-like, to the Yvonne of a sexless northern paradise where "simplicity and peace" imagined here would become that "simplicity and love" vainly fantasied by Yvonne (273). Just as the language in which Yvonne's fantasy is conceived demonstrates its spuriousness, so here a vague and grandiose phrase ("into the heart of all the simplicity and peace in the world") indicates its insubstantiality. This horse will not grow "'Weary of liberty'", nor suffer himself "to be saddled and bridled, and ... ridden to death for his pains" (216). Indeed, in its final appearance, the number seven horse is seen, utterly beyond control, shedding its saddle, as it rides Yvonne to death in the forest near Parian.

#### (iv) Pictures of the Anima

Rarely are there for the Consul more than a few moments' escape or respite from symbols of shadow and anima. Now Jacques Laruelle points to a series of pictures "running entirely around the inner wheel" of the carrousel at the fair through which he and the Consul are passing. They include:

A mermaid reclined in the sea combing her hair and singing to the sailors of a five-funnelled battleship. A daub which apparently represented Medea sacrificing her children turned out to be of performing monkeys ... But stranger than these was a panel showing lovers, a man and a woman reclining by a river. Though childish and crude it had about it a sonambulist quality and something too of the truth, of the pathos of love. The lovers were depicted as awkwardly askance. Yet one felt that really they were wrapped in one another's arms

by this river at dusk among the golden stars. Yvonne, he thought, with a sudden tenderness, where are you, my darling? (217).

To the harpies and Medusa, in the unfolding mythology of the Consul's anima, are here added a siren and Medea. Unlike Prufrock, the Consul, ex-Commander of the SS Samaritan, knows and fears that this siren indeed sings for him. Odysseus, archetypal explorer of unknown seas, repeatedly escapes the imprisonments and entanglements of monsters and witches, taking from them, though not without sacrifice, what he can; fore-armed against the sirens, he can hear the terrible beauty of their song and not be drowned. Not so the Consul. When the siren Maria 'sings' to him ("Quiere Maria?"), he will follow her, helpless, into the heart of her darkness. Here the Consul sees a "daub" of performing monkeys (the animal side tamed and humiliated) as "Medea sacrificing her children". This would appear to be Ovid's Medea, the anima in her most evil and destructive shape:

an archetypal sorceress, a priestess of Hecate with all the evil forces of the night ... she belongs to Ovid's world of night, a figure of nightmare in its original meaning; she is Medea as a female incubus ... (she belongs) to the night world of desire known in dreams ... (The Metamorphosis, trans. Gregory, New York, 1964; 186).

Therein lies the Consul's deepest horror - the anima as "nightmare", a "female monster sitting upon and seeming to suffocate sleeper", from whom come those "oppressive or paralysing or terrifying or ... horrible ... " dreams, fantasies, visions, symptoms which are the characteristic products of the anima in the Consul's mind (Concise Oxford Dictionary; MC 308).

From the symbols of the terrible "woman within" that thrust upon him in Laruelle's room, the Consul was able to maintain a measure of analytical detachment - until the "reality" of what she will demand of him is sprung upon him with the sight of Laruelle's "animal" nakedness.



And here too, even as he hallucinates Medea, his conscious critical faculties are at work defending him against her impact by assessing the quality of the painting through which she is (and is not) revealed. Yet, as he also becomes aware, the crudity of these pictures does not diminish but conveys their power in the way that a harsh, crude drawing of a witch can terrify a child. "Though childish and crude", the pictures have about them "a sonambulistic quality and something too of the truth ... of love". Yet he finds it necessary to tamper with this "truth", forcing the "awkwardly askance" lovers into each other's arms, as though turning from Medea to impose a reassuringly romantic vision of male-female integration on the scene: "Yet one felt that really they were wrapped in one another's arms by this river at dusk among gold stars". From the horror of Medea, of Medusa, which cannot be faced, he escapes once more to "simplicity and peace" in remembering Yvonne:

She was not lost at all, she was here all the time, here now, or as good as here. The Consul wanted to raise his head, and shout for joy, like the horseman: she is here! (217).

Goddess or witch, virgin or whore - Geoffrey cannot integrate these polarisations of his anima. Always they alternate with, replace, each other, even in his attitude to Yvonne alone, with whom now - ignoring Medea (who will not be ignored!) - he wishes to lead "immediately ... a normal happy life ... a life ... (of) innocent happiness ..." (218). Innocent happiness! How, outside, or indeed even inside, the northern paradise is such a life possible for one who carries this Mexico within his heart? This wishful flurry fades: "Had such a thing as a normal life ever been possible for them ..."; flickers: "It had ... Nevertheless, the desire remained - like an echo of Yvonne's own - to find her ... now, to reverse their doom, it was a desire amounting almost to a resolution ..."; and fades completely:

The desire past ... the Consul needed a drink ... (218).

(v) The Infernal Machine

The anima, wrote Jung,

should function as a bridge, or a door, leading to the images of the collective unconscious, as the persona should be a sort of bridge into the world (MDR 410-411).

In a sense, Laruelle has been advising the Consul to construct a new persona which could recognize and concern itself with "the things so important to us despised sober people, on which the balance of the human situation depends" (221). But what he has failed to recognize - what the Consul obscurely senses - is that:

To the degree that the world invites the individual to identify with the mask, he is delivered over to influences from within. 'High rests on low', says Lao-tzu. An opposite forces its way up from inside (BW 164).

As though in determined though unconscious reaction against the tepid temptations offered by Laruelle, the Consul now finds that he is "drawn inexorably, though with as much dignity as possible, into boarding the monster" - the "huge looping-the-loop" maquina infernal. It is as though his unconscious is reacting, powerfully, against any suggestion that its ever-increasing supremacy be threatened, and to this apparent opportunity of total abandonment of his persona the Consul almost eagerly responds:

Wild attraction. The huge looping-the-loop machine, empty, but going full blast over his head in this dead section of the fair, suggested some huge evil spirit, screaming in its lonely hell, its limbs writhing, smiting the air like flails of paddlewheels ... (224).

"'I love hell ... I can't wait to get back there ...'" - but there are alternative paths to hell and the Consul has taken the left-hand path:

The Consul realized ... he was in a state of drunkenness, so to speak, rare with him. His steps teetered to the left, he could not make them incline to the right ... (223).

When Silberer's Wanderer takes the wrong path - the left-hand path - he is able to correct himself and what he has taken proves to be a detour, rather than a dead-end or crucial 'wrong' turning (SMS 4). Not so the Consul, who cannot control, cannot choose, his direction - it chooses him.

On the whirling, plunging wheel, he experiences both delight and terror - terror at the irresistible and helpless sensation of falling, and "a kind of fierce delight" as all the trappings of his "identity" are torn from him by the machine.

To be effective symbolically, this experience must recreate in language the movements of the machine and the physical-emotional response of the individual. This Lowry achieves. The rhythms of the prose enact a pattern of movement apparently chaotic, actually systematic, and allow also - without hindrance to these movements - the nature of the Consul's interpretation of the experience to be expressed:

ah, my God! Everything was falling out of his pockets, was being wrested from him, torn away, a fresh article at each whirling, sickening, plunging, retreating, unspeakable circuit, his note-case, pipe, keys, his dark glasses he had taken off, his small change he did not have time to imagine being pounced on by the children after all, he was being emptied out, returned empty, his stick, his passport ... What did it matter? Let it go! (225-226).

He attempts completely to abandon the "old king", that now deeply discredited "conscious dominant" which Yvonne (and indeed Hugh and Larue-elle) would have him restore in harmless neutered state. But as Senora Gregorio's oracular words are to indicate, he is fatally unready for such an abandonment. The "old king" is "wrested from him, torn away" by

a machine that symbolises the devastating powers accruing to unconscious forces that have obtained mastery over consciousness: screaming, writhing, smiting - zooming, thrusting, crashing - whirling, plunging, retreating, the machine appears to empty him out. And with "a kind of fierce delight", the Consul wills this to be a "final acceptance" of the abandonment of all conscious-unconscious conflicts:

Let everything go! Everything particularly that provided means of ingress or egress, went bond for, gave meaning or character, or purpose or identity to that frightful bloody nightmare he was forced to carry around with him everywhere upon his back, that went by the name of Geoffrey Firmin, late of his Majesty's Navy, later still of His Majesty's Consular Service, later still of - Suddenly it struck him that the Chinaman was asleep, that the children, the people had gone, that this would go on for ever; no one could stop the machine ... It was over ... (226).

No one "could stop the machine" - for a moment, the Consul seems bound, like Ixion, to a wheel which will roll "without cease through the sky", but (even more deprived than Ixion) without name, without "identity".

But this wheel stops: "It was over. And yet not over. On terra firma the world continued to spin madly round ..." Gradually, however, "the earth had stopped spinning with the motion of the Infernal Machine" (227), and, as almost all of those things that "gave meaning or character, or purpose or identity" to "Geoffrey Firmin" are returned to him, the "frightful bloody nightmare" of his former existence reasserts itself:

Putting his other things back in his pockets he turned a corner, very unsteadily, and slumped down on a bench. He replaced his dark glasses, set his pipe in his mouth ... And he was cold stone sober. How horrible was the feeling ... (226, 227).

'Facilis est descensus Averno', accused Laruelle; but as the Consul has discovered, it is not easy for any crucial change in the personality to be accomplished. The wheel has given him an experience of what it may be like to abandon the persona created by and for Geoffrey Firmin,

"late of His Majesty's Navy", etc, - an experience that is horrific yet exhilarating, but then merely empty: "the people had gone ... this would go on for ever; no one could stop the machine ..."

Consciousness will not yet allow him to submerge it absolutely, and forces him back now to a "horrible" (though illusory) sobriety, in which he must see again symbols of the continuing and quite unresolved conflict that he has just with "fierce delight" attempted to "Let ... go!" He finds himself still "half-way up the slippery pole, neither near enough to the top nor the bottom to be certain of reaching either in comfort" (228), as he reaches at last his immediate destination, "The Terminal Cantina El Bosque".

His true terminal will be at Parian; this is a station on the way to the final crucifixion of consciousness by the unconscious, from which no resurrection will take place.

#### (vi) Return to the Mother

In the shadow-darkness of El Bosque ("so dark that even with his glasses off he had to stop dead"), the anima is once more to be found, in one of her projections. She has (as Yvonne) been glimpsed only intermittently, and avoided, since his experience in Jacques' house of the horrors she contains. Now he turns to her in her other guise - as the wise and compassionate mother-figure to whom, perhaps, confession can be made and by whom absolution given:

This darkness ... was associated in his mind with velvet curtains, and there they were, behind the shadowy bar ... too dirty and full of dust to be black, partially screening the entrance to the back room, which one could never be sure was private ... (228).

A dingy and insecure confessional - and a dubiously reassuring mother,

who nevertheless provides the nourishment he needs ("Mescal posseebly ... Mescal imposseebly' ... 'No tequila, por favor'").

At the end of Lunar Caustic, Plantagenet enters a bar and, drinking desperately, curls up embryonically in its far corner: "return to the pre-sexual revives the necessity for nutrition", his doctor has glibly diagnosed.<sup>5</sup> The Consul, fleeing from the vengeful anima symbolised in harpy, Medusa, Medea, returns to the "presexual" anima here, to suck wisdom, and perhaps poison, from her breast.<sup>6</sup>

Unless the anima is withdrawn from projection, recognized, and 'educated', she retains that power, as "mouthpiece of the unconscious", to "utterly destroy a man" with her "insinuations". Jung wrote that what "the anima said (to him) seemed to me full of a deep cunning", and explained his methods of overcoming this "cunning", of learning to distinguish, interpret, and accept what was valuable in those "insinuations", until he was able to turn

to the anima when I felt that my emotional behaviour was disturbed, and that she had been constellated in the unconscious. I would then ask the anima: 'Now what are you up to? What do you see? I should like to know'. After some resistance she regularly produced an image (and) ... the sense of oppression vanished ... was transformed into interest and curiosity about the image ... (MDR 211-212).

The Consul turns to the anima, still projected, still unrecognized, to ask her, in effect, "'Now what are you up to? What do you see? I should like to know'". But because she is still projected, still unrecognized, she still possesses him; and what she tells him of what she 'sees' may have a deceptiveness, an ambiguity, that he cannot interpret. Her 'advice' may even be such as will deliver him more fully into her power. Yet she is "absolutamente necesario" for one set - as the Consul irrevocably is - on the path to self-knowledge or self-annihilation. "For the son, the anima is hidden in the dominating power of the mother" (BW 313) - the Consul is such a son, seeking in that dominating power

renewal or annihilation of consciousness, and seeking the mother in Senora Gregorio. As he prepares to leave, she returns to the bar:

He held out his hand, then dropped it - Good God, what had come over him? For an instant he'd thought he was looking at his own mother. Now he found himself struggling with his tears, that he wanted to embrace Senora Gregorio, to cry like a child, to hide his face on her bosom ... (232-233).

Odysseus encounters the ghost of his dead mother in Hades, "in this darkness of the shadow". It was "'my longing for you'", she tells him, "'which robbed me of the life that had been sweet'". In Odysseus then

a longing rose ... to take in my arms this spirit of my mother, though she were dead. Thrice I stepped toward her for an embrace, and thrice she slipped through my grasp like a shadow or a dream ... and I cried to her in piercing words: 'Mother mine, can you not abide the loving arms of one who yearns so sorely after you, that here, even here in Hades, we may tearfully sate ourselves with icy shuddering grief? Or are you only some phantasm which great Persephone has sent to increase the misery of my pain?'<sup>7</sup>

Even armed as he is with knowledge gained from Circe and protected by the goddess Athene, Odysseus in Hades fears the power of "great Persephone" to delude and punish him. Yet he is equipped, as the Consul is not, to enter that "darkness of the shadow" (he takes the necessary precautions, carries out the prescribed rites), and to find there the further knowledge that he seeks.

In the darkness of El Bosque, Senora Gregorio speaks cryptic, oracular, ambiguous words, which the Consul tries to interpret. She has emerged from the inner darkness, kindly yet mysterious, as though like Odysseus' mother she has risen from the dead. Like Odysseus' mother, who must drink of "the storm-dark blood" before "at once she knew me and wailed aloud", Senora Gregorio draws herself a glass of red wine.

"'Senora Gregorio'", he has called softly in the darkness, "yet with an agonized impatient quaver in his voice", and dressed in black, with "slow, dragging footsteps" and evincing "the most extraordinary waxen

pallor", she eventually appears, corpselike in appearance, as though conjured by him from the grave. She wears her hair in "a Psyche knot" - the soul, in Jung's terms, is the anima. After she is called, and before she appears, a voice speaks to him, emphasizing that this is indeed a place of the dead:

Geoffrey Firmin, this is what it is like to die, just this and no more, an awakening from a dream in a dark place ...

But that it is not his terminal, is also indicated:

... in which, as you see, are present the means of escape from yet another nightmare. But the choice is up to you. You are not invited to use those means of escape; it is left up to your judgement ... (229).

Choice - or so the voice asserts - is still his: to accept that his direction leads to this "dark place" - "just this and no more" and therefore to retreat from it; or to pursue those ambiguous means of "escape" (mescal, tequila) that are leading him, stage by stage, into the innermost darkness of the Farolito. He appears to choose the latter:

"'Senora Gregorio', he repeated, and the echo came back: 'Orio' ...  
'tequila por favor'" (229, 230).

At first Senora Gregorio appears to counsel resignation, and reconciliation with Yvonne - Laruelle-like advice:

'Here's to your love ... If you har you wife you would lose all things in that love ... Both minds is occupied in one thing, so you can't lose it', she continued sadly ... 'If your mind is occupied with all things, then you never lose your mind. Your minds, your life - your everything in it ... So it is. You must take it as it come. It can't be helped ... (230-231).

The words of an oracle are seldom simple! Senora Gregorio's words here could be interpreted as suggesting that the Consul should become reconciled with his wife and to life in the world as it is - to 'normalcy'. On the other hand, she could have been stating - as something that might have been but now is not possible - the principle of conscious-unconscious



integration: "'If you har you wife you would lose all things in that love'", of the need for renewal and survival of consciousness: "'then you never lose your mind'", and of wholeness: "'Your minds, your life, your everything in it'", if you truly 'have' your wife, the anima, integrated. The Consul, then, can interpret her words as he chooses. Indeed, when asked by her "'What's my names?'" , he answers accurately enough, "'Geoffrey Firmin'". For him, she is an aspect of himself, from whom he seeks confirmation of the direction he has taken.

But his corrections are not always perceptive. When she says: "'Life changes, you know, you can never drink of it'", the Consul corrects her: "'You mean 'think of it'"; but she insists: "'Never drink of it'". If she means that he can never drink his way out of the inevitability of change - only into it, for better or worse, then her version is prophetic of the final outcome of his quest.

When she returns, conjured again (232), he identifies her as "his own mother" and wants to embrace her, and she repeats her cryptic advice:

'Adios', he said ... Senora Gregorio took his hand and held it. 'Life changes you know', she said, gazing at him intently. 'You can never drink of it'.

Then she adds:

'I think I see you with your esposa again soon. I see you laughing again in some nice place where you laugh ... Far away. In some kernice place where all those troubles you har now will har - ... (233).

This prophecy, foreseeing apparently a simple and loving union in a place such as the northern paradise, disconcerts the Consul, as well it might: "The Consul started: what was Senora Gregorio saying?", for a successful end to his quest cannot be achieved by retreating to "simplicity and love", since what would be excluded, the shadow-side, "as if it resented that exclusion, returns ... (222), only by a successful integration of the conflicts in his personality. It is as though here Senora Gregorio

diminishes from prophetess to fortune-teller, finally telling the customer who has crossed her palm with silver what she thinks he wants to hear. All that Jung has to say of the anima when projected indicates her unreliability, even treachery and malice. Everything depends on the self-knowledge and attitude of the 'enquirer'. The Consul is in no condition to interpret her ambiguous statements, but he has at least recognized her as a potential source of insight; it is after all the right-hand path that leads him to El Bosque.

"'I have no house only a shadow'", she adds: "'But whenever you are in need of a shadow, my shadow is yours'". The bridge to the anima is the shadow, and the Consul has, most confusedly as always, attempted to cross that bridge. But the light he seeks in "this darkness of the shadow" shines for him no more brightly here than the tired gleam in Senora Gregorio's eyes (229). Odysseus, unenlightened and unadvised by Circe, could not have returned with the knowledge that he sought, if at all, from the land of the dead where "great Persephone" reigns with Pluto.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN : THE CONSUL - A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN

### (1) The Wise Old Man, the Trickster, and Christ

On arrival at the Salon Ofelia, the Consul first encounters a vacillating and ambiguous vision of "brightness" - in and from water, in a variety of inter-related forms: pool, waterfall, stream, rainbows. It is typical of his psychological 'movement' throughout the novel that he retreats from this "brightness", however amorphous, into a darkness crowded with shadow symbols. However, this 'movement' often demonstrates itself to be at least potentially regressive in the sense suggested by Jung (and by Mircea Eliade),<sup>1</sup> almost every 'retreat' offers the possibility that it is "not necessarily a backward step in the sense of involution or degeneration, but ... a necessary phase in development" that could lead to "the renewal of progression". The Consul's shadow is still, essentially, unfroneted, still acting as a "split-off personality" inimical to his ego-consciousness. Yet, as Jung points out, it could stand "in a complementary or compensatory relationship to the ego-personality" (FA 141). And to the degree that it "is recognized and integrated, the problem of the anima, i.e. of relationship, is constellated". It is also inevitable that "integration of the shadow brings about an alteration of the personality" (FA 150, note 18). But inescapably, also, that integration demands a "crucifixion" of the ego, and therein lies the core of the Consul's resistance to change, and the reason for the repeated and increasingly desperate evasions of conflict and confrontation that his ego-consciousness persistently pursues. It is required

to sacrifice itself - if willingly and courageously, then fruitfully, though painfully; if most unwilling and ambiguously, then painfully and destructively.

Turning from waterfall and pool, he is at once threatened by shadow-symbols:

Dark coils of shadow lay in the deserted bar-room. They sprang at him ... (288).

"That one must descend to 'hell' before locating 'heaven' is a Jungian ... concept he (Lowry) accepts completely", writes W H New.<sup>2</sup> In the descent, however, many personifications and other symbols of the unconscious must be encountered and survived. And what the Consul encounters in the chambers of the Salon Ofelia are symbols which reveal aspects of several of Jung's archetypes of the unconscious - the Wise Old Man, the Trickster, and Christ; and the Virgin-Anima.

Both Vigil and Laruelle have performed the role of Wise Old Man for the Consul - Laruelle the more ambiguously, perhaps. Both have offered advice, guidance - pointed a way - that the Consul has evaded or rejected. Now, in the Salon Ofelia, the Consul encounters its owner, the Tlaxcalan Cervantes. Of the figures of the Wise Old Man, Jung notes that they may appear as "grotesque gnome-like figures or talking animals" (PS 70), and that they may be physically handicapped (in the case of a one-eyed old man in a Balkan tale, "his insight and enlightenment - to the daemonic world of darkness" is partly lost) (PS 2). Cervantes is described as a

shabby little man with a black shade over one eye, wearing a black coat, but a beautiful sombrero with long gay tassels down the back, he seemed, however savage at heart, in almost as highly nervous a state as himself. What magnetism drew these quaking ruined creatures into his orbit? (290).

One-eyed, blackclad, dwarfish, Cervantes has already appeared in the shape of a talking 'animal':

'Otro mescalito. Un poquito'. The voice seemed to come from above the counter where two wild yellow eyes pierced the gloom. The scarlet comb, the wattles, then the bronze green metallic feathers of some fowl standing on the bar, materialised, and Cervantes, rising playfully from behind it, greeted him with Tlaxaceltecan pleasure: 'Muy fuerte. Muy tereebly', he cackled ... (288).

Like all archetypes, writes Jung, the wise old man has

a positive, favourable, bright side that points upwards, so also ... one that points downwards, partly negative and unfavourable, partly cthonic ...

He can be "death-dealer" or "life-bringer" (PS 82), depending on the response of the protagonist, and in some instances he bears "all the signs of duplicity, if not of outright malice" (PS 70); does not ... the soul, the Consul asks rhetorically a few moments later, "have her savage and traitorous Tlaxcalans", and if so, is Cervantes such a one?

The wise old man appears "in the shape of a man, hobgoblin, or animal" always "in a situation where insight, understanding, good advice ... are needed but cannot be mustered by one's own (conscious) resources", and he often asks, as do Laruelle, Vigil, even Senora Gregorio, "questions like who? why? whence? and whither? for the purpose of inducing self-reflection and mobilizing the moral forces" (PS 71, 75). Indeed, his intervention is "indispensible, since the conscious will by itself is hardly ever capable of uniting the personality to the point where it acquires this extraordinary power to succeed ..." (PS 76). In his most potent and favourable form, the wise old man

sees through the gloomy situation of the hero who has got himself into trouble, or at least can give him such information as will help him on his journey. To this end, he will make ready use of animals, particularly birds ... (and) He warns of dangers to come and supplies the means of meeting them effectively ... (PS 76).

Yet, as I have indicated, his vision may also be impaired, his advice treacherous, since he "has a wicked aspect too, just as the primitive medicine man is healer and helper and also the dreaded concocter of

poisons" (PS 83). Jung notes that: "The very word pharmakon means 'poison' as well as 'antidote', and can in fact be both". Thus this "ambiguous elfin character" seems "in certain of his forms to be good incarnate and in others an aspect of evil ..."

The trickster has some similarities to the wise old man - primarily to his lower and darker side - and is, in myth, a collective manifestation of the shadow, whereas the wise old man may, in his highest form, speak from far profounder depths of the psyche. Yet in "his fondness for sly jokes and malicious pranks, his powers as a shape-shifter, his dual nature, half-animal, half-divine", the trickster clearly has similarities to the lower manifestations of the wise old man, as indeed Jung, indicates; "There is something of the trickster in the character of the shaman and medecine man, for he, too, often plays malicious jokes on people" (FA 136). Yet the trickster too is by no means merely a representative of "a sort of second personality, of a puerile and inferior character" (FA 142). Although as a "parallel of the individual shadow" he is "by definition a negative figure", he nevertheless

sometimes has certain ... traits and associations which point to a quite different background ... as though he were hiding meaningful contents under an unprepossessing exterior ... (FA 150).

Indeed, adds Jung, "standing closest behind the shadow is the anima".

In the figure of Cervantes, then, can be found features and qualities which link wise old man and trickster: his fondness for jokes (that may or may not be malicious), his smallness of stature, his ambiguous wisdom, his ability to assume (for the Consul) the form of a bird, his impaired vision, and his clothing, which is both dark and bright ("long, gay tassels", like the plumage of a bird).

His manifestation as a cock springs out of the shadows of the bar, yet does so in a way that accurately corresponds to the adjustment of the Consul's eyes - after the brightness of sun, water, rainbows - to

the "gloom" of the bar. The details of the bird's head emerge piece-meal, then cohere sharply. From "Dark coils of shadow" and "gloom" spring first yellow, piercing eyes, then scarlet comb, wattles, "bronze green metallic feathers" - the detail is precise, the colours bright, and the semi-hallucinatory, semi-magical nature of the experience is effectively created.

This man-bird has already - mockingly, it seems, spoken significant words: "Otro mescalito. Un poquito" - another little mescal, a very little one! The voice echoes and mimics the Consul's "No, Senor Cervantes ... mescal, poquito", on his first arrival at the Salon Ofelia (283). But does it do so as warning, or encouragement? Malice or wisdom? Having greeted the Consul with "Tlaxcaltecan pleasure", he now offers "pharmakon" - poison, or antidote? The Consul must determine which, if he is able.<sup>3</sup>

A similar though far more degenerate figure is to appear to the Consul at the Farolito - the "stool pigeon" behind whom, literally, stands the fatal figure of Maria.

I mentioned Christ above as one of the several Jungian archetypes to find symbolisation in the Salon Ofelia. The bird into which Cervantes 'transforms' himself and which accompanies him throughout the chapter has a particular significance for the Consul. If integration of the shadow necessitates a 'crucifixion' of ego-consciousness, then Christ, perhaps most obviously for the Western mind, will appear as symbol for the vital stage in personality change.<sup>4</sup> Jung traces an elaborate historical pedigree to explain and justify this concept - to support his assertion that Christ

exemplifies the archetype of the self ... The scope of the integration is suggested by the descensus ad inferos ... (PS 36, 37).

"'Facilis est descensus Averno'", Laruelle has chided the Consul, "It's

too easy" (222). For a mock-Christ, perhaps - a Christ such as Dana Hilliot fabricates as self-image in Ultramarine, who can climb down from his theatrical prop of a cross whenever he wants to. But Laruelle misjudges the Consul: the 'crucifixion' he moves towards is neither spurious nor facile.

"The scope of the integration", continues Jung, "is suggested by ... the descent of Christ's soul into hell, its work of redemption embracing even the dead". He adds that the "psychological equivalent of this is the integration of the collective unconscious which forms an essential part of the integration process" (PS 36-37). He refers also to the "great symbol" of "the Saviour crucified between two thieves", which "tells us that the progressive development and differentiation of consciousness leads to an ever more menacing awareness of the conflict and involves nothing less than a crucifixion of the ego, its agonizing suspension between two irreconcilable opposites ..." (PS 42). Finally, he states:

Whenever the archetype of the self predominates, the inevitable psychological consequence is a state of conflict vividly exemplified by the Christian symbol of crucifixion ... (PS 59).

and elsewhere:

the recognition and unavoidable integration of the shadow create such a harrowing situation that nobody but a saviour can undo the tangled web of fate. In the case of the individual, the problem constellated by the shadow is answered on the plane of the anima ... (FA 151).

This situation, which "nobody but a saviour" can resolve, is precisely what confronts the Consul. And he at once understands that Cervantes, in the form of a cock showing both the way and its terrors and perils, might be proffering

the face that ... betrayed Christ into being in the Western hemisphere ...



understands, and tries to evade:

But the bird appeared tame enough ... the Consul couldn't be interested ... (288).

The reasons why he evades the full force of this symbol are simultaneously indicated: "Half past tree by the cock ... And here was the cock". Cervantes' cock-fights are "vicious little man-made battles, cruel and ... inconclusive, each brief as some hideously mismanaged act of intercourse, (they) disgusted and bored him" (288).

The form of crucifixion that the Consul most fears is sexual; and the immediate association here of cock, the bird which crowed three times when Peter denied Christ and "cock" as a slang term for penis, is emphasised by the kind of cock-fight that the Consul conceives of as "some hideously mismanaged act of intercourse" - associations that are picked up and further emphasised in Chapter Twelve when the Consul penetrates Maria with

the only thing alive in him now this burning boiling  
crucified evil organ ... (my italics).

and is afterwards told by the "stool-pigeon" that he is "Sick ... half past sick by the cock". The auguries of the nature of the Consul's 'crucifixion' provided in the Salon Ofelia are threatening indeed, and are fully borne out by that 'crucifixion' and its consequences, when it takes place an hour later in an inner chamber of the Farolito (349-352).

(ii) A Prayer to the Virgin

Cervantes has beckoned to him "from a far corner", and now guides him into an inner room. There:

before a tiny porcelain Virgin, burned a little lamp.  
Really a sacramental candle, it diffused a ruby shimmer  
through its glass into the room, and cast a broad yellow  
flickering cone on the ceiling ... (290).

"Standing closest behind the shadow is the anima".<sup>5</sup> In the room behind Cervantes is the Virgin, mother of Christ, archetypal 'white' anima - "the angel of light ... who points the way to the highest meaning" (BW 313), yet who can nevertheless "work now for good, now for evil" (An 268).

In these final chapters, the Consul is presented - first by Cervantes, then by the "stool pigeon" - with this ambiguous figure in each of her polarisations: as Virgin Mary, and as prostitute Maria: "on the one hand the pure, the good, the noble goddess-like figure, on the other, the prostitute, the seductress, or the witch ..." (FF 54). In her Introduction to Jung's Psychology, Frieda Fordham writes that the anima

carries spiritual values, and so her image is projected not only on to pagan goddesses, but on to the Virgin herself, but she is also ... a seductress ... the beckoning fair one luring men on to love and despair, to creative activity and to doom ... (54-55).

The polarisation is not complete for the Consul, however, for each ambiguous anima-figure contains aspects of the other, not only in name but also in the strength of their mystery and fascination for him, and in the colours of the lights that so dimly illuminate their shrines. The lamp lit by Cervantes to the Virgin Mary "diffused a ruby shimmer through its glass into the room"; in Maria's room at the Farolito "gleamed a single blue electric bulb" (349), which casts a "dim blue light" (352). Blue, the colour traditionally associated with the Virgin, here casts its ambiguous light on rites enacted with Maria, while red, the colour

associated with menstruation and prostitution, casts its light on the shrine of Cervantes' Virgin Mary.

The Consul here re-enacts a scene that has taken place the night before when, guided by Vigil (a higher manifestation of the wise old man than Cervantes, as Cervantes is superior to the Farolito stool pigeon) he entered a church in Quahuauac, unknown to him, and "prayed, with mud-dily beating heart" to "a compassionate Virgin floating in the gloom" that 'he might have Yvonne again'. The church is known to his guide, Dr Vigil, who "sadly informs the consul that:

'She is the Virgin for those who have nobody with ... And for mariners on the sea ...' (290).

"... only the bereaved and lonely went there", comments the Consul. He is bereaved, 'severed' from the anima, and therefore prays to her as "compassionate Virgin" to be reunited with her. And he is a mariner, sailing most precariously across the endless ocean of the unconscious, lost - far more profoundly than Dana Hilliot - "without a compass" (UM 45), and seeming now further than ever before from "sighting the faint beacon of Start Point after a long voyage" or from knowing "that soon he will embrace his wife" (204). He is a mariner to whom the sirens have just sung, "above the noise of the maelstrom", warning him of it, luring him to it: "'Borrerrrracho', they wailed ..." (289). Beside him as he kneels, however, is Dr Vigil's pistol, a reminder of those "erections of guns, disseminating death" that follow his sight of the "loathesome reality" of Laruelle's naked sex - reminder of the nature of the crucifixion that awaits him if his prayer is fully granted!

Now he prays again, making Cervantes' Virgin "the other who had answered his prayer" (290). The other had answered his prayer in 'returning' Yvonne to him; the ambiguous nature of his response to this is demonstrated by the copula maritalis which he has attempted with Yvonne, and from which half-hearted crucifixion of his "burning, boiling ... evil

organ" (350) he so precipitately withdrew. He prays again, most confusedly, to this "other" and diminished Virgin ("a tiny porcelain Virgin"):

'Nothing is altered and in spite of God's mercy I am still alone. Though my suffering seems senseless I am still in agony. There is no explanation of my life'. Indeed there was not, nor was this what he'd meant to convey. 'Please let Yvonne have her dream - dream? - of a new life with me - please let me believe that all that is not an abominable self-deception', he tried ... 'Please let me make her happy, deliver me from this dreadful tyranny of self. I have sunk low. Let me sink lower still, that I may know the truth. Teach me to love again, to love life'. That wouldn't do either ... 'Where is love? Let me truly suffer. Give me back my purity, the knowledge of the Mysteries that I have betrayed and lost. - Let me be truly lonely, that I may honestly pray. Let us be happy again somewhere, if it's only together, if it's only out of this terrible world. Destroy the world!' he cried in his heart. The Virgin's eyes were turned down in benediction, but perhaps she hadn't heard ... (290-291).

The prayer is a tissue of ambiguities and contradictions - overwhelming evidence of his moral and psychic confusion. He prays, for example, that Yvonne may "have her dream - dream? - of a new life with me", yet this prayer has, in one sense, already been granted: Yvonne (in the preceding chapter, at the Arena Tomalin) has had such a dream, although that dream collapsed into "a figure of a woman having hysterics, jerking like a puppet and banging her fists upon the ground ..." But does he mean "dream" or the realization of the dream? He does not know himself (e.g. "her dream - dream? ..."), and seems then to be pleading for release from his conflicts, even at the price that realization of the dream would exact - delivery from "this dreadful tyranny of self". And in apparent contradiction, he then pleads not for delivery into the conflict-less northern paradise but for further and deeper immersion in pain, humiliation and degradation - deeper immersion in the shadow - "that I may know the truth", and where he may discover love through suffering. He prays to be alone and "together" with Yvonne, to "love life" and to escape it, "out of this terrible world. Destroy the world!"

The Virgin's response is as ambiguous as the prayer is contradictory - her eyes "were turned down in benediction, but perhaps she hadn't heard ..." Indeed, it is not a prayer that can be granted, in so far as it asks for contradictory 'solutions'. However, the strongest emotion that it evinces - in its conclusion: "Destroy the world!" - can be seen, ultimately, to be granted.

Cervantes, meanwhile, has further warnings to deliver. Having picked up a rifle - like Vigil's pistol, a reminder of those "erections ... disseminating death" - he then provides what is both a warning of and encouragement to defeat:

Si, hombre ... as I told you, I obey my grandfather [the hereditary and environmental weight of the past]. He tell me to marry my wife [as the forces that formed the Consul and Yvonne have caused them to marry their own worst enemy, the enemy within]. So I call my wife my mother ("For the son, the anima is hidden in the dominating power of the mother, and sometimes she leaves him with a sentimental attachment that ... seriously impairs the fate of the adult ...") (BW 313).

And the product of this union is symbolised by:

a photograph of a child lying in a coffin ... I drank all day ... (291).

The warning to the Consul is that his condition and fate are symbolised here; the encouragement to accept defeat lies in Cervantes' defeated and fatalistic attitude and tone. It epitomises the essential impotence of the benevolent, if ambiguous, figures and symbols that the Consul encounters at the Salon Ofelia - of wise old man and Virgin-anima - to transform regression into progression, to redeem the Consul from the "involuntion" and "degeneration" that wait now to enclose him finally.

(iii) The White Sanctuary

The Consul soon finds that he has retreated, yet again, this time into Cervantes' stone-built lavatory, where he sits, now oblivious of the "frightful extremity" of his condition, and drawing out of a "history" of Tlaxcala images of his version of an escapist paradise. This has a river "bordering the city of Tlaxcala" which "supplies great quantities of power to several factories", "a garden clothed by many beautiful flowers", a convent that contains "a secret passage, secret passage ...", "the first Hermitage consecrated to the Virgin Mary", a ruined "Royal Chapel", a white "imposing and majestic ... Sanctuary", ruined palaces where both sacrifice and baptism once took place, and "the ruins of the shrine dedicated to the God of Waters ..." (297-303) - a plethora indeed of symbols of ruined selfhood! City, castle, church, all are, according to Jung, symbols of the self (An 224). They combine here to demonstrate an attempt on the part of the Consul to escape from both the anima, in the discredited form of Yvonne, and from "this dreadful tyranny of self" - to escape into a realm where these self-symbols arise, white and empty, or picturesquely ruined, stripped of their terror, to enclose him in their "perfect" emptiness. Thus the demands that Yvonne makes upon him - the challenge that, however pathetically, she represents, - is smoothed out of existence:

And now, once more, their eyes met across the table. But this time there was, as it were, a mist between them, and through the mist the Consul seemed to see not Granada but Tlaxcala. It was a white beautiful cathedral city towards which the Consul's soul yearned and which indeed in many respects was like Granada; only it appeared to him, just as in the photographs in the folder, perfectly empty. That was the queerest thing about it, and at the same time the most beautiful; there was nobody there, no one ... to interfere with the business of drinking, not even Yvonne, who, so far as she was in evidence at all, was drinking with him. The white sanctuary of the church in Ocotlan,

of an overloaded style, rose up before them: white towers with a white clock and no one there. While the clock itself was timeless ... (303-304).

Through this town, arm-in-arm with his 'white' submissive anima ("so far as she was in evidence at all") walks the Consul, in and out of "innumerable white cantinas, where one could drink for ever on credit ..." - an escapist paradise indeed, where "pale Moctezuma", unchained within these protective walls, can drink forever and without consequence not chocolate but the inexhaustible contents of "white bottles" in white cantinas (289).

But just as Yvonne's paradise crumbles in the face of the reality of the Consul's behaviour, so now the self-deluding nature of the Consul's brief escape to his "white Sanctuary" is revealed as soon as he attempts to transfer it from the plane of fantasy closer to reality - the reality of his present situation and relationships with his wife and brother, as individuals and as projections of un-integrated psychic forces:

'We could go straight there', he was saying, 'straight to Tlaxcala ... We could catch the next bus ... We'll have time for a few drinks', he added consularly.

The mist had cleared but Yvonne's eyes were full of tears, and she was pale.

Something was wrong, was very wrong ...

'What's that, don't you want to go back now, to Tlaxcala?' said the Consul, perhaps too thickly.

'That's not it, Geoffrey' (304).

The Consul's fear and suspicion of Hugh and Yvonne - as attempting to rescue him from his "Sanctuary" and place him in Yvonne's, as aspects of the internal conflicts he wishes to escape from, not confront - return violently. He becomes aware that they are "tight ... angry and hurt", and recalls the Hugh of that morning:

smiling, the razor edge keen in the sunlight ... advancing as if to decapitate him ... (305).

Hugh, apparently virile, a successful seducer of Yvonne, here appears to threaten the Consul with his deepest fear - that of castration, the castration of consciousness that he fears awaits him (unless continually avoided) in the deathly embrace of the 'red' anima. It is a fate to which Cervantes hardly needs to draw his attention:

Suddenly a man started to play a guitar in the doorway angrily, and once again Cervantes came forward: 'Black Flowers is the name of that song'. Cervantes was about to beckon the man to come in. 'It say: I suffer because your lips say only lies and they have death in a kiss'.

'Tell him to go away', the Consul said ... (307).

Black, withered flowers lie on the grave of the anima at Vavin (286), and it is her eyes which, for the Consul, "say only lies" and offer only "death in a kiss".

A prolonged, semi-coherent argument now develops between Hugh and the Consul. It deals, essentially, with freedom and responsibility, and is, on the Consul's part, an attempt (as it were retrospectively) to provide intellectual justification for his strongest impulse: to seek the "white Sanctuary" where all conflict and all responsibility to oneself and others is absolved. Much of the political material of the novel emerges in this debate. Hugh uses it to support his naive communism and, indeed, by arguing for the individual's responsibility to act politically, to convince the Consul (as Laruelle has attempted to do) of the necessity for his participation in establishing "the balance of ... (the) human situation" (221). The Consul, increasingly infuriated, argues the pointlessness and presumptuousness of interference (310, 311), before abandoning all pretence of rational argument to violently abuse both Hugh and Yvonne:

'For that matter, both your souls stink! Cervantes!'

'Geoffrey, please sit down', Yvonne seemed to have said wearily, 'you're making such a scene' (314).



Undeterred, he attacks her for 'drowning' "the children I might have wanted", and for the illusions that help her to "deny the only natural and good function you have"; though, he adds, "on second thoughts it might be better if woman had no function at all!" (314-315). He attacks here, therefore, the very weaknesses ("dislocations") that drew him to her - the very weaknesses of the 'woman within' himself that so contribute to his incoherent progression/regression towards the annihilation of consciousness. And he attacks Hugh also, as projection of his own terror of the sexual 'crucifixion' that he has been able to evade in Yvonne. Crude, cruel images of animal sexuality spew from his mouth in this attack, closely similar to those with which he greeted the sight of Laruelle's 'animal' nakedness, of "gills like codfish and veins like racehorses" that - like Hugh's - have penetrated Yvonne's body as that morning he had failed to do (315).

Both Laruelle and Hugh seriously threaten him in this respect, for whatever their various inadequacies, each has provided the Consul with a large hook to hang this projection onto, each has assumed this aspect of the shadow: its animal sexuality, so terrifying to one who conceives of sexual intercourse essentially as a castration or crucifixion of the self.

He now finally rejects their "offers of a sober and non-alcoholic Paradise"; "on the contrary", he chooses first: "'Tlax - ... Tlax - ... Tlax - ...'", but his inability to complete the word suggests the imminence of a more terrible yet more realistic choice: "'I choose ... Hell'" (316).

The mescal path which appears to lead so alluringly to the white alcoholic sanctuary of Tlaxcala, leads in truth, treacherously and deceptively, to the dark hell of the Farolito. He remembers going to meet - yet not to meet - Lee Maitland again:

... desiring to meet trains, perhaps, but to meet no trains  
that stop ... and from such trains none descends, not even

another angel, not even a fair-haired one, like Lee Maitland.  
 - Was the train late? Why was he pacing the platform? ...  
 (283).

There he was safe, able to suffer the terror's of the moon's withdrawal,  
 and to place placatory flowers on the grave of the anima (286). At  
 Tlaxcala, even more so, the anima is stripped of all power and potency.  
 But he can escape to the station and the reassuring non-arrival of the  
 angel-anima only very briefly; he cannot now, it seems, escape to  
 Tlaxcala at all: "'Tlax - ... I choose ... Hell ...'" (316). And in  
 choosing hell, he chooses the darkness that contains for him not angel  
 but "prostitute, seductress ... witch" - the ancient and annihilating  
 anima.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN : THE CONSUL - THE WOMAN WHO  
SLAYS HER HUSBANDS

(1) The Perils of the Soul

In the final chapter of the novel, the Consul has arrived at his terminus, the Farolito at Parian. There he is very soon forced to recognize - as best he can, in a condition of extreme drunkenness - the nature of his situation.

He is able to realise that he has gone

down, down ... down till - it was not the bottom even now ... It was not the end quite yet. It was as if his fall had been broken by a narrow ledge, a ledge from which he could neither climb up nor down, on which he lay bloody and half stunned, while far below him the abyss yawned, waiting ...

And in this condition he believes himself to be:

surrounded in delirium by these phantoms of himself, the policemen. Fructuoso Sanabria, that other man who looked like a poet, the luminous skeletons, even the rabbit in the corner and the ash and sputum on the filthy floor - did not each correspond, in a way he couldn't understand yet obscurely recognized, to some fraction of his being?

Now, the features of life

dissemble ... cloy and clutter ... become finally little better than ghastly caricatures of his dissimulating inner and outer self, or of his struggle, if struggle there were still ... (361-362).

Basically, the Consul accepts - indeed, wishes to accept - that his condition is that described in the first quotation above, that the

descent he has undertaken into the realm of the unconscious, with confused motivation and insecure equipment, has resulted in a damaging fall over which he has had no control and which leaves him in a state of resigned helplessness to await the final drop.

Yet, even in this condition, he struggles still, albeit for the most part feebly, to recognize the nature of the projections of his conflicts that cumulatively surround and entrap him in the Farolito; and to recognize them, even very indistinctly, is to penetrate more deeply the phantasmagoric darkness in which his self, his "pale Moctezuma", crouches in chains (289). Almost all of the "phantoms" and "caricatures" of aspects of himself that crowd around him imprisoningly in the Farolito evince hostility to him - the "stern, familiar foreboding" face and eyes that he sees in mirrors (338, 345), and remembers having watched as he lay in bed "shaking in impotent terror at himself", forming in the curtains or "filling" "the space between the wardrobe and the ceiling", while he heard outside "the soft padding of the eternal ghostly policeman ..." (345). Now, these hallucinations of desperate drunken nights take on fleshly shape and form, and with it an increasingly implacable hostility towards him. Repeatedly he tries to placate these multiple hostile alter egos, epitomised by Sanabria, Chief of the Gardens, and his bestial, murderous assistants. Sanabria is the ultimate authority in this hell; he represents the power and authority that the Consul has squandered and abandoned; he is the evicter of those who abandon the garden of selfhood to chaos and ruin. Like all symbols of the conscious-unconscious struggle, he is a power for good or evil - his authority could have been used creatively, will now be used destructively. The Consul recognizes in him:

The image of himself when, lean, bronzed, serious, beardless, and at the crossroads of his career, he had assumed the Vice-Consulship in Granada ... (359).

"'... what you have excluded'", Laruelle has gravely informed him, "as if it resented that exclusions, returns ...'" (222). This, as the Consul so obscurely recognizes, is exactly what is happening to him now, a process that is reaching its climax at the Farolito, in the confrontation of the conscious mind with "systems split off from the personality in personified form" (PS 19). "... under certain conditions", writes Jung, "the unconscious is capable of taking over the role of the ego" (IP 7). These conditions are coming about now as the Consul's ego-consciousness struggles ever more feebly to sustain its role. He is experiencing a modern equivalent of the "primitive 'perils of the soul'", which, Jung argues, "consist mainly of dangers to consciousness" - "Fascination, bewitchment, loss of soul, possession" - that "are clearly phenomena of dissociation, regression, and suppression of conscious by unconscious contents ..." (IP 12). He adds that "we have learned that the unconscious is life, and that if life is repressed it will live against us ..." (IP 27). Now the Sanabria-self that the Consul has abandoned returns, a sternly punitive alter ego, to "live against" him those qualities of authority and serious purpose in the cultivation of the garden of the self that he has attempted to exclude.

With the serious authoritative side of his personality arising now to "live against" him, the Consul is fully exposed

in this blind alley to the attack of all the ferocious  
beasts the cavern of the psychic underworld is supposed  
to harbour ... (IP 69).

In this condition, the Consul is unable to respond to the advice whisperingly given him by other, friendly figures also representing "functions which filter the contents of the ... unconscious through to the conscious mind" - the old woman and the beggar. They emphasize his danger, urgently counsel escape, but while he can hear them, he is neither able nor willing to act upon their advice. The counter-forces

are now far too strong, because most deeply the Consul now wishes the conflict to be resolved not through the pain and struggle of further confrontations but in the falling of a night in which "the light of consciousness" will be extinguished, and "the dark sea of unconsciousness (will burst) in ..." (IP 71). "The shadow is a formidable thing", writes Jung: "The harder and more disappointing are the conditions of life, and the more disappointed consciousness becomes, so much the more grows the shadow, till the darkness is at last over-powering" (IP 92).

This, nevertheless, is the "paradise" of the Consul's despair. And in it he hears, mingling with the sounds of water, those (resumed from the Salon Ofelia) of women's voices, combined with Yvonne's, and wailing now even more distantly and "distressfully" words of warning and defeat: "Borracho, borrachon, borraaaaacho!", and pleading "like Yvonne's" voice for recognition and for love.

His response is to "Deliberately ... shut out all thought of Yvonne", and to drink two swift and treacherous mescals: "the voices ceased" (338). Again deliberately excluded, the anima will return in various forms throughout his final hour, and most irresistibly in the form of Maria.

Meanwhile, taking stock of his surroundings and ignoring warnings symbolised by objects that demand "some moments to impinge upon him", he achieves in this "paradise of his despair" a brief mescal-inspired illusion that this place is, in effect, the "white sanctuary" that he created for himself in the Salon Ofelia, where he can drink endlessly without conflict or remorse, and where he is briefly able to believe himself "safe ... this was the place he loved - sanctuary ..." (339).

Yet although believing himself to be "safe", he still "vaguely" wishes to be saved - but from what?

Save me, thought the Consul vaguely ... help: but maybe the scorpion, not wanting to be saved, had stung itself to death (339).

He neither wishes to be saved by Yvonne to participate in her "sober and non-alcoholic" shadow-less paradise, nor to be saved in order, yet again and ever-recurrently, to struggle into darkness. He wants to remain as he is at this precise moment, in the ideal paradise of his despair; yet he cannot help recognizing that the scorpion "not wanting to be saved" will sting itself to death.<sup>1</sup>

Images of rocks and of the barranca, into which depths he now peers, mescal-insulated from fear, lead him back to La Despedida, that symbol of their "sundering" and "severance" so obvious to the early-morning Yvonne, and his determined remoteness from the anima, whose powers he so rightly fears, is again indicated:

How long ago, how strange, how sad, remote as the memory of first love, even of his mother's death ... this time without effort, Yvonne left his mind again ... (340).

Thus the anima, in multiple yet composite form (as mother, first love, and as Yvonne) is again abandoned, only very soon to return:

He argued absurdly with himself that it was necessary to remain for this (to recover his small change) alone. He knew there was another reason yet couldn't place his finger on it. Every time the thought of Yvonne recurred to him he was aware of this. It seemed indeed then as though he must stay here for her sake, not because she would follow him here ... but for something else ... (341).

His inability to "place his finger" on the reason why he must stay here for "her sake" - on that "something else" (his imminent confrontation with her counterpart, Maria) - is evidence of his unreadiness and incapacity to cope with that confrontation. And his confusion and self-ignorance are further illustrated when he returns to the concept of help:

any kind of help, may be on its way, friends, any kind of friends ... to rescue him (341).

yet:

he really wants none of these things

and asks:

why have I ruined myself in this wilful manner? (342).

In a sense, such help as this could only postpone, and prolong, his struggle. The idea of postponement - for ever if possible! - is attractive; this is the kind of help he hopes for. Yet postponement must inevitably involve, sooner or later, ever-recurring, resumption and prolongation of the struggle. Those "ghastly caricatures" of "his struggle, if struggle there was still", will not be "excluded", and resenting "that exclusion" will return, inexorably. Almost empty at first, or apparently so, his illusory "paradise" of despair is to fill, with engulfing rapidity, with symbols of that "repressed" life that now "lives against" him.

(11) Monsters, Beggars, and the Old Woman from Tarasco

The Consul's question: "why have I ruined myself in this wilful manner?", appears to receive no answer from the square (another self symbol). Yet although the square has seemed empty - like his mind in that ideal empty white Tlaxcala - it now begins to fill, with 'answers' of varying kinds: soldiers, policemen, drinkers with pistols, beggars, and 'monsters'.

He has ruined himself "in this wilful manner" in order to release and then surrender to the forces within himself that these figures symbolize, among which the beggars, later to warn and comfort him, represent a counter-tendency, a crippled, enfeebled force for self-survival.

The monsters (or monster) are described in curious and nightmarish detail as:



some unusual animals resembling geese, but large as camels, and skinless men, without heads, upon stilts, whose animated entrails jerked along the ground ... He shut his eyes from this and when he opened them someone who looked like a policeman was leading a horse up the path, that was all. He laughed, despite the policeman, then stopped. For he saw that the face of the reclining beggar was slowly changing to Senora Gregorio's, and now in turn to his mother's face, upon which appeared an expression of infinite pity and supplication ... (342).<sup>2</sup>

What this apparition declares is that, far from having arrived safely in "the land where one hides",<sup>3</sup> the Consul is on the brink of ultimate catastrophe. The significance of the horse as a symbol of transformation is more fully discussed elsewhere in this thesis;<sup>4</sup> essentially it is a symbol of the libido that, repressed and abused, has turned against the psyche that contains it. Thus what appears here is not the supernaturally wise and helpful horse of myth and fairytale, but a horse transformed - if only the Consul had eyes to see - into an obscenely monstrous mixture of 'human' and 'animal' elements. If rider and horse can "form a centaur-like unit ... man and his shadow, ie the higher and lower man, ego-consciousness and shadow" (ST 437), what kind of combination of "ego-consciousness and shadow" is described here? The Consul, most dangerously protected by the deadly insulation of mescal, both sees and does not see this apparition. The word "unusual" sets a tone of calm understatement; but when his initial calmness and careful analytical description of the 'monster' begins to break down as soon as it gains a certain gruesome energy ("skinless men, without heads ... whose animated entrails jerked along the ground") "He shut his eyes from this" - and opens them to see (with such relief that he laughs) a comparatively un-threatening policeman "leading a horse up the path, that was all ...". The shadow has usurped the role of ego-consciousness and - temporarily, at least - draws the libido-symbol, deceptively docile, behind it.

His relief is short-lived, for a counter-symbol to the seemingly 'dis-assembled' monster (that image of a hideously confused and mutilated

mixture of shadow over ego-consciousness) at once asserts itself, in the beggar's face which changes first to Senora Gregorio's and then to his mother's, "upon which appeared an expression of infinite pity and supplication ..."

As threatening in its own way as the monster, this implicit plea to save, to redeem himself, is equally quickly shut out. He closes "his eyes again", only for its obverse to reassert itself: "the dreadful night inevitably awaiting him ... the battling with insolent archfiends ... the avalanche breaking down the door ..." (343). The plea for self-preservation is equally threatening because, if acted upon, it demands that the conflict be resumed, and resumed at its most crucial and terrifying level. But as symbols of those forces in the Consul that genuinely work for "salvation", these three-becoming-one - mutilated beggar, ancient deathly Senora Gregorio, and the original anima-figure of the benevolent mother - are feeble, remote, impaired: "remote as the memory of first love, even of his mother's death" (340). They are able at best only to bring a sense of pity and compassion to the Consul's final moments, and are unable to counteract or even mitigate the destructive powers that oppose them.

From his vision of "the dreadful night" inevitably awaiting him (unless he can achieve his ultimate escape from it), the Consul, still mesal-insulated in "almost amused calm" (343) returns to the bar. But whichever way he turns now there is no escape from reminders of his failures and of his danger. At the bar, Diosdado, the owner of the Farolito who is soon to join forces with Sanabria and others against the Consul, slaps "a fat package of envelopes ... on the bar counter" (343). Diosdado, as yet another contemptuous and hostile alter-ego (he has refused to return a pipe the Consul has lost) thus presents him with irrefutable evidence of his neglect of the anima:

Where are the letters Geoffrey Firmin the letters the letters she wrote till her heart broke? Here were the letters, here and nowhere else ... (343).

Moving now stage by stage towards his "climax" with Maria, he carries the letters, together with another drink, "into an inner room, one of the boxes in the chinese puzzle" (344). Here he encounters, for the second time on this day, the "old woman from Tarasco" - a figure that for Yvonne that morning had appeared as "almost uncanny ... an evil omen" which "chilled her heart" (55-56).

Writing of "The Mother Archetype", Jung states that all of her many symbols (like other symbols of transformation) "can have a positive, favourable meaning or a negative, evil meaning", or she may - as did Senora Gregorio for the Consul - ambivalently reveal both sides of the archetype. The source of "all that is benign, all that cherishes and sustains, that fosters growth and fertility", she presides over the place "of magic transformation and rebirth"; simultaneously, her "negative" side may be indicated by:

anything secret, hidden, dark; the abyss, the world of the dead, anything that devours, seduces, and poisons, that is terrifying and inescapable like fate ...

And Jung also adds that "in a man's psychology", the mother-image inevitably appears, at first, mingled with" the archetype of the anima (FA 15-16).

Yvonne's response to "the old woman from Tarasco" demonstrates that for her only the "negative side" of this archetype is visible - she sees her only as a "partner", as the witchlike aspect of her own shadow. For the Consul, however, the mother-archetype is still inextricably mingled with the anima, who appears to him in many and varied forms, both positive (the old woman) and negative (Maria) and ambiguously as both (Senora Gregorio, Yvonne). Thus, he is "not really surprised to find" in this inner room of the Farolito:

the old Tarascan woman of the Bella Vista this morning. Her tequila, surrounded by dominoes, was set before her on the round table. Her chicken pecked among them. The Consul wondered if they were her own; or was it just necessary for her to have dominoes wherever she happened to be? Her stick with its claw handle hung, as though alive, on the edge of the table. The Consul moved to her ... (344).

As a psychopomp - one who could lead or show the way, for better or worse, through the realm of the unconscious - she has attributes similar to those of the wise old man; her chicken is a humbler form of Cervantes' significant cock, her dominoes could spell out potent combinations of magical numbers, and her stick (which hangs "as though alive") might point the way that the Consul should follow. But a psychopomp must be responded to correctly. If abusively treated, it may act against the protagonist, and if ignored, its powers may remain dormant. The Consul has sought answers from Senora Gregorio, received them, and failed to understand or to act effectively upon them. Now he fails (or is unwilling) to discover what this old woman might tell him. Instead, he plunges unguided into the entrapments offered by Yvonne's letters. Even when she tries

to attract his attention, opening her mouth and pointing into it ... (then moves) round the table nearer him ... (346).

and a little later, plucks his sleeve, his only response is to press the bell for more drinks and when they arrive:

The Consul nodded to the old woman, motioned to her tequila, drank most of his mescal, and resumed reading ... (347).

Like Cervantes, like Senora Gregorio, the old woman has something to tell him; he fails to understand them, and can only hear what this old woman has to say when it is too late, when he is unable or unwilling to listen and to act:

Then he realized she too wanted to help. 'No good for you', she whispered. 'Bad place. Muy malo. These man no friend

of Mexican people'. She nodded towards the bar in which the Chief of Rostrums and Sanabria still stood. 'They no policia. They diablos ... Vamonos', she muttered to the Consul ... But the Consul only raised his glass. 'Gracias, buena amigo', he said, without expression. Then the old woman had gone (368).

(iii) The Woman who Slays Her Husbands

These rejections - of what the old woman symbolises and of Yvonne, following his succession of unresolved encounters with anima-figures throughout the novel, at last bring about their devastating consequence. What he has excluded, "as if it resented that exclusion, returns", and returns in the form of the 'red' anima:

Miserably he wanted Yvonne and did not want her.  
'Quiere Maria?' a voice spoke softly behind him ...  
(348).

The final reply to his questions comes not from the square outside, but from the deepest darkness of the Farolito.

As the girl leads him "by the constricting power of aching flesh alone, of pathetic trembling yet brutal lust", irresistibly, through the inner rooms of the Farolito, the inner chambers of the self, "that grew smaller and smaller, darker and darker", he hears from the "evil-smelling gloom" of the mingitorio "a sinister chuckle". And he sees, or senses, in the darkness of the smallest room of all, "two men whose faces he couldn't see ... sitting, drinking or plotting ..." (348). The chuckle comes from the stool-pigeon, the trickster in his most debased form, who claims the Consul as his friend and companion after he emerges from Maria, and who remains inseparable from him then until the final catastrophe. It is he who guards the "innermost citadel" of the self (289) that the Consul is about, conclusively, to penetrate.

On through the inner, central garden of the self Maria leads him,

"through the open door into the darkening room" with its blue Virgin's light and apparatus of the crucifixion he has so persistently evaded: the whore's bed, footmarked and bloodstained, and, in one corner, "incongruously", a "gigantic sabre. Kashmir!" (349).

Kashmir is both birthplace and death-place for the Consul - the place of death and burial of "The first bearer of the soul image" who is "always the mother" (BW 167), whose "dominating power" has operated so potently upon him and has so "seriously" impaired his fate (BW 313). Now 'Kashmir' provides a symbol of all the Consul fears and here surrenders to - an enforced radical change in personality that, because it is enforced by the anima's possession of him, takes the form not of self-renewal but of self-castration. On this "student's cot" he will learn the final lesson of the anima's irresistible power over one who abandons consciousness before he dares confront her.

"The scene between the Consul and Yvonne", wrote Lowry, "where he is impotent is balanced by the scene between the Consul and Maria in the last chapter: meanings of the Consul's impotence are practically inexhaustible". If, as he also stated,

Yvonne is so to speak the eternal woman, as in Parsifal,  
Kundry, whoever she was, angel and destroyer both ...  
(Letters 73 and 81),

she here appears as "destroyer", and the Consul is able to overcome his impotence only, and devastatingly, in the embraces of this "destroyer" by surrendering himself to her powers.

In Ultramarine, Dana Hilliot saw in the prostitute Olga the features of Janet, his 'white', virginal anima-figure. The Consul - aided by lightning, ironic fertility symbol - sees Maria's face as being "for a moment curiously like Yvonne's", and when she flings her arms around his neck, and "drew him down to the bed", "Her body was Yvonne's too, her legs, her breasts, her pounding passionate heart ..." (349). Similarly

confronted, Dana Hilliot hastily fled. Many stages further along the self-seeking, self-destroying path, the Consul finds himself "sinking into a sea". In this sea, Yvonne and Maria merge - in this supreme archetype of the unconscious, where consciousness becomes "one huge black sailing ship" which sweeps, sinking, hull-down, across "a desolate horizon" into the "sunset" of the self. Now the body which engulfs and crucifies him becomes

a calamity, a fiendish apparatus for calamitous sickening sensation; it was disaster ... horror ... (349).

Such a disaster, and such "fiendish" torture could (if, as it were, properly supervised) lead not to annihilation but regeneration of consciousness - or so some alchemists appeared to believe.

In Mysterium Coniunctionis, Jung notes that the "coniunctio can ... take more gruesome forms than the relatively harmless one depicted in the Rosarium ..." (e.g. the 'marriage' of red youth and white maiden supervised by Silberer's Wanderer (SMS 6-14)), and he provides an example of this:

Nevertheless the philosophers have put to death the woman who slays her husbands, for the body of that woman is full of weapons and of poison. Let a grave be dug for that dragon, and let that woman be buried with him, he being chained fast to that woman; and the more he winds and coils himself about her, the more will he be cut to pieces by the female weapons that are fashioned in the body of the woman. And when he sees that he is mingled with the limbs of the woman, he will be certain of death, and will be changed wholly into blood. (Then) the Philosophers ... leave him a few days in the sun, until his softness is consumed, and the blood dries, and they find that poison. What then appears is the hidden wind ... The wind is the pneuma hidden in the prima material (Turba Philosophorum) (MC 21 and MC 21 note 103).

As in Silberer's Parable, it would appear here that the process of conjunction - of integrating 'male' and 'female' opposites in the psyche - necessitates, if it is to succeed, supervision and control by a third force (the Wanderer, with instruction from the Elders; and here, "the Philosophers"). In the Consul's coniunctio with Yvonne-Maria that third

force - if there is one - is his helpless ego-consciousness, manifesting itself in his awareness of and commentary upon the 'dismemberment' and 'mingling' with "the limbs of the woman" that his body undergoes. For him, Maria's body is "full of weapons and poison" - he assumes even before they begin to make love that she is diseased ("the final stupid unprophylactic rejection" (my italics)), and her body is "a fiendish apparatus" (349). But unlike the Wanderer, and the "philosophers", his consciousness is able only to describe what is happening to it, and demonstrates no controlling or directional power.

The above-quoted passage from the Turba Philosophorum vividly demonstrates a horror, and terror, of woman's sexuality that is nevertheless confronted and controlled, with the result that "the blood dries, and they find that poison". As I have noted above, the wise old man as magician is both "healer and helper and also the dreaded concocter of poisons". Similarly, the anima is 'poisonous' in the sense of the word quoted by Jung: "The very word pharmakon means 'poison' as well as 'antidote' and can in fact be both" (PS 83). Thus in the gruesome process described above, both "weapons" and "poison" play an essential part in the dismemberment and "certain death", which in turn makes possible the formulation of the 'antidote' from which the "hidden wind" is released.

It is the calamity of his rejection of and isolation from the anima that the Consul penetrates - the calamity of his inability to integrate her which now enables her to possess him. Scenes from Oaxaca, from nights there after the departure of Yvonne, emphasise that he is now paying a fatal price for his determination to escape from her demands ("the escape through the secret passage! ... the escape, still the escape!" (351, 352)).

Now those attempts to escape in Oaxaca, which lead his steps even then directly towards this very catastrophe, are recognized - too late - for what they were:



and it was this calamity he now, with Maria, penetrated,  
the only thing alive in him now this burning-boiling  
crucified evil organ ...

Can, even now, something be born from the crucifixion of organ and of  
ego-consciousness, from this compelled surrender?:

God is it possible to suffer more than this, out of this  
suffering something must be born, and what would be born  
was his own death ... (350).

- "And when he sees that he is mingled with the limbs of the woman, he  
will be certain of death". "It must be reckoned a psychic catastrophe",  
writes Jung, "when the ego is assimilated by the self" (An 24); and to  
this catastrophe the Consul now commits himself, penetrating with that  
"burning boiling crucified evil organ"

the calamity of his own life, the very essence of it he  
now penetrated, was penetrating, penetrated ...

During his copula maritalis with Yvonne, at the moment of relieved  
defeat and withdrawal, the Consul saw the "beautiful" sunlight in the bar  
of El Puerto del Sol

falling in a single golden line as if in the act of con-  
ceiving a God, falling like a lance straight into a block  
of ice ... (95).

And now, copulating with Maria, he remembers an incident at Oaxaca, the  
theft of a bottle of wine ("blessed ichor") which trickles down his  
throat "into a cold shivering hell of palpitating loneliness ...

as if one's chest were being filled with boiling ice now,  
or there were a bar of red-hot iron across one's chest,  
but cold in its effect, for the conscience that rages  
underneath anew and is bursting one's heart burns so  
fiercely with the fires of hell a bar of red-hot iron is  
as a mere chill to it ... (351).

As if "in the act of conceiving a God" - Joseph Campbell, in The Hero with  
a Thousand Faces, states that:

The ultimate adventure ... is commonly represented as a  
mystic marriage ... of the triumphant hero-soul with the

Queen Goddess of the World. This is the crisis at the nadir, the zenith, or at the uttermost edge of the earth, at the central point of the cosmos, in the tabernacle of the temple, or within the darkness of the deepest chamber of the heart ... (109).

And he adds that:

Woman is the guide to the sublime acme of the sensuous adventure. By deficient eyes she is reduced to inferior states: by the evil eye of ignorance she is spell bound to banality and ugliness. But she is redeemed by the eyes of understanding. The hero who can take her as she is, without undue commotion but with the kindness and assurance she requires, is potentially the king, the incarnate god, of her created world ... (116).

The Consul is, most prematurely, engaged in this "ultimate adventure", "at the nadir" of his world, and within "the darkness of the deepest chamber of his heart". But from such an act - of "conceiving a God" (consciousness reborn in the unconscious) - with Yvonne, he precipitately withdrew, terrified by the brightness of a sun that he several times declares his alienation from, terrified also that the "block of ice" within him is melting not into the purifying waters of regeneration, but to boil with the fires of hell. Now he pays full price for his inability to see "Woman" "with the eyes of understanding"; and now he finds that she has taken possession of him to destroy what he has withheld from her - his potentiality to be "the king, the incarnate god, of her created world".

Campbell describes a striking symbolisation of "the Cosmic Mother", the Hindhu statue of Kali, "the Black One", in her two aspects "simultaneously, the terrible and the benign":

Her four arms exhibited the symbols of her universal power: the upper left hand brandishing a bloody sabre, the lower gripping by the hair a severed human head; the upper right was lifted in the 'fear not' gesture, the lower extended in bestowal of boons. As necklace she wore a garland of human heads; her kilt was a girdle of human arms; her long tongue was out to lick blood ... (115).

The Consul lies in the grip of this Goddess, whose body "is full

of weapons and poison"; and the "gigantic sabre" from Kashmir, from the absent unattainable mother, the desired but forbidden mother,<sup>5</sup> like the "bloody sabre" in the upper left-hand of Kali, discovers itself in the "fiendish apparatus" of Maria's body, as he anticipates that "the escape through the secret passage" that he is now so agonizingly penetrating will bring its final terrible solution to his conflict:

... death, and he should have died now ... what have I done? (352).

Reaching at last "his crisis ... a crisis without possession, almost without pleasure finally", lured by the desired but forbidden mother to the consummation of a dangerous desire (ST 426), he sees, "what might have been ... a picture of Canada":

Under a brilliant full moon a stag stood by a river down which a man and a woman were paddling a birch-bark canoe ... thunder blew the door open, the face of M Laruelle faded in the door (352).

This moon neither hides her face in darkness nor casts threatening shadows on the scene; "brilliantly" she shines upon stag (a supreme symbol of selfhood),<sup>6</sup> upon ego-consciousness and anima, integrated in their control and direction of the frail bark of the self down the river of the unconscious; but "The wind is the pneuma hidden in the prima materia",<sup>7</sup> and the coniunctio of Consul and Maria produces only a brief thunder-driven spasm - framing the face of the erstwhile unheeded adviser of caution and normalcy, a message of defeat - before face and wind immediately subside.

If the ego lacks a sufficiently "critical approach to the unconscious, it is easily overpowered and becomes identical with the contents that have been assimilated", and it is in this way that "a masculine consciousness comes under the influence of the anima and can even be possessed by her" (C G Jung: An 23). The effects of that possession will be devastating; its consequences may well be fatal.

(iv) Letters from the Anima

Having emerged from his confrontation with Maria, the Consul finds himself drinking "with these macabre people inextricably" (my italics). He now meets, "cognizant of him, the Chief of Municipality's hard little cruel eyes", and feeling "the eyes of Senor Zuzugoitea still boring into his neck he produced once more, importantly, defensively, Yvonne's letters ..." (364).

Defensively, and almost "for succour" (363), he turns once more to Yvonne's letters, from which the anima speaks, still, in grandiose and portentous accents, which may yet conceal, and perhaps partially reveal, what he least wants to hear, and is most eager to defend himself against: the possibility, however remote, that his struggle, "if struggle there were still", could be resumed even now.

Writing of his own struggles to communicate with "the 'woman within me'", Jung explains that:

in putting down all this material for analysis I was in effect writing letters to the anima, that is, to a part of myself with a different viewpoint from my conscious one ... by writing them out I gave her no chance to twist them into intrigues ...

He also adds that:

When something emotionally vulgar or banal came up (from the anima), I would say to myself, 'It is perfectly true that I have thought and felt in this way ... but ... I need not accept this banality of mine in perpetuity; that is an unnecessary humiliation ...' What the anima said seemed to me full of a deep cunning ... (MDR 211).

Of Yvonne's letters to the Consul, it is necessary to emphasize that

he receives them (such is the force of projection) as though they are indeed from "the 'woman within'"; and Yvonne here speaks to him "with a different viewpoint" from his conscious one. But because his projection is still operating with undiminished power, he is gravely hampered in any attempt to penetrate her emotional vulgarity and banality. He cannot untwist the compulsive "intrigues" that she is pursuing; he cannot, effectively, penetrate to the genuine suffering, with all its implications for and demands upon himself, that lies half-concealed beneath Yvonne's histrionic role-playing, which is designed, essentially, to alleviate rather than investigate that suffering.

"'Without you'", writes Yvonne, "'I am cast out, severed. I am an outcast from myself, a shadow'" (364).

This is true, essentially; both she, separated from animus, and he from anima, are "severed", cast out from selfhood, and surrendered to the shadow. Yet the language through which these concepts are conveyed is 'cunningly' heightened to give the impression of falsely melodramatic gesture, and forms, in effect, a loophole through which the Consul can escape the underlying truth of the statement.

Her subsequent statements are similarly conveyed in language sufficiently pretentious to enable the Consul to evade their underlying "truth", to allow their banality to blind him to it:

You are one born to walk in the light. Plunging your head out of the white sky you flounder in an alien element. You think you are lost, but it is not so, for the spirits of light will help you and bear you up in spite of yourself and beyond all opposition you may offer. Do I sound mad? I sometimes think I am. Seize the immense potential strength you fight, which is within your body and ever so much more strongly within your soul, restore to me the sanity that left when you ... turned your footsteps towards a different path, a stranger route you have trod apart ... I am perhaps God's loneliest mortal ... My wretchedness is locked up within me. You used to cry to me to help you. The plea I send to you is far more desperate. Help me, yes, save me, from all that is enveloping, threatening, trembling, and ready to pour over my head ... (365).

In reaction to this, the Consul might well have thought again that "Yvonne had certainly been reading something" (347). How can he take seriously (even if he wished to) a letter from a woman who claims that "I am perhaps God's loneliest mortal"? Working against his understanding of what is valuable - crucial even - in this message from the anima is the "babel" of voices from the creatures amongst whom he is embedded, his own deep reluctance to continue the struggle, and the ambiguity of the anima who conceals her wisdom in "emotionally vulgar" and "banal" language. Indeed, her message is itself both misleading and revealing. It misleads him in suggesting that "the spirits of light will help you ... in spite of yourself and beyond all opposition you may offer" - the advice of potentially helpful figures is recurrently rejected by the Consul, and without his co-operation they are impotent. Indeed, such a concept could encourage him to continue to accept his present semi-helpless and extremely dangerous situation. It is revealing, in spite of its pretentiousness of expression, in that it indicates that the struggle could be revived, continued, even concluded: "Seize the immense potential strength you fight, etc." And only by seizing this hostile and negative power and converting it to a positive and creative force could he save both himself and her "from all that is enveloping, threatening, trembling, and ready to pour over" both of their heads.

But the message is effectively only as powerful as the language which conveys it, and the Consul, who has failed to respond urgently to such numinous symbols as the 'monster' from the forest and the beggar's face, is unlikely to be able to penetrate the anima's "cunning" veil of pretentious banality now: "'Where are you, Geoffrey?'" she asks, beginning a sequence of rhetorically posed banalities and clichés:

I do not know where you are. Oh, it is too cruel.  
Where did we go, I wonder? In what far place do we  
still walk hand in hand? (367).

Above the bathos of these phrases, "The voice of the stool pigeon now becomes clear, rising above the clamour - the Babel ... the confusion of tongues ..." (367).

The Consul then makes one last effort to 'escape' into the letters, and finds these words:

my life is irrevocably and for ever bound to yours.  
 Never think that by releasing me you will be free.  
 You would only condemn us to an ultimate hell on earth. You would only free something else to destroy us both ... And my God, what do you wait for? What release can be compared to the release of love? My thighs ache to embrace you. The emptiness of my body is the famished need of you. My tongue is dry in my mouth for the want of our speech. If you let anything happen to yourself you will be harming my flesh and mind. I am in your hands now. Save - ... (367).

"'No'", says the Consul, "pocketing his letters". Again - and now finally - the anima has spoken the truth veiled in pretentiousness. The Consul has attempted to believe that by severing the anima he will be free - to consume his freedom in "the paradise" of his isolation and despair; but the consequence of that severance has been and will be to condemn himself to a final oblivion. Yet how hollowly rings the anima's final, easily resistible, posturing appeal. Even the threat, half-concealed by the grandiloquence of her language, of "woman's sharp embrace" has, after his possession by Maria, little if any power to move him now. The rejection is almost superfluous: "'No'".

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN : THE CONSUL - TRIUMPHANT IN HIS FALL?

### (1) The Drunken Horseman

Warning figures press close to him amid the Babel of tongues. First, an old fiddler ("companero") offers to guide him to safety ("I take you to my home"), and is then replaced by the old woman from Tarasco who issues her warning.<sup>1</sup> But the Consul, pawed still by the stool-pigeon, cannot find the desire to save himself:

No thought of escape now touched the Consul's mind. Both his will, and time, which hadn't advanced five minutes since he was last conscious of it, were paralysed ... (369).

As though recognizing the helplessness of their victim, his enemies take possession of him, question, threaten, humiliate him, until he himself, by belated opposing them, rapidly brings their enmity to its crisis and conclusion.

Cervantes' cock, freed from the control of its master, appears before him, symbolic of the sexual death he has feared so deeply, encountered, and surrendered to, a shadow symbol, triumphantly unfined:

Suddenly, the Consul thought he saw an enormous rooster flapping before him, clawing and crowing. He raised his hands and it merded in his face (372).<sup>2</sup>

Then - at last - he strikes out, hitting vainly at his implacable enemies, the enemies he has released, attempted to placate, encouraged and abetted in their endeavours to bring about his destruction. "Give me those letters back", he cries, but radio and thunder drown his voice,



and the cry is pointless in any case, for the letters have already proved their inefficacy to change his course.

In pathetic defiance, he strikes again at all these hostile alter egos:

the Consul saw in the Chief of the Rostrums' expression a hint of M Laruelle and he struck at it. Then he saw himself in the Chief of the Gardens again and struck that figure; then in the Chief of the Municipality the policeman Hugh had refrained from striking this afternoon and he struck this figure too. The clock outside quickly chimed seven times. The cock flapped before his eyes, blinding him ... The Consul snatched a machete ... and brandished it wildly. 'Give me back those letters', he cried. Where was that bloody cock? He would chop off its head ...

"Seize the immense potential strength you fight", Yvonne has urged him, but the Consul by blindly, desperately, striking out at these "phantoms of himself" delivers himself irrevocably into their hands. He wishes now to destroy all these "ghastly caricatures of his dissimulating inner and outer self" - in effect to destroy himself. He seizes, uselessly, on an emblem of the very fears that have crippled and perverted his progression into the innermost chambers of his psyche - the Kashmir sabre, now a machete, "fell with a rattle" from his hand, and the cock remains triumphantly un-beheaded.

He then sees in its sharpest definition what the 'monster' from the forest has coalesced into - the number seven horse, tethered near him:

... now he saw it more vividly and as a whole, electrified: the corded mouth, the shaved wooden pommel behind which tape was hanging, the saddle-bags, the mats under the belt, the sore and the glossy shine on the hipbone, the number seven branded on the rump, the stud behind the saddlebuckle glittering like a topaz in the light from the cantina. He staggered towards it ... (373).

In his Letters, Lowry states that: "The slightly ridiculous horse that the Consul releases and which kills Yvonne is of course the destructive force we have heard of before ... suggested first in (Chapter) I ...

which his own final absorption by the powers of evil releases" (85).

Of the possible meanings of the horse as symbol indicated by Jung, that emphasised by Lowry - the repressed libido destructively breaking free - predominates here. This is a 'knowing' horse that, like the wise old man turned black magician, conceals its potentially helpful knowledge in complicity with the forces that have usurped power over it:

the horse ... was calmly chewing the convulvulus in the hedge, looking innocent as only one of its species can when under mortal suspicion. Its eyes, that had shut blandly at their approach, now opened, wicked and plausible. There was a sore on its hipbone and on the beast's rump a branded number seven ... (249).

When fully controlled by "higher man ... ego-consciousness", the horse, as "lower man ... shadow", is an instrument of "energy", positively and creatively operating in harmony with its rider - like this horse and its rider as seen by the Consul and Laruelle riding out of Quahuauac that morning:

Tolling, they edged into the Palace wall to let a man on horseback pass ... The man was singing gaily to himself ... at the top he suddenly waved his hand and galloped away, singing ... (216),

or like the horses that Hugh and Yvonne have ridden, accompanied by their foals and by a benevolently protecting white dog, during their deceptively peaceful morning idyll.

But whether the horse acts as positive or negative symbol depends on its rider. The horse and rider encountered by Laruelle (in Chapter One) are, for him, compositely "the Consul":

The rider of the horse was so drunk he was sprawling all over his mount, his stirrups lost ... barely managing to hold on by the reins, though not once did he grasp the pommel to steady himself. The horse reared wildly, rebellious - half fearful, half contemptuous, perhaps, of its rider - then it catapulted in the direction of the car ...

Horse and rider flee on up the Calle Nicaragua, a

maniacal vision of senseless frenzy, but controlled, not quite uncontrolled, somehow almost admirable, this too, obscurely, was the Consul (23).

"This drunken horseman", confirms Lowry, "is by implication the first appearance of the Consul himself as a symbol of mankind ... this horse is not riderless as yet, but it may well be soon: here man and the force he will release are for the moment fused" (Letters 69). They are fused not harmoniously but most threateningly and destructively, as though the vicious and brutal forces in the rider are directly communicated to and take possession of the horse, which is then released in its negative aspect to struggle for supremacy with the rider.

Outside the Farolito, the Consul has seen the horse and the 'policeman' who has usurped possession of it emerging from the forest in phantasmagoric form: a mutilated and disembowelled travesty of the ideal relationship of ego-consciousness and shadow; and he has shut out that vision.

Now it confronts him again, coalesced into separate components: the 'policeman' who is about to kill him, and this horse, now seen much "more vividly and as a whole, electrified". Control of the horse is in the greedy and suspicious yet careless hands of this "ghastly caricature" of himself, symbol of his ego-consciousness' surrender to the shadow-side. As if to wrest that control to 'himself', the Consul "staggered towards" the horse and "tore frantically at its bridle" (373).

It is as though, in the vividly and most precisely realised detail of the horse's features and accoutrements, the Consul's hopelessly belated recognition of his need to take possession of and control over the horse is symbolised - as though the Consul, barely able to stand as he is, here sees the horse completely, receives its significance. Yet it may be that, as Richard Hausa Costa indirectly suggests, his "befuddled yet benevolent" intention is to release the horse from its

bondage to the murderers of its former master: "'You stole that horse'", he has accused them, as though in releasing the horse he may release from bondage also the libido he has perverted and betrayed.<sup>3</sup>

In Under the Volcano, the number-seven horse plays its perhaps rather obvious symbolic role with sinister effectiveness; and its relation to the Consul - the relation of libido to ego-consciousness - is epitomised by Laruelle's "maniacal vision" and by its decisive departure from him:

Released, the horse reared; tossing its head, it wheeled round and plunged neighing into the forest" (374).

(ii) "Triumphant in His Fall"

Shot three times by the Chief of the Rostrums, the Consul at first "felt a queer relief", as though believing that now, surely, the struggle is definitively at an end. Richard Hausa Costa heads his section on the conclusion of the novel: "The Consul: Triumphant in His Fall". In it, he states:

The Consul is destroyed, to be sure, but his soul survives, ascending to the volcano's summit, even as his body is hurled into the pit to lie with offal and dead dogs.<sup>4</sup>

The Consul has assessed the situation more perceptively:

'Christ', he remarked, puzzled, 'this is a dingy way to die'.

And a close examination of the Consul's final moments of life and consciousness does not support Costa's wishful thinking.

He is comforted, to be sure, by a face that shines "out of the gloom, a mask of compassion. It was the old fiddler, stooping over him.

'Companero', he began. Then he vanished". But the pity and compassion of this benevolent figure which, together with the old woman from Tarasco, had sought to give him aid in the Farolito, and the extent to which he can identify in himself a "fraction of his being" (362) to which this potential "companero" corresponds, are at once swept away by the word pelado, which:

began to fill his whole consciousness ... the thief ...  
And it was as if, for a moment, he had become the pelado,  
the thief - yes, the pilferer of meaningless muddled  
ideas out of which his rejection of life had grown ...  
But someone had called him companero too, which was  
better, much better. It made him happy ...

But even this brief comfort dissolves, through sounds of music, into the "chords of a guitar too, half lost, (which) mingled with the distant clamour of a waterfall and what sounded like the cries of love ..."

When penetrating Maria with "the only thing alive in him now this burning boiling crucified evil organ", the Consul has resumed all those associations of sexual consummation with death that haunted his consciousness in the earlier hours of the day:

how alike are the groans of love to those of the dying,  
how alike, those of love, to those of the dying ... (350).

The concept was, of course, an Elizabethan and seventeenth century commonplace; but for one whose deepest fear is of "the woman who slays her husbands", it is very much more than a conventional mildly salacious concept. The "cries of love" that he hears now, again displacing "companero", are those of his submission to the "red" anima and denial of the 'white', of his fatal failure to comprehend "the 'woman within'". The waterfall carries these associations also (268-288), and those "half-lost" chords of a guitar had earlier accompanied a song translated by Cervantes as "'I suffer because your lips say only lies and they have death in a kiss' ..." (307). It is his "rejection of life" that dominates his

consciousness here, epitomised by his rejection of the anima, and the compassion of the old fiddler merely emphasises those aspects of the self that the Consul has irredeemably betrayed.

Now the ego-consciousness sinks resistless into the waters of the unconscious. The Consul finds himself in the place of his birth, as though reborn, "lying in the meadows" of Kashmir, "near running water among violets and trefoil, the Hymalayas beyond ..." But it is a re-birth followed only by a final parody of the life he has already lived and betrayed. Here too are Hugh and Yvonne, as projections of aspects of his personality from whom he almost at once becomes separated, after they have set out together "to climb Popocatapetl" - "Hugh and Yvonne had gone. He suspected that they had not only climbed Popcatapetl but were by now far beyond it ..." He struggles on alone - in fantasy-vision as in life - equipped, ironically, to climb the mountain, as he was ill-equipped in the life that is now ending. Or perhaps it is rather that he has failed to use the 'equipment' that he possessed and acquired, abused it, rather, as instruments of evasion and self-betrayal. Now his equipment "utterly" weighs him down; he has been a man unable to bear the burdens required of him by his life:

Exhausted, helpless, he sank to the ground. No one would help him even if they could ... (375).

"The Consul is destroyed, to be sure, but his soul survives", argues Costa; but this separation of 'body' and 'soul' is a false one. It is the same entity that is now first "miraculously" whirled up "in an ambulance shrieking through the jungle itself, racing upward past the timberline toward the peak ... this was certainly one way to get there!", and then finds itself falling through a world in cataclysmic eruption, "falling, into a forest, falling ..." (375-376). There is no separation here of aspects of the Consul's psyche that could be categorised as 'body' and 'soul'. On the contrary, the Consul's 'ascent' here parallels

and parodies his numerous attempts to evade resolution of a conflict that can only be resolved by 'descent'.

His helplessness is strongly emphasised; he does not climb to the volcano's summit, but is passively carried there in a vehicle designed to transport those who cannot transport themselves. And even when he hears the "friendly voices" of Laruelle and Vigil, erstwhile guides and mentors, their benevolence has no more power than that of the old fiddler to prevent "Strong hands" from lifting him and casting him "into the volcano". Opening his eyes at the summit, he sees not all that he has "miraculously" (as if the result of a deus ex machina of the psyche) achieved, but all that he might have achieved - the betrayal and failure of such potentialities, and the conclusion of the paragraph powerfully declares where the ultimate destination of the Consul lies, body and soul:

Strong hands lifted him. Opening his eyes, he looked down, expecting to see, below him, the magnificent jungle, the heights ... like those peaks of life conquered one after another before this greatest ascent of all had been successfully, if unconventionally, completed. But there was nothing there: no peaks, no life, no climb. Nor was this summit a summit exactly: it had no substance, no firm base. It was crumbling too, whatever it was, collapsing, while he was falling, falling into the volcano, he must have climbed it after all, though now there was this noise of foisting lava in his ears, horribly, it was in eruption, yet no, it wasn't the volcano, the world itself was bursting, bursting into black spouts of villages catapulted into space, with himself falling through it all, through the inconceivable pandemonium of a million tanks, through the blazing of ten million burning bodies, falling, into a forest, falling ... (375-376).

Discussing the Osiris myth, Jung writes that "Isis collected the pieces (of the dismembered Osiris) together ... with the help of the jackal-headed Anubis. Here the dogs and jackals, devourers of corpses by night, assist in the reconstitution or reproduction of Osiris ...". He also quotes from Petronius' Satyricon: "'I earnestly beseech you to paint a small dog round the foot of my statue ... so that by your kind-

ness I may attain to life after death'" (ST 237, 238). In myth, therefore, the dog can participate both in 'devouring' the dead, and in their "reconstitution", and can assist the passage of the soul to eternal life.

Douglas Day points out a significant paraphrase in Under the Volcano from Nordhal Greig's The Ship Sails On, 'a book strongly influential in Lowry's early career as a writer:

as Benjamin prepares to jump, he says to Santos, the dog, 'Santos, this day shalt thou be with me in paradise'.

But, as Day notes, when the Consul addresses a pariah dog in closely similar words, he is unable to complete the sentence:

'Yet this day, pichicho, shalt thou be with me in -'  
But the dog hopped away in terror on three legs and slunk under the door (232).

"Geoffrey will never see Paradise", comments Day (119, note 16).

And in marked contrast to the white woolly protective dog that escorts Hugh and Yvonne's equestrian convoy through the Quahuanuac countryside, the dogs that haunt the Consul are "starving pariah" dogs, that either seem to threaten him or repulse his advances. In the Farolito, the Consul's most sustained attempt to recognize the nature of the "phantoms" of himself that surround him culminates in a surrender symbolised in this phrase: "it was as if a black dog had settled on his back, pressing him to his seat" (362), where the dog assumes the shape of the shadow-side, epitomising his submission to its negative powers<sup>5</sup> - the shadow-side in its hostile and destructive form:

Ah, the ingress of the animal kingdom! Earlier it had been the insects; now these were closing in upon him again, these animals ... (231-232).

Only in the instance of the number-seven horse briefly in the control of his rider does an emissary from the animal kingdom carry positive signifi-



cance for the Consul; the fragility of this symbol has already been discussed, and it is entirely appropriate that the novel's final sentence should carry ironic even contemptuous implications, rather than the suggestion that by this "kindness" he may "attain to life after death":

Somebody threw a dead dog after him down the ravine.

I have stressed, in the above pages of this final chapter, the predominance of symbols of the Consul's failure, of his evasion, self-betrayal, and defeat. "... anyone who is destined to descend into a deep pit", writes Jung, "had better set about it with all the necessary precautions rather than risk falling in ... backwards" (PS 60); and it becomes all too evident that the Consul has been unable, or unwilling, to take these "necessary precautions".

He has, nevertheless, and however confusedly, pursued his path through the crucial second stage of "the myth of the hero" - "The Stage of Trials" - in a manner which (as I have tried to show) revitalises this myth, enabling us "to dream the myth onward ..."

Jung also states that: "Caution has its place, no doubt, but we cannot refuse our support to a serious venture which challenges the whole of the personality. If we oppose it, we are trying to suppress what is best in man - his daring and his aspirations" (PR 300-301). Elsewhere, he adds:

For the hero, fear is a challenge and a task, because only boldness can deliver from fear. And if the risk is not taken, the meaning of life is somehow violated, and the whole future is condemned to hopeless staleness ... (ST 354).

This is so even if the risk proves to be a fatal one, and the hero finally succumbs in "that dark realm of the unknown" to "the psychological danger

of a dissolution of the conscious personality into its functional components ..." (IP 244).

If, as Jung asserts, the "development of the personality is a favour that must be paid for dearly" (IP 288-289), then the Consul pays dearly indeed for the development that he achieves, in the cumulative rejections of his persona, and the bringing (however reluctantly and evasively) of consciousness into the deeper realms of the unconscious. And if "the results are such as to frighten away all weaker spirits", then the Consul, in spite of his fear of the figure that waits at the heart of his darkness (The Woman Who Slays Her Husbands), nevertheless shows himself, by the very extent of his penetration into this darkness, to be no such "weaker" spirit.

The Consul enacts the role of the hero to the extent that, for better and for worse, he follows his "inner voice". "The character of this inner voice is Luciferian in the most proper and unequivocal sense of the word, and that is why it places man face to face with final moral decisions, without which he could never attain consciousness and become a personality", writes Jung. But: "The development of the personality is a wager, and it is tragic that the demon of the inner voice should spell greatest danger and indispensable help at the same time. It is tragic, but logical ..." (IP 304). This is the nature of the tragic experience with which Under the Volcano confronts its reader - that the demon of the Consul's inner voice is shown to 'spell' both "greatest danger" and "indispensible help"; and that the "wager" in this instance is lost, as "indispensible help" is overwhelmed and engulfed by "greatest danger".

Only intermittently - most notably in his dream of Himavat - is the Consul able to see, and to reveal, his goal: the goal "that the deeper, psychic need sets itself, the image that promises to bring 'healing' and completion". Yet this "image", which is "beyond all measure strange to consciousness", is glimpsed by the Consul. The "entrance to it" is to be

found "only with the greatest difficulties", yet the Consul has found that entrance and has proceeded far along the "secret passage" into the darkness of experience of the unconscious.

Writing of the dream of a patient, Jung states that:

The transfiguration and illumination, the conscious recognition of the centre, has been attained, or at least anticipated by the dream. This achievement, if it is more than potential and can be maintained - that is, if consciousness does not again fall out of connection with it - means a renewal of the personality ... (IP 154).

The Consul's dream-vision of Himavat is such an anticipation. If the supreme achievement of the hero is "renewal of personality" (wholeness), then a lesser but still considerable achievement is in the glimpse of the "potential", the "anticipation", for:

Personality as the complete realization of the fullness of our being is an unattainable ideal. But unattainability is no counterargument against an ideal, for ideals are only signposts, never goals" (IP 287);

- "The essential thing is the opus which leads to the goal; that is the goal of a lifetime" (PR 305).

The Consul's only alternative, as one who has been 'called', is a Laruelle-like "Refusal of the Call", in which condition he could only "create new problems for himself and await the gradual approach of his disintegration" (Campbell 59). However vacillating his response, the Consul finds himself essentially unable to do otherwise than answer the call, and in doing so he fulfils the role of the hero as described by Campbell:

... here is a great key to the understanding of myth and symbol - the two kingdoms are actually one. The realm of the gods is a forgotten (unknown) dimension of the world we know. And the exploration of that dimension, either willingly or unwillingly, is the whole sense of the deed of the hero ... the terrifying assimilation of the self into what formerly was only otherness ... (217) (my italics)

The "Refusal of the Call" is demonstrated in a dream described by Jung:

... he saw on a mountain a kind of Castle of the Grail. He went along a road that seemed to lead straight to the foot of the mountain and up it. But as he drew nearer he discovered to his great disappointment that a chasm separated him from the mountain, a deep, darksome gorge with underworldly water rushing along the bottom. A steep path led downwards and toilsomely climbed up again on the other side. But the prospect looked uninviting, and the dreamer awoke.

Jung comments that: "Here again the dreamer, thirsting for the shining heights, had first to descend to the dark depths, and this proves to be the indispensable condition for climbing any higher". The prudent man, he adds, "avoids the danger lurking in these depths, but he also throws away the good which a bold but imprudent venture might bring" (BW 302-303). - "if the risk is not taken, the meaning of life is somehow violated" (ST 354), and "whoever is unable to lose his life by the same token he will never gain it" (IP 304).

Most imprudent, most incautious, the Consul staggers, slips, and slides - not without humour, not without dignity! - and finally is thrown into the depths; hardly a "triumph", this descent is nevertheless tragic, in the sense suggested by Jung (in that it demonstrates that "the demon of the inner voice (spells) ... greatest danger and indispensable help at the same time" (IP 304)); and heroic (in the sense suggested above by Campbell: "the exploration of that dimension, either willingly or unwillingly, is the whole sense of the deed of the hero").

It is tragic also in that this hero, this "branch that might have grown full straight" (40), is fatally flawed in a way indicated by Jung's statement that "personality can never (fully) develop itself unless the individual chooses his own way consciously and with conscious moral decision" (my italics) (IP 289). Although intermittently aware of this need ("My battle for the survival of the human consciousness" (221)), the Consul cannot answer it; he cannot by self-assertion save himself "from being completely swallowed"; he cannot assimilate the "inner voice" and become

able to perceive "that the evil was only an evil semblance, while in reality it brought healing and illumination" (IP 303).

"I don't think the chapter's final effect should be depressing", wrote Lowry of Chapter Twelve, "I feel you should most definitely get your Katharsis" (Letters 85). The Consul's fate is not depressing - it is saddening, yet illuminating. It is saddening in that it demonstrates the final defeat of high 'potential' achievement, yet exhilarating in that it illuminates not only the 'potential' but also the depth and vitality of the "dimension" explored, both willingly and unwillingly; this is "the whole sense of the deed" of this hero.

The writer's heroic task, in Lowry's view (as indeed in Jung's), is to demonstrate that "what profundity and final meaning there is in his (the protagonist's) fate" reveals also "its universal relationship to the ultimate fate of mankind" (Letters 85). Joseph Campbell asks how can man teach again "what has been taught correctly and incorrectly learned a thousand thousand times, throughout the milleniums of mankind's prudent folly?" This "is the hero's ultimate difficult task. How render back into light-world language the speech-defying pronouncements of the dark?" (218).

There is a way, suggested by Jung (in quotation from Gerhard Hauptmann), and most consistently achieved by Lowry in Under the Volcano:

"'Poetry is the art of letting the primordial word resound through the common word'" (ST 303).

No easy task, indeed, for a writer, as Jung also emphasises, for the word as symbol

must be the best possible expression of the prevailing worldview, an unsurpassed container of meaning; it must also be sufficiently remote from comprehension to resist all attempts of the critical intellect to break it down, and finally, its aesthetic form must appeal so convincingly to our feelings that no arguments can be raised against it on that score ... (PR 47).

A demonstration of Lowry's work as being "the best possible expression of the prevailing worldview " would be an ambitious undertaking indeed; it is outside the scope of this thesis. However, my intention has been to show that Under the Volcano is a superb "container of meaning" - as explored and defined in Jungian concepts and symbols - and to do so by using the "critical intellect" not to "break ... down" Lowry's symbols but to explore their variety and complexity, their richness and profundity. This has required, in many instances, demonstration of crucial relations between "the symbol's meaning" and its "aesthetic form" - of Lowry's art of "letting the primordial word resound through the common word". Thus my concern has been to show Lowry's achievement in this novel as being his part conscious, part unconscious "activation of ... archetypal image(s)", and his elaboration and shaping of these images "into the finished work", their translation "into the language of the present" which makes it possible "for us to find our way back to the deepest springs of life".<sup>6</sup>

## PART THREE

### THE FOREST PATH TO THE SPRING

#### CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTRODUCTION

This Part of the thesis was written first, at a time when I had progressed some way in reading Jung's works, and had already brought together most of the "materials for comparison" that, I believe, reciprocally illuminate both Jungian symbols and Lowry's fiction throughout the thesis. I had not, however, at this stage adopted the "terminology" offered by Jung to the same extent as in my (later) discussions of Ultramarine and Under the Volcano.<sup>1</sup>

I was therefore faced with two possibilities: to re-work Part Three completely, using Jungian terminology as fully as in Parts One and Two, in the cause of 'terminological' consistency; or to let Part Three stand, essentially, as it was originally completed, with the brief addition of one or two explanatory statements. That I have chosen the latter course will be immediately obvious.

I have done so firstly because the concepts in question are sufficiently flexible to allow this, without confusion or inconsistency. When I refer, for example, to the "superficial" and "dark" selves in this discussion, rather than to such more specific and elaborate terms as persona,

ego-consciousness, shadow, and anima (there are one or two references to, e.g., "the shadow self"), I am nevertheless still centrally concerned with the struggle between conscious and unconscious forces in the narrator's psyche, and with the symbols of that conflict. Difficulty arises, I think, only with the concept of the anima. The absence of any discussion of the anima, as such, in the original version of Part Three has been at least partially remedied by the addition of some brief introductory comments to Chapter Twenty: The Eidolon and the Cannister.

Secondly, and most importantly, the discussion of Forest Path seems to me to have achieved the most consistent and sensitive synthesis of the psychological and literary approaches that I have adopted, and I am therefore reluctant to tamper with it (even in the cause of terminological consistency!). Throughout the thesis, I have attempted not to impose Jungian concepts upon the literary material - rather to allow each to 'draw out' the other. To attempt, now, to fit my earlier discussion of Forest Path into a more rigid and more specific conceptual framework would be, in my view, an exercise damaging to the thesis as a whole and to Part Three in particular.

Part Three, therefore, is presented less as a conclusion to Parts One and Two than as a 'coda' or sequel - just as Forest Path itself provides the most satisfactory 'sequel' to Under the Volcano to be found in Lowry's posthumous work. Additionally, it may be no great hardship for the reader now to encounter some differences in emphasis in the following discussion. "The Forest Path to the Spring" - as reverie, meditation, monologue, elegy, with its conscious emphasis upon the good life in nature - dispenses with the denseness of reference and allusion so demanding of reader and critic in Ulamarine and Under the Volcano, and dispenses also with all but the faintest vestiges of those staples of conventional fiction that caused Lowry most difficulty: character interaction and plot. Here, there is a consistent endeavour on Lowry's part - in most



obvious contrast to the highly self-conscious manipulation of symbols in Ultramarine - to progress

to a region where such words as spring, water, houses, trees, vines, laurels, mountains, wolves, bay, roses, beach, islands, forest, tides and deer and snow and fire, had realised their true being, or had their source ... (FP 284).

Essentially, it is the extent - or limitation - of his success in this endeavour that is the central concern of this discussion.

That there are limitations to what Douglas Day describes as Lowry's "final, grand evocation of simple virtue", and as his "attempt" to write of human happiness in terms of enthusiasm and high seriousness usually reserved for catastrophe and tragedy" (FP 274), Day himself indicates. He does so in the comments he makes upon the nature and role of the protagonists' wives in the stories of Hear Us O Lord (quoted in Chapter Twenty below), and in this statement about Lowry's "vision of the Paradiso" (Forest Path):

Was the serenity one sense in this last story simply the calm that accompanies one's final fatigue; or was it real, an outward and visible sign of some unique illumination, never to be fully expressed or realized? I myself believe the former ... if there was a new vision, it faded away almost before Lowry caught a glimpse of it (Nalcom Lowry 449, 470).

That "calm", that "serenity", although predominant, is by no means the exclusive mood expressed in the story; and, as I have shown below, those "forces in man which cause him to be terrified of himself" (Letters 66) emerge still, recurrently, to challenge the validity of the narrator's 'Paradise Regained'. The kind of "illumination" that the story's "outward and visible sign(s)" express is explored in the chapters that follow - the nature of the visions that form, dissolve, reform again, throughout the narrator's progress along his "Forest Path to the Spring".

In Chapter Nine: Ixion or Prometheus?, I suggest that the three works discussed in this thesis correspond, broadly speaking, to the three

stages of the myth of the hero - with Forest Path corresponding, however ambiguously, to the third stage, that of "return and reintegration". I also note there that the returning hero ~~who then becomes~~ successfully re-emerges "from the kingdom of the dead" with the "boon" that could restore the world, or has experiences that he cannot re-integrate into the "commonday" world. These concepts are not pursued explicitly in Part Three. They can, nevertheless, be closely related to what I believe to be the cause of the narrator's continuing conflict: an underlying and persistent uncertainty about the value of the 'paradisaical' life (and self) that he describes. Has he achieved a "return" from and integration of the nightmare world, to complete - successfully, the process of "cleansing and purgation" at Eridanus (FP 274); or is this achievement merely self-delusion, a sustained attempt to abandon all further conflict, to escape to and remain forever within "'The Land Where One Hides'"? Or is it possible that both of these alternatives offer themselves, in some fluctuating and complex way, in the course of the story? Where, finally, does the balance lie?

Part Three presents a series of analyses and discussions of central symbols in Malcom Lowry's novella "The Forest Path to the Spring". By this means, it traces the course and explores the nature of the narrator's search for selfhood. It is, therefore, like Parts One and Two, both a literary and a psychological investigation; the unifying factor is again the essay's concentration upon the quality of language in the story, and its demonstrations of a direct and continuous correlation between variations in the quality of language and fluctuations in the psychic process that is being presented.

Again, in many cases, explanations of Lowry's symbols and methods of symbolisation are offered in terms of Jungian archetypes and symbols

of transformation. These concepts have not been applied to Lowry's story in an arbitrary or mechanical way. Indeed, the basic concept - of the story being essentially a drama of the interaction of psychic forces - emerged from preliminary readings, and was subsequently illuminated and confirmed by readings in Jung. Jung maintains that "the sun is a symbol of the wellspring of life and of the final wholeness of man"; but he also insists that: "Almost all the symbols are capable of a positive as well as a negative meaning", that they may be "genuine and true symbols" or neurotically distorted "ersatz products", and that if genuine and true they are so "just in so far as they are ambiguous, full of intimations, and, in the last analysis, inexhaustible".<sup>2</sup> Here also my touchstone throughout, in interpreting Lowry's symbols, has been the quality of language in and through which they are presented - thus the language used to describe, for example, the sun in this story reveals it to be sometimes a genuine and sometimes an ersatz symbol, sometimes single and sometimes manifold in meaning, yet as being "in the last analysis, inexhaustible" (Chapter 21: "Solificatio").

The conflict enacted in the story is between what I call the superficial and the dark selves<sup>3</sup> - between the narrator's desire to become exclusively that part of himself which he believes to be his "better" half (simply good, simply loving, etc.), and his need not to so simplify and isolate himself but by exploring his own darkness to find selfhood - an integration of his personality.

Some of the symbols I discuss appear to belong more (or more often) to one of these selves (or forces) than to the other - the narrator's wife, for example, whom I describe as a projection of the narrator's superficial self; what that self seeks to become (Chapter 20: "The Eidolon and The Cannister"). Similarly, in Chapter 22: "The Path and The Isle of Delight", I interpret his "nostalgia for paradise"<sup>4</sup> as the superficial self's endeavour to isolate and simplify macrocosm and microcosm

- Eridanus from the 'deathscape' world<sup>5</sup> and loving narrator from his nightmare self. Yet it is over his wife's shoulder, and initially through her explanation, that he perceives images of wholeness (discussed in Chapter 24: "The Creation and The Eridanus Myth"), and Eridanus itself, as well as being a "false" nostalgic paradise, is nevertheless the place where the vision, the illumination can and perhaps does take place.

The cannister, discovered on the beach by the narrator and converted to use as a carrier of water from the spring, becomes the vessel of a sacred rite, yet the rite that it celebrates may be that of the establishment of Eridanus as Paradise - of the simply loving self - or it may celebrate the possibility, often remote but never extinguished, that symbols of selfhood may at least be perceived (Chapter 20: "The Eidolon and The Cannister"). And the path itself (Chapter 22) may - indeed, does - lead back time and again to paradisaal cabin and wife, yet on it the narrator's most intense and painful crises take place and from it, and from the cabin, he achieves his rare but vital glimpses of symbols of transformation.

In each of these instances, the language and the symbols attempt - with considerable success - to reflect and enact the complex and even contradictory nature of the psychic process. Jung states that if, on the one hand, "reason is not to be offended" and, on the other, "the creative play of images is not to be suppressed in an abrupt and violent way, there is need of a synthetic procedure that is foresighted and circumspect enough to accomplish the paradox of uniting what cannot be united" (IP 153). Such a synthesising process is attempted in and through language in "The Forest Path to the Spring", and my purpose has been to trace and demonstrate this process.

Throughout Lowry's work the physical environment symbolises the psychic condition. Jung describes the process that takes place:

All the mythologized occurrences of nature, such as summer and winter, the phases of the moon, the rainy seasons ... are anything but allegories of these same objective experiences, nor are they to be understood as 'explanations' of sunrise, sunset, and the rest of the natural phenomena. They are, rather, symbolic expressions for the inner and unconscious psychic drama that becomes accessible to human consciousness by way of projection - that is, mirrored in the events of nature. This projection is so thorough-going that it has taken several thousand years of culture to separate it in some measure from the outer object. (The Integration of the Personality, 54-55).

In "The Forest Path to the Spring" no object - animal, vegetable, mineral, natural or artificial - is mentioned that does not have its significance as a marker on the chart of "that part used to be called soul" (UTV 11), although in practice the process is very much more fluid than this metaphor suggests.

What the story is centrally concerned with is the nature and significance to the narrator of sun, moon, mountains, inlet, cottage, wife, forest path, spring, cannister, birds, mountain lion ... And in the conjunction of the words nature and significance, the narrator's dilemma comes into focus; in this context, they are not necessarily complementary - perhaps they conflict. Is he seeking in nature only confirmation of those aspects of himself that are most acceptable to him, or for something in nature that will enable or at least aid him to transcend himself? If the former, then the self he retains is superficial indeed - Narcissus forever gazing, and only gazing, into the pool; if the latter, then his struggle is heroic indeed, for: "The development of the personality is a favour that must be paid for dearly ... the results ... are such as to frighten away all weaker spirits", and, furthermore: "... this heroic deed has no lasting effects. Again and again the hero must renew the struggle ..." (IP 288-289; ST 348).

The process described is universal; a similar search or evasion of it is characteristic of every modern psyche. In every case, the endeavour

is either to counteract that "alarming impoverishment of symbolism that is now the condition of our life" - or to submit to it.<sup>6</sup> The symbols act as transformers, writes Jung, "their function being to convert libido from a 'lower' to a 'higher' form. This function is so important that feeling accords it the highest values ... Today ... there are many ... normal people ... who feel restricted and discontented because they have no symbol which would act as an outlet for their libido ..." (ST 230, 232). The universality of the process is, of course, no guarantee of value, in the literary sense - archetypal images, however "disguised, mutilated or degraded",<sup>7</sup> proliferate in any and every novel, on every screen; they have value, however, not when they are reduced (as to clichés) but when they are restored, not when they are trivialised but when they are revitalised, enriched. The extent to which in "The Forest Path to the Spring" archetypal images are revitalised is the extent to which the narrator's search for the self succeeds; the extent to which he lapses into the banal indicates the extent to which his search fails and is perverted and misdirected towards the superficial self. In either case, his predicament is our predicament, and his search is ours also.

To summarize: In the Chapters that follow, "The Eidolon", explains the narrator's wife as, primarily, a symbol of the superficial self, and in doing so provides an illustration of the quality and nature of that self. "The Cannister" and "Solificatio" investigate symbols which introduce and prepare for the discovery of the path - and which offer, in the case of the sun-symbolism, insights into mysterious and hidden "modalities of being",<sup>8</sup> into the central processes of the story. "The Path" leads, in its typically ambiguous way, to a variety of 'goals' - to a limbo, in which all conflict appears to be "annealed" ("The Isle of Delight"); to a confrontation with a symbol, genuine or ersatz, of the

"dark chaotic side" of the self (FP 234); and subsequently to a kind of mystic illumination of an uncertain and dubious nature ("The Confrontation"). And it leads, eventually, to the vision of "creation", and its aftermath, that the narrator presents in his final pages ("The Creation and the Eridanus Myth").

## CHAPTER TWENTY : THE EIDOLON AND THE CANNISTER

### (1) The Eidolon

Douglas Day describes the "various wives" in the stories of Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place as, "whatever their names", "always the same gay, excited, passionate looking, slightly wild young heroine ... a perfect mate ... for any man who wants to live with a cliché and not with a woman ..." (Malcom Lowry 445). In many ways, the narrator's wife in Forest Path epitomises this cliché (see page 349) below), and her influence seems indeed to be primarily that - characteristic of certain aspects of the anima - of "something emotionally vulgar or banal". She appears to lack now that power "as mouthpiece of the unconscious ... utterly (to) destroy a man" (MDR 211-212), of which "The Woman Who Slays Her Husbands" is a most striking example - unless, of course, it is by means of those very vulgarities and banalities that she enfeebles and finally smothers the narrator's intermittent efforts towards transformation of the personality. This wife appears to be very close to the idealised 'white' anima that Dana Hilliot both yearns for and attempts to obliterate, and that the Consul eventually rejects in Yvonne - just as, superficially, Eridanus might appear to be closely similar to the Northern Paradise offered, despairingly, by Yvonne and also rejected vehemently by the Consul. The extent to which Eridanus, both because and in spite of its ambiguous nature, offers far more than Yvonne's Northern Paradise is demonstrated in the following chapters. Of the 'wife', however, the most striking feature, in comparison with



her 'predecessors' in Ultramarine and Under the Volcano, is that she has become very much less than they. In Forest Path, the anima has become a very much simpler - even simplistic - figure. No longer presented in her dual capacity as virgin or whore, angel of redemption or demonic seductress, she is now reduced to angel only, "eidolon" only of the superficial self.

There is no satisfactory evidence in the story that her 'singleness' is the consequence of an integration of virgin and whore. Such evidence as there is - presented below - all too convincingly reveals that the kind of conflict enacted through the anima in Ultramarine and Under the Volcano has here been retreated from, not resolved, and that what remains, also necessarily unresolved, is the recurrent demand that ego-consciousness come to terms first with the shadow; for "this heroic deed has no lasting effects. Again and again the hero must renew the struggle ..." (IP 288-289; and ST 348).

Yet, as I note above (p. 340-1) it is nevertheless over his wife's shoulder, and initially through her explanation, that the narrator perceives potential images of wholeness - as if, indeed, vestiges, at least, of the anima's ambiguous creative powers linger still, even in, or through, the cliché!

Ambiguous as ever the role of the anima in Forest Path may be; predominantly, however, she appears now to play the role ascribed in the following quotation to love (just such a role as Yvonne, so self-deceivingly and unsuccessfully, attempted to play for the Consul, as "eidolon" to his Northern Paradise):

'And I would follow the hero into the depths  
Did not love hold me' ...

Yet love still holds him back in the light of day.  
The libido still has an object which makes life worth  
living. If this object were abandoned, then the  
libido would sink down to the subterranean mother for  
rebirth ... (ST 22).

Such an object, abandoned by the Consul, with catastrophic consequences, may well be what makes "life worth living" for the protagonist of Forest Path; it may also be what prevents, finally - and in spite of his "visions and revisions" - his sinking "down to the subterranean mother for rebirth".

Attributed to the narrator's wife in the story is the role of "eidolon" of Eridanus and of redeemer of the narrator from his night-self - this last, one might assume, being a role that requires her to be an agent of change, rather than merely a symptom or symbol of it. This is not so; essentially 'she' reacts to psychic needs rather than causes them or alters their course.

The narrator presents his wife through, substantially, three groups of 'poetic' phrases (see pp 235, 250, 278). He is both explicit and vague about the effect he intends:

not sentimental at all, but fresh and innocent, and only moving because it was so happy, or because happiness is moving ... (278).

He appears to be in no doubt about her importance to him, and after the first group of images (235) states that:

... each morning ... I would be awakened by my wife's comments while lighting the fire and making the coffee, as if now upon a continual sunrise of our life, a continual awakening. And it seemed to me that until I knew her I had lived my whole life in darkness (235).

Similarly, the second group - "our small talk, our common gossip of the forest", with its "frost on fallen leaves ... like a sumptuous brocade" and its "chickadees ... chiming like a windbell" (250) - is specifically intended to demonstrate "her consciousness of everything that impressed me then" (my italics); we are to accept these phrases as convincing evidence of her perceptiveness ("wholly perceptive") being

so complete that "it intensified our whole life" (250).

Here is the third group of phrases:

Sunrise of a dying moon, in a green sky ... White frost on the porch and all the roofs, the first heavy frost of the year ... There's a little flotilla of golden eyes under the window, and the racoons have been here during the night, I can see their tracks ... The tide is high. My poor seagulls, they're hungry. How cold your feet must be down there, in that icy water ... Look - now! like a bonfire! Like a burning cathedral. I must wash the windows. There's a wash from a fishing boat like a strand of silver Christmas tinsel. The sunrise does things to these mists ... I must put out some breakfast for the cat ... The frost sparkles like diamond dust. I used to think it was fairy diamonds as a child ... The mountains look very hazy and far away this morning, that's a sign it will be a good day ...

Strange magnificent honeymoon that had become one's whole life (278).

Many of these phrases are exact repetitions from the first group (235) - compare the litany of love in "The Bravest Boat"<sup>1</sup> - and some of them resume powerful images from elsewhere in the story (sunrise, moonrise, tides, gulls). Yet there is about them an inappropriateness, a flimsiness, in comparison with these images as they appear elsewhere in the story. This inappropriateness can be seen particularly in the word "tinsel":

There's a wash from a fishing boat like a strand of silver Christmas tinsel.

Its connotations are very much those of the artificial as opposed to the natural: fishing boat and beach are at this stage connected by the wrong kind of image. The inappropriateness would be of less significance if the narrator did not make such repeated and particular claims for the sensitivity and perceptiveness that each group of images is intended to demonstrate. The images are at best pretty, at worst precious; they are hardly exceptionable in themselves. But the reader is expected to accept them as evidence - demonstration - of freshness, innocence, non-sentimentality, intense perceptiveness, a continual sense of rebirth. And if he

cannot do so, he must ask why: the first answer is that they seem too trivial, sentimental, too 'tinselly', to support such grand claims. If this is so, why is it so? Why is such a wife presented, and why are such exalted claims made in the face of the given evidence - in such contrast to what we see and hear? What we see reminds us more than anything else of the puppet lovers in "The Bravest Boat":

My wife seemed young and beautiful and wild as ever, far more so. She still had the figure of a young girl and she had the wonder of a young girl. Her wide frank long-lashed eyes still changed colour from green to yellow like a tiger cub's. Her brow could become chaotic with frowns and it is true that despair once carved lines of suffering on her face, though I thought these signs vanished or came at will with her moods; ... and she was uniquely alive, vivid and exciting (281).

This is the only sustained description in the story of the narrator's wife; it is verbose and stereotyped. The same wild beautiful and strangely innocent girl appears, described in very much these terms, in numerous romantic novels; we are shown not a woman but a cliché upon whose face "despair once carved lines of suffering ..."

The reason why she is seen and shown in this way is suggested by this statement:

But I forgot all my hatred and torment the moment I saw my wife. How much I owed to her! (248).

The narrator's wife functions essentially not as a character but as a symbol - a symbol, primarily, of his desire to cede supremacy to the superficial self. It is always in the interests of the superficial self to reduce intensity, to falsify complexity, to persuade the narrator to accept and even to fabricate ersatz symbols. In a later chapter, I discuss the narrator's attempts to simplify the apparent antitheses of Eridanus into a concept of the inlet as a paradise regained, from which evil - the outside world - must be excluded, i.e. to reduce himself to a simply good, simply loving self, the dark side of whom has been cut away

or thrust back irretrievably into the past.

The role projected onto his wife supports this endeavour; she is a kind of anti-Eve. Together with their cabin, she enables the narrator's superficial self to create a microcosmic paradise of sweetness and light within Eridanus. Of this Eridanus, she is indeed the eidolon:

... I would sometimes come upon her standing as still and as alert as the wild creature she had seen and was watching, a doe with her fawn, a mink, or a tiny kinglet on a bough over her head. Or I would find her on her knees, smelling the earth, she loved it so much. Often I had the feeling that she had some mysterious correspondence with all nature around her unknown to me, and I thought that perhaps she was herself the eidolon of everything we loved in Eridanus ... (249).

I mentioned above the struggles that take place in the story between ersatz and genuine symbols, and the enacting of these struggles in and through language; on pages 248-249, such a struggle takes place, and in it the narrator's wife plays her 'superficialising' part. We are told that:

My wife taught me to know the stars in their courses and seasons, and to know their names, and how she always laughed like a peal of merry little bells telling me again about the first time she made me really look at them ...

The passage proceeds through an account of this earlier experience:

The stars were blazing and shooting through the black trees and I had said, 'My God, I never saw anything like that in my life!' But I never could see the patterns she pointed out and she always had to teach me afresh each time, until one late autumn night there was a brilliant full-moon. That night there was frosted driftwood and a slow silver line of surf on the beach. Above the night itself flashed with swords and diamonds ... she said, 'It's easier tonight because the moon-light drowns all but the brightest stars'.

And it is followed by this paragraph:

I reflected how little I had known of the depths and tides of woman until now, her tenderness ... her joy and strength, and her beauty, that happened through my wild luck to be the beauty of my wife.

Discrepancies in the quality of language - in the quality of what is being seen and felt - are evident here. The credibility of the entire section describing the influence and importance - the role - of the narrator's wife is undermined by one phrase:

She always laughed like a peal of merry little bells.<sup>2</sup>

The particular quality of the phrase - akin to "chickadees ... chiming like a windbell" - is flimsiness and spuriousness. It is infectious. The stars, vividly seen "blazing and shooting through the black trees" are impaired in their vividness by the tinsel effects that are mingled with them, as also is the onomatopoeic and visualised beauty of "a slow silver line of surf on the beach".

In the third of the excerpts quoted above, the most serious damage done to the reader's response is by the final superfluous, over-insistent phrase:

her beauty, that happened through my wild luck to be the beauty of my wife.

Omit this phrase, and what precedes it gains in strength and immediacy of impact; yet it still raises more doubts than it allays, for while the depths and tides of the narrator himself are the subject and dictate the shape of the story, there is virtually no evidence of any attempt to explore or even to suggest similar insights into the wife, who serves, in the passage discussed above, as elsewhere, primarily as a screen upon which the superficial self can project its ideal. And here, as elsewhere, Lowry's language cannot help but betray the spuriousness of that ideal.

(ii) The Cannister

"Then again I could become convinced that the significance of the experience lay ... in the possibility that in converting the very cannister I carried, the ladder down which I climbed every time I went to the spring - in converting both these derelicts to use I had pre-figured something I should have done with my soul" (FP 282).

The cannister is a symbol to which the narrator attributes a particular significance - I shall examine the means by which the symbol is presented (its context, and its relationship to images, both ersatz and genuine, with which it is associated), and consider briefly the nature of the narrator's own attempts to understand those symbols - like the cannister - that he consciously recognizes (or creates).

The passages to which I have drawn attention above (i: Lidolon) are almost all those which reveal the most vulnerable areas of the story, areas in which (for whatever reason) the narrator can be seen to be cheating himself and the reader. The recourse to cliché is unmistakable evidence of just the kind of dishonesty, the self-deception, that the story's narrator explicitly seeks to transcend:

Here was the beginning of an honesty, a sort of truthfulness to truth, where there had been nothing before but truthfulness to dishonesty and self-evasion and to thoughts and phrases and even melodies that were not my own ... (270-271).

The story does transcend its own limitations, although perhaps it does not ultimately resolve them; its depths are fecund, from their slime comes life, renewal - just as the beach at Eridanus, when first encountered by the narrator and his wife, is stony, barnacled, and giving off an "archetypical malodor" (228), is "the first slime" (233):

(We) crunched thoughtfully over the barnacles and exoskeletons of crabs, or avoiding the deposits of tar or creosote, sank up to our ankles instead in slippery reeking slime, or splashed into pools themselves preened with peacock feathers of oil ... (228).

'Crunched', 'sank', 'splashed', 'preened' - there is a verbal energy here that is not characteristic of the weaker points of the story. Four pages later, these same mudflats are seen as - are shown to be - "seething with every imaginable kind of strange life". Here Lowry's language has precision and imaginative vitality:

Tiny slender pale turquoise starfish, fat violet ones, and vermilion sunstars with twenty pointed arms like children's paintings of the sun; barnacles kicking food into their mouths, polyps and sea-anemones, sea-cucumbers two feet long like orange dragons with spikes and horns and antennae, lone strange wasps hunting among the cockles, devilfish whose amours sound like crackling machine-gun fire, and kelp, with long brown satin streamers ... (237).

This is not merely a pretty piece of description; by means of it - in conjunction with the preceding beach description - the vigour and variety, the beauty and continuity, of life are conveyed, as is a sense of the inseparability of life and corruption (smell, slime). Yet the emphasis is not upon the inescapability in life of corruption \* as in Conrad, in Nostromo markedly - but of the omnipresence in corruption of life. The language here is not trite, there is no need for clichés; the narrator describes what he sees vividly and without compulsion to inject significance.

Very near the end of the story, however, the narrator comments on the significance of the cannister and the ladder that he had discovered on the beach:

Then again I could become convinced that the significance of the experience lay not in the path at all, but in the possibility that in converting the very cannister I carried, the ladder down which I climbed every time I went to the spring - in converting both these derelicts to use I had prefigured something I should have done with my soul. Then, of course, and pre-eminently, there was the lion ... (282).



The reader is to understand, I believe, that to a significant extent the narrator's conversion to use of derelict cannister and ladder did not merely prefigure something he should have done, but was in itself part of that process, an early yet vital stage in the process of individuation. Such speculations and explanations would carry little conviction in themselves - they would have the force merely of unsubstantiated assertion - were it not that Lowry has previously provided that substantiation in his accounts of the discovery and history of the cannister (238, 241, 242, 244). What has been established is (1) that the cannister was found on the beach (as was the ladder), that same beach with its "every imaginable kind of strange life" (237) and its "first slime" (233); (2) it was found at a critical moment, just after what appeared to be their only source of fresh water is cut off from them, just as they quarrel and "almost decided to leave for good", and just before, with the words "wand" and "water" an elderly neighbour announces the existence of another spring - the spring at the end of the forest path;<sup>3</sup> and (3) it is converted to use and its use begins:

Thereafter at dusk, when the gulls came floating home over the trees, I used to take this cannister to the spring. First I climbed the wooden ladder set into the bank and made into steps that had replaced the Scotsman's old broken steps (244).

And this is the passage which describes the discovery of the cannister:

My wife was crying and it was now raining and I was angry ... in the quarrel - one of our very first - which ensued we had almost decided to leave for good when I caught sight of the cannister on the beach left by the receding tide. As I examined it the sun came half out, casting a pale silver light while the rain was still falling in the inlet and my wife was so entranced by the beauty of this that she forgot all the harsh things that had been said ... (241).

"... the beauty of this ..." - the reader, too, must be similarly entranced if, some forty pages later, he is fully to accept the possi-

bility that "the significance of the experience" lies in "converting the ... cannister"; and if he is to be entranced here, it must be by this phrase primarily;

As I examined it the sun came half out, casting a pale silver light while the rain was still falling in the inlet ...

The word 'silver' is crucial to the desired effect here, which is in some important respects a 'magical' one: "as if Kristbjorg had waved a magic wand and suddenly, there was the water" (242).

The importance of the relationship of this phrase to its immediate and whole contexts must be emphasised; the phrase would be seriously impaired in its attempts to convey, to realise, a moment of genuine discovery and illumination, if the primary associations of the word 'silver' were those of, or akin to: "There's a wash from a fishing boat like a strand of silver Christmas tinsel ..." (278). Fortunately, this is not the case; the 'tinsel' effects are not all-pervasive, and 'silver' here connects most strongly with "... a slow silver line of surf on the beach", for example, and even - if the stories are read as Lowry hoped, as bearing one upon another - with that "clean silver sea light" and "sky ... like glowing silver" in "The Bravest Boat" (FP 11).

Also contributing to the effect of this intrinsically quite slight phrase are those descriptions of beach and beach life presented earlier in the story and discussed at the beginning of this chapter; they 'prepare' the place of discovery.

The symbolism of the cannister is thus established; how necessary, then, is the narrator's retrospective explanation of its significance - is it gratuitous? To the extent that he explains what the symbolism has already imprinted upon our minds, it may seem superfluous, even damaging - a rationalisation of the magical, an intellectualisation of the numinous. Yet the narrator is a man who needs to speculate, to try to under-

stand and explain the symbols of his experience, not least because these may be presented by the superficial self, ersatz rather than genuine. His explanations may further his search for the true self, may at times indicate the ego's willingness to attempt integration with the unconscious; more often they have the opposite intention - to blur and confuse and prevaricate, to distance and even obliterate the very real dangers inherent in those symbols. To enter in and through those symbols, this is the heroic task; to avoid and evade their power, this most often seems to be the endeavour of the narrator's conscious mind. The narrator has experienced Eridanus, has encountered and created its symbols; in presenting this experience he attempts also to understand it. Both the experience and attempts to determine its meaning embody and dramatise the central psychic conflict.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE : SOLIFICATIO

"... the sun is a symbol of the wellspring of life and of the final wholeness of man (as hinted in the solificatio)" (IP 122)

"Vessel and content and the mother herself, who contains the father, have become the son, who has risen up from the 'blackest shade' to the pure whiteness of Luna and attained his redness (rubedo) through the solificatio. In him all opposites are fused together" (MC 317).

Before the discovery of the spring at the end of the forest path, the narrator has stated that in Eridanus "drinking water had begun to constitute one of our most serious problems" (238). The freshwater barrel left them by the previous owner of their house can only be replenished "by rowing to a spring about half a mile away" (238); high tide covers the waterfall from where the water can be collected, and at low tide the barrel must be wrestled back across a hundred years of "ooze" and "muck" to the boat. It is best, therefore, to fetch water at half-tide. "One morning, in order to take advantage of the half-tide", he rises before sunrise. Two hours later, the sun has not appeared and the tide has not come in. The narrator has miscalculated, it seems, misunderstood - is, temporarily at least, at odds with the natural world in and through which he seeks transcendence, integration, the self.

It is a grey day - unpropitious; calm yet seemingly inharmonious:

It has become a calm, rather mild day with the water like a dark mirror and the sky like a wet dish clout ... (240).

Sea and sky do not harmoniously relate to each other. The water is "a dark mirror" (it is no "bright well", no "pool, well-deep and silver-clear" like that in which Narcissus discovers the fascination of his own image);<sup>1</sup> it appears to be all surface, and that surface is dark. The sky lacks entirely perhaps negates what romantic mystery "dark mirror" offers - it is "a wet dish clout", an object which seems to be the antithesis of the romantic and of the visionary. The archaism of 'clout' - its Elizabethan associations - scarcely mitigates the connotations of kitchen sink. Under such a sky, and looking into such a mirror, even Narcissus could but dimly see himself. Yet Narcissus' infatuation with his image in the gleaming silver pool leads not merely to his self-destruction; beyond the destruction of that self, to know which was death, lie, albeit remotely, redemptive possibilities:

As they built up his pyre and waved their torches  
Across his bier, they searched; his body vanished.  
They saw a flower of gold with white brimmed petals.<sup>2</sup>

For the narrator at this stage there is no light, and the darkness of the waters appears to promise nothing. Still he awaits a sign, some indication of the path he must follow.

He then sees an object that has not been there before, standing by the point - a heron, or a buoy:

... perhaps the heron was some kind of new buoy. But then this tall buoy moved slightly, mantling itself in condor wings, then stood motionless as before (240).

Recurrently in the story, we encounter birds - the "angelic" whitewinged seagulls (cf "The Bravest Boat") and eagles: "'The heagles, how they fly in great circles!'" (225). According to Jung, birds belong to the beginning of the process of individuation. They may be of beneficent aspect and intention: "... angels are really birds", signifying "the renewed ascent of the sun". He notes that the "swan, eagle, and phoenix occur in alchemy as related symbols. They signify the sun and

thus the philosophical gold", and when the eagle, "the sun-bird, dwells in darkness ... the libido has hidden itself ..." (ST 409). Or they may be images of the "unclean and hateful" soul, of the souls of "the damned and evil spirits" - or they may have attributes of both, like the Egyptian vulture, whose "necrophagous function" is seen to be similar to that of those dogs, "devourers of corpses by night (which) ... assist in the reconstitution or reproduction of Osiris".<sup>3</sup>

Angelic seagulls and soaring eagles prepare in the reader's mind the suggestion that "A heron standing motionless on a stone" may well be (to paraphrase Dylan Thomas) 'heron-priesting' the shore - another eidolon.<sup>4</sup> This suggestion is justified in the immediate context by the phrase: "unnaturally tall" - this heron looks significant - and more particularly there is the phrase: "mantling itself in condor wings ...", in which the verb 'mantling' compares the movement of the bird to the putting on of a mantle or coat, and thereby presents us very concisely with a definite and familiar physical movement and image, and yet does not domesticise or trivialise the image; it is mantle, not coat. And because it is 'mantle' - another and more dignified archaism - its connotations take us via cloak or robe to vestments, cowl, to "heron/Priested shore".

The adjective has its particular suggestiveness also: "condor wings ..." The heron stands like priest and/or vulture - and like a buoy, perhaps marking a navigable course for the narrator or warning him of hidden dangers, reefs. Years later, the narrator describes himself following the path to the spring with cannister in hand as being

like some poverty-stricken priest pacing the aisles of  
a great cathedral at dusk ... yet continually possessed  
by the uprush of his extraneous thoughts ... (253).

The heron (condor) is an augury of the discovery of the path to this "cathedral"; its appearance is followed by the discoveries of the

cannister and the spring. Yet for the narrator, even when the path is discovered, its nature - or perhaps his worthiness and capacity to pursue it - remain in question: heron or vulture, navigable passage or impassable reef?

Now, following the narrator's sighting of the heron, the sun at last appears, most ambiguously, to undergo an extraordinary series of metamorphoses (240: quoted below, page 363).

The sun's previous appearances in the story have been less ambiguous and less mysterious, yet they have prepared for this sun. On the story's first page, we are told that

Often all you could see in the whole world of dawn was a huge sun with two pines silhouetted in it, like a great blaze behind a Gothic cathedral ... (216) (Passage 1).

It appears again a little later to confirm that Eridanus is Paradise (or a paradise), or so it seems:

But could you rent Paradise at Twelve dollars a month? was our thought ... as from the porch of the shack, gazing on the scene of absolute emptiness and solitude, we watched the sunrise bringing the distant power lines across the inlet ... into relief, the sun sliding up behind the mountain pines, like that blaze behind the pinnacles of a Gothic cathedral ... (229) (Passage 2).

And its third appearance is as part of the first of three groups of 'poetical' phrases associated with the narrator's wife (discussed in Chapter One: 'Eidolon'):

Look - now! The sunrise.  
Like a bonfire.  
Like a burning cathedral.  
I must wash the windows.  
Part of what makes this sunrise so wonderful isn't just pure nature. It's the smoke from those wretched factories ...

The sunrise does things to these mists (235) (Passage 3).

In these successive manifestations, however, the symbol reveals more complexity and more development than at first appears. It is "huge" in (1),

yet minutely diminished at the end of (4), "a tiny little sun ... like a miniature"; it is all that can be seen "in the whole world of the dawn" in (1), it appears in a scene of "absolute emptiness and solitude" in (2), and as "the only live thing in a gray waste" in (4); it is "like a great blaze behind a Gothic cathedral" in (1) and in (2) - where the phrase is given additional precision by the addition of the word "pinacles" - it is like "a bonfire" and like "a burning cathedral" in (3), but in (4), although "church spires" appear in it, it no longer blazes or burns, there is even "no glare".

In retrospect, then, from (4), it can be seen that the earlier appearances of this symbol do not simply convey some such general significance as 'Sunrise in Paradise'. The narrator's underlying fears and self-doubts appear most explicitly in the question: "But could you rent Paradise for twelve dollars a month ...?" Is there any suggestion of these doubts, other than the question itself, in the first three appearances of the sun-symbol?

At a later stage of the story, the narrator's "agonized confusion of mind ... hatred and suffering were the forest fire itself ... almost like a perversion of the movement of the inlet ..." - a fire which turns upon and consumes itself:

So it seemed was the hatred behaving, turning inward and back upon myself, to devour my very self in its flames. What was wrong with me? (245-246).

From this vantage point, the imagery of the sun as blazing cathedral appears in sharper focus. In (1) and (2), it blazes behind the Gothic cathedral of the forest; in (3), the cathedral itself is ablaze: "Like a bonfire/Like a burning cathedral".

Like fire, like water, the sun destroys and creates. It reveals the forest as cathedral and, simultaneously, as cathedral engulfed by flames - the heron is priest and vulture, the sun destroys/creates the



forest-cathedral, just as the beach, in its two earliest manifestations to the narrator, is (a) littered with tiny skeletons and fouled by oil, tar, creosote, slime, and (b) "seething with every imaginable kind of strange life" (228 and 237). The beach absorbs pollution, cleansing and recleansing itself (236); the sun silhouettes not only Gothic pinacles of mountain pines but also "the distant power lines across the inlet" (229), and we are informed that "part of what makes this sunrise so wonderful isn't just pure nature. It's the smoke from those wretched factories" (235). More than once, the narrator sees the Shell refinery across the inlet other than as simply symbolising man's commercial despoilation of Paradise, as indeed having its own kind of distinctive and mysterious beauty (227 and 231).

Certainly the manner in which the uprising sun brings into "the scene of absolute emptiness and solitude" first the power-lines, then the pines, to be followed by

The thrilling diatonic notes of a foghorn in the mist,  
as if some great symphony had just began its opening  
chords ... (229),

strongly suggests that the vision sought is - or is to be - one in which a harmonisation of all its elements is attempted. It is an attempted integration of the 'external' world which is simultaneously an attempt on the narrator's part to integrate his 'internal' world.

There are psychic features in the narrator which correspond to smoke, factories, oil refinery, power-lines, just as there is in him - he hopes - that which corresponds to tides, storms, fire, water, and eventually, ultimately perhaps, sun. And if the self he seeks can be found, more than a correspondence or analogy must be seen - a unity in all things, however diverse and apparently destructive they may have appeared. His "symphony" must express all this - the destructiveness, the diversity and disharmony, and through them what underlies them, while

at the same time it attempts to understand and believe in itself!

I have attempted to suggest such possibilities above, in discussing the heron, whose appearance precedes the final description of sunrise (4) and the discovery of the cannister. This sun undergoes starting, continuous and 'contradictory' changes:

But now suddenly an extraordinary thing happened. Far south of the power lines, directly above the invisible railway, above where the blackened shacks under the embankment were, the sun struggled up, the only live thing in a gray waste, or rather it had abruptly appeared, the sun, as a tiny circle with five trees in it, grouped round its lower rim like church spires in a teacup. There was, if you shut your eyes and opened them wide again hard, no glare, only this platinum circle of sun with the trees in it, and no other trees to be seen for fog, and then clouds minutely drawn over the top, the sun taking in more trees along the hilltop as it slanted up. Then for a moment the sun became suffused, then it looked like a skull, the back of a skull. We shut our eyes and opened them again and there was the sun, a tiny little sun, framed in one of the window panes, like a miniature, unreal, with these trees in it, though no other trees were to be seen (240) (Passage 4).

It struggles up; it appears abruptly; it slants up. It is "the only live thing in a gray waste"; it is platinum, unreal, minute. It becomes suffused, then it is a skull. Eventually, it appears to fix itself as "a tiny little sun, miniature, unreal ..."

Sunrise in Eridanus, sunrise in Paradise? The source of life, and of corruption, appears now both as "the only living thing" and as "the back of a skull"; now there is not only no cathedral, there is no blaze either. This sun is much reduced in size and, apparently, in potency; "a tiny circle ... hard, no glare, only this platinum circle" - although a sun and a circle it is tiny and neither silver nor gold but platinum, a white "heavy malleable metallic element unaffected by simple acids and fusible only at very high temperature" - an element unlikely in this context to undergo metamorphosis, one would have thought, and carrying associations of the ersatz. Yet a brief suffusion does take place, suggesting congestion of blood, heat, life, only to produce the skull, before

the "tiny little sun" is further reduced in size to a miniature in the frame of a window-pane, "unreal".

The sun, Jung assures us, belongs, as a symbol of the self, to the end of the process of individuation, as do such geometric symbols as the circle; the sun

is a symbol of the wellspring of life and of the final wholeness of man ...

and the "'inner sun'" is "the archetype of transcendent wholeness - the self ..." (IP 94 and 122; ST 323).

If this is so, then what can we make of this sun, with its recurrent yet variable manifestations? We can read the symbolism of this manifestation (4) in these terms: a rebirth (micro- and macro-cosmic) occurs; it is struggling, confused. The confusion persists in that it is uncertain whether what has appeared is alive or stillborn ("live" v "tiny circle ... no glare"). It gives evidence of life (suffusion) only to present an image of indifferent death ("the back of a skull"), and reverts to dislike immobility.

This most dubious rebirth has emerged from dark waters and an unpropitious dish-clout sky, and it has emerged from above the sign of the heron. It follows three previous manifestations in which the sun appears at first behind and then as part of a blazing 'cathedral' - a rudimentary or preliminary process of integration? If so, then this symbol - from disc to skull to disc again - would appear to indicate a withdrawal, a retreat, from that process; it shows itself to be, indeed, part of a larger process: the narrator's almost always ambiguous and continually fluctuating pursuit and evasion of his search for the self.

In mythology, prophecy, alchemy, primitive religion, and in psychology, appear descriptions of emanations from or transformations of the sun. In mythology, writes Jung, "the birth of the hero or the symbolic rebirth coincides with sunrise; the development of personality is synonymous with an increase of awareness" (IP 302): the hero may, of course, resist even reject rebirth, refuse development, close out "increase of awareness" - or he may try to. In Dietrich's Mithras-liturgie, we are told that: "When the sun's disc has opened, you will see an immense circle, and fiery doors which are closed", and that: "... the path of the visible gods will appear through the disc of the sun, who is God my father" (ST 89, 90) - the disc may open yet the doors will be closed; the doors may be closed yet the path will appear through the disc of the sun for the "soul is believed to descend through the disc of the sun" and: "In the Mithraic liturgy, the generating breath of the spirit comes from the sun, presumably from the 'suntube'" (a kind of phallus depicted as hanging down from the sun).<sup>5</sup> Are all or any such possibilities open to the narrator? Symeon describes what the narrator seeks, and also something of the difficulties, the vacillations, of the search:

Something complete appears, it seems to me, not indeed with the thing itself, but through a kind of participation ... this is something spiritual, immeasurable, indivisible, and inexhaustible. For it is not separated when it becomes many, but remains undivided, and is in me, and rises in my poor heart like a sun or circular disc of the sun, like light, for it is light ...

Jung comments: "That the thing perceived as an inner light, as the sun of the other world, is an emotional component of the psyche, is clear from Symeon's words ..." Symeon describes

... questing after it ... It (my spirit) searched through the air, it wandered over the heavens, it crossed the abysses, it searched, so it seemed, to the end of the world. But ... found nothing, for all was created. ((He seeks "that uncreated and uncomprehended splendour")).

And I lamented and was sorrowful, and my heart burned, and I lived as one distraught in mind. But it came as it was wont, and descending like a luminous cloud, seemed to envelop my whole head, so that I cried out dismayed. But flying away again it left me alone. And when I wearily sought it, I realized suddenly that it was within me, and in the midst of my heart it shone like the light of a spherical sun ..." (ST 91-94).

Even if these solar discs appear closed and fixed, and sometimes (for Symeon) do descend and open to emit light; yet this can only happen, perhaps, to an 'initiate' who can proceed considerably further along the path towards the self - and with considerably less vacillation and evasion - than the narrator is here able to achieve.

Psycho-analysis provides a further illustration of the kind of psychic-symbolic process that the narrator struggles to discover and undergo:

A death's head. He wishes to kick it aside, but cannot. Gradually the skull changes into a red ball, then into a woman's head, which emits light ... the red ball ... we may doubtless regard as an allusion to the rising sun ... the ancient symbol of unity and of the divinity of the self ... (the unknown woman) personifies the unconscious (IP 121).

In this dream ("visual impression") of one of Jung's patients, there is an obvious similarity in the transformation of skull to sun-symbol. In this case, however, there is to begin with a more active participation (to use Symeon's word) on the part of the narrator: "He wishes to kick it aside" - compare the relative passivity of "if you shut your eyes and opened them again ... We shut our eyes and opened them again". And in the 'dream', the development of the symbols is progressive: skull to sun-symbol to light-emitting woman's head. In symbolic terms, at least, an integration has taken place, and "the paradox of uniting what cannot be united" (IP 153), however briefly, appears to have been achieved. In the passage (4) from Lowry's story, almost a reverse process seems to have taken place, a retreat from the implications and demands of the symbol.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO : THE PATH AND THE ISLE OF DELIGHT

### (1) The Path

"People always suppose that they have lost their way when they come up against these depths of experience. But if they do not know how to go on, the only answer ... is 'to wait for what the unconscious has to say about the situation'. A way is only the way when one finds it and follows it oneself" (IP 32).

"There has always been something preternatural about paths, and especially in forests ... for not only folklore but poetry abounds with symbolic stories about them: paths that divide and become two paths, paths that lead to the golden kingdom, paths that lead to death, or life, paths where one meets wolves, and who knows? even mountain lions, paths where one loses one's way, paths that not merely divide but become the twenty-one paths that lead back to Eden" (FP 272).

The discovery of the spring, of the forest path to the spring, is only a starting point - the perceiving of a direction (signposted so ambiguously by the heron) rather than the achieving of a goal. Once recognised, however, the path must be pursued. It is one path and many paths - the heron's, the vulture's, the skull's, the priest's. It is the narrator's task to resist his need to separate these paths and take only that which promises escape, safety. Ultimately, such a need is unrealisable, for all the paths are one path, none can truly be excluded, only ignored, evaded, suppressed; and if separation and suppression is achieved, the consequent psychic 'stability' must be a crippled state,

an illusion and a defeat.<sup>1</sup>

The confusion in the narrator's mind is the consequence of his divisive desires: to dismember the self and, as it were, inhabit the better half, and to integrate the self by seeking and finding sources of light in darkness, darkness in light. This confusion, and something of its cause, is enacted in his description of "the first time I went down that path to the spring for water" (243).

The evening is "highly peculiar". Both sun and moon illuminate the sky, a bank of fog which stretches "the length of the inlet" is here "luminous", there "black", and appears through trees "like spirals and puffs of smoke, as though the woods were on fire", and the sky provides the "burning thistle" of the moon, the "pastel-like chalky sunset against which the trees were etched", "blue sky" and, as the narrator reaches the spring, darkness. Thus sun and moon shed their light, perhaps in conjunction, perhaps in opposition, water appears like fire, and the evening, like the fog, is both dark and light: "It had been dark inside the house but now I was outside on the path it was light". And in the midst of all this, the narrator becomes physically disorientated, as the fog becomes black "beyond the trees on the headland":

that was, from our porch, from our path, the headland with the lighthouse was behind me, but it was such a strange evening I kept turning round ...

and this occurs in spite of his efforts to establish orientation ("in the northeast ... in the east ... towards the south and west ... in the west ...").

About this description as a whole there is a sense of the numinous, of a promise of creative development and insight. That sense comes from the quality of the imagery, which is vivid, luminous yet precise, and provides a series of active contrasts (of colour, shape, movement, light and dark). This first journey along the forest path to the spring

promises much. It ends, however, abruptly in a darkness which obliterates the contrasts, seeming to terminate rather than to climax them, and the experience dissipates into a "blue fog" of cosy domesticity:

'Welcome home', my wife smiled, greting me.

'Ah yes, my darling, it really is home now. I love those curtains you made'.

Yet the initial experience has promised much; after it, every journey is, potentially, discovery. Once the path itself has been found, "illuminations" (272) may be achieved. It remains, however, for the narrator to persist and pursue - not retreat or evade. A few evenings later, as he returns homeward along the path, a crisis occurs:

... I found myself possessed by the most violent emotion I had ever experienced in my life ... A moment before I had been thinking how much I loved my wife, how thankful I was for our happiness, then I had passed to thinking about mankind, and now this once innocent emotion had become, for this indeed is what it was hatred ... it was a virulent and murderous thing that throbbed through all my veins like a passion and even seemed to make my hair stand on end and my mouth water, and it took everyone in its sweep, everyone except my wife. And now, again and again, I would stop on the path as I came back with water, putting down my burden as I became possessed by this feeling. It was a hatred so all-consuming and so absolutely implacable that I was astounded at myself. What was all this hatred? Were these really my feelings? ... one could hate the world for its ugliness, but this was like a hatred of mankind ... (245).

And then follows a description of this state of mind in terms of a blazing forest fire - destructive fire:

And in my agonized confusion of mind, my hatred and suffering were the forest fire itself, the destroyer ... (245).

The fire is destructive even of itself, can abort itself by turning back on its tracks, "almost like a perversion of the movement of the inlet":

So it seemed was the hatred behaving, turning inward and back upon myself, to devour my very self in its flames. What was wrong with me? For nearly all the unselfishness in our little settlement ... (246).



There is much that is hopeful here, for the narrator's deeper need, in the violence of the emotion. The experience before him may be crucial, for it could be nothing less than a transformation of the psyche, a rebirth of the self from the self. It must be painful, even violent; this violent disturbance of the psyche (245) is an inevitable consequence of fears of the disintegration of the self aroused by even the remote awareness that such a transformation may be possible. The "hatred" is astonishing, incomprehensible, to the narrator in so far as he persists in seeing himself as simply loving, a fitting mate for his 'wife', that projection of the false, escapist, superficial self.

How can such a humble and loving person as myself experience such emotions? This is his question: "What was all this hatred? Were these really my feelings?" And in this section of the story (245-246), the continuous struggle of the superficial self to retain its primacy and even amidst emotional violence to resist the implications of that violence, is clearly demonstrated. This "confusion of mind", more or less "agonized", characterises the narrator's repeated journeys along the path to the spring (except when he escapes such pain by successfully sustaining the superficial self during the journey).

In order to transcend the superficial self, the narrator must explore and understand the violence of his own hatred - he must go through it, not turn away from it, as the identification of hatred with forest fire here enables him to do (245-246). Here is fire in its least ambiguously destructive manifestation, fire which promises no phoenix for the psyche, but only "to devour my very self in its flames". "What (is) wrong with me?" he asks, but instead then of really investigating this question, he evades it. An explanation of the "unselfishness in our little settlement" follows ("we too had grown unselfish"), of the absence of malice there, the preservation of cabins by fishermen as "shrines of their own integrity and independence", from which whores

were (religiously) excluded - they were dealt with in the city. All these concepts reassert and restore, or try to, Eridanus as Paradise - the equilibrium of the superficial self:

There was no room (in Eridanus) for hatred, and resuming my load of the cannister, I resolved to banish it - after all it was not human beings I hated but the ugliness they made in the image of their own ignorant contempt for the earth - and I went back to my wife.

But I forgot all my hatred and torment the moment I saw my wife ... (248).

The equilibrium is restored, and for a time maintained, as references to the path on subsequent pages show (253, 257, 261).

After a section in which Lowry attempts to substantiate the narrator as a musician (250-253), a series of jazz tune titles composed by the narrator is given. It includes:

... Swinging the Maelstrom ... Little Path to the Spring  
... Playing the Pleiades ... Love in a Mist ... (253).

A process has occurred here akin to the sentimentalisation and trivialisation of nature that is several times associated, by means of 'tinsel' imagery, with the narrator's wife. The extraordinary intensity of Poe's vision of the maelstrom is reduced and trivialised; in spite of some compensating gaiety and defiance in the phrase, the essential effect of "Swinging the Maelstrom" is to enable the narrator more easily to avoid the whirlpool himself.<sup>2</sup> A similar effect takes place in "Playing the Pleiades", and "Love in a Mist" reminds one of that blue fog of cosy domesticity into which the narrator retreats after his first journey to the spring, and it even prettifies that. Consider also the connotative differences, emphasised in the ensuing paragraph, between "forest path to the spring" and:

Little Path to the Spring! ... Ah, little path to the spring ... (253).

where the sentimentalising factors which were so much more prominent and

damaging in "The Bravest Boat" re-emerge. The narrator adds:

It struck me that I must be at bottom a very humble man to take such creative pleasure from such an innocent source and that I must be careful not to let my pride in this humbleness spoil everything ..." (253).

Such self-conscious and complacent humility (complacent notwithstanding his awareness of the dangers of complacency) underlines the success of the superficial self at this point, a success which is further emphasised a few pages later, when the narrator walks and looks "through the trees at heaven ... God's blue afternoon", past flitting birds ("How I loved their little lives") to the spring:

... where I filled my cannister. Ah, the pathos and beauty and mystery of little springs and places where there is fresh water near the ocean (256-257).

Only the exclamation marks are missing here.

Immediately after this, however, some small quibblings and questionings begin again, prelude to much less easily placatable disturbances to follow (262f) - quibblings about the spring being in fact not a spring but a brook, about his slight unease "that I have to use the same word for this as for the season". The short paragraph expressing this uneasiness acts as a bridge between the paragraphs describing the journey to the spring on "God's blue afternoon", and a slightly later return journey during which significant confusions are revealed:

One evening on the way back from the spring for some reason I suddenly thought of a break by Bix in Frankie Trumbauer's record of Singing the Blues that had always seemed to me to express a moment of sheer happiness. I could never heart this break without feeling happy myself and wanting to do something good. Could one translate this kind of happiness into one's own life? Since this was only a moment of happiness I seemed involved with irreconcilable impulses. One could not make a moment permanent and perhaps the attempt to try was some form of evil. But was there not some means of suggesting at least the existence of such happiness, that was like what is really meant by freedom, which was like the spring, which was like the desire to be truly good ... (257).

There is a transition here from the 'simple' happiness expressed in the preceding paragraphs to a questioning of the nature of that happiness and indication of a puzzled desire to do more, to go further - to move, indeed, from "irreconcilable impulses" to "inextricable" dimensions (257 and 258). How indeed to translate the spontaneous lyrical beauty of Biederbecke's break "into one's life"? That which is ultimately sought by the narrator might provide happiness-freedom-love-true-goodness, but this complex cannot be created simply by playing "Singing the Blues", as the bagginess of the prose indicates. Something more - much more - is needed, and even then, as the narrator anticipates, the achievement, once 'achieved' is not complete, no terminus. It must be won, and will be lost, continually:

Unfortunately, however, this heroic deed has no lasting effects. Again and again the hero must renew the struggle (ST 348).

Immediately after this experience, the name of the path is revealed: "'Proteus path', he said musingly. 'Proteus?'" Further confused uncertainties are expressed (258), but still cannot be pursued. They recede, and the narrator retreats to an identification with Renan's curiously limbo-like "Isle of Delight" (discussed on page 375f).

The next section, however, begins with spring, and with an extraordinarily vivid description of "an apparition of terrifying beauty" - a fiery magical moonrise, in which the "absolute stillness" of the Isle of Delight is abandoned, and an intense and sustained attempt at coalescence is pursued (FP, Section VI, 259-262). Many symbols already discussed reappear - fire, sun, moon, herons, gas tanks, oil tanker, air, light, circle, tide - interact, and are then, partially at least, dissolved by this:

Oh, what light and love can do to four gas tanks at sunrise over the water! (261).

an exclamatory statement which certainly calls into question the quality, the value, of what has just been perceived. It questions the depth and validity of the attempted coalescence, as though the superficial self, ever-resistant to what coalescence would require of it, bursts this particular balloon and by doing so tries to indicate that it is a balloon and can be burst. Thus this passage of coalescence of symbols is terminated and undermined by an exclamation that sentimentalises it retrospectively and isolates and emphasises its weakest point (the rather strained 'coalescence' of gas tanks and Greek temple).

This process recurs throughout the story: an attempted fusion of symbols, abandonment, evasion, of the attempt, and reaction towards the superficial self (paradise), the breakdown of this reaction in confusion and frustration, the reassembling of symbols of transformation, breakdown and reaction, and so on. The process continues through subsequent pages (263-264), in which the journey along the forest path to, and from, the spring is both dreaded and eagerly anticipated - dreaded by the superficial self, because it may then come most painfully under attack, and anticipated by the potentially deeper self which can most forcefully press for recognition on the forest path to the spring.

(11) The Isle of Delight

In escaping from his historicity, man does not abdicate his status as a human being or abandon himself to 'animality': he recovers the language, and sometimes the experience of a 'lost paradise' ... a spiritual world that is infinitely richer than the closed world of his own 'historic moment' (Mircea Eliade: Images and Symbols, 13).

The most abject 'nostalgia' discloses the 'nostalgia for Paradise' ... By this we mean the desire to find oneself always and without effort in the Centre of the World ... and by a short cut and in a natural manner to transcend the human condition - as a Christian would say, the condition before the Fall (Ibid, 16 and 55).

For life in itself is not something good; it is more than that, it is also evil (IP 77).

The narrator's bias is for nature over civilisation; it is a bias which serves the superficial self and which must be overcome if the true self is to be found - or forged,<sup>3</sup> or more than dimly and remotely perceived.

It serves the superficial self in that it encourages, at times enables, the narrator to isolate Eridanus from the 'world' that is seen to surround and threaten it with extinction - to isolate that part of his psyche which Eridanus symbolises from the rest, which cannot be repressed without damaging consequences to the self: "if life is repressed it will live against us".<sup>4</sup>

Eridanus is not Paradise before the Fall, and in terms of potential full development of the personality we would not wish it to be. Man has been struggling towards individuation since the infancy of his species; the attempt to return to a childhood state is an abandonment of this struggle. Childhood is

a condition in which the human being is far from being in possession of his wholeness ... In the break-up, the parts of the personality, once integrated with effort, are again

drawn outward. The individual loses his guilt in exchange for an infantile innocence ... he has lost his moral freedom ... (IP 139).

In almost all that he experiences and describes in Eridanus, however, the narrator - in spite of the efforts of the superficial self towards self-preservation through radical over-simplification and isolation - struggles on towards coalescence not only of natural symbols with each other (sun and rain-circles), but also, tentatively, of nature and civilisation. Thus the heron is a buoy is a heron; the visionary effects of sunrise in and on mist are in part consequence of smoke from factories; a "wash of undulating silver rippling into sight" comes from a passing ship and signals downfalling rain that, phosphorescent, creates coins, circles, light (286). And when the forest spring is discovered "not a hundred yards from the house", Kristbjorg "went and brought a bit of iron piping to make it easier to fill our cannister from it" (242).

The cannister which becomes the vessel of a complex and sacred rite (the fetching of water from the spring) is itself refuse from a ship - perhaps the very ship which fouls the inlet with oil when the narrator and his wife first arrive there. What the narrator struggles to understand is that, in psychic terms, the foulness of the beach is as necessary as its beauty, that the self "as symbol of wholeness ... contains light and darkness simultaneously" (ST 368). In the imagery in which the discovery of the cannister is described, a piece of refuse (an old tin) is transformed by "pale silver light" and circles of falling rain, into a sacred vessel, which yet has a vital practical use. The narrator is attempting, practically and symbolically, to 'coalesce'. Similarly, the "vermiculated old ladder, stinking with teredos and sea worms" which he also salvages and puts to use as steps leading to the forest path (264) has been "washed down from the sawmill" - one of the factories whose smoke partially creates the blazing cathedral of the sunrise.

In all of this dense and complex interlinking of symbols, this working of symbols closer and closer into one another, the narrator is endeavouring to overcome those fears and forces which threaten and even deny the unity, which challenge integration as false, coalescence as illusory. That those fears have a real basis, Jung emphasises:

... the way through transformation is ambushed by all possible dangers ... very real risks upon which the fate of a whole life may depend (IP 90).

The greatest danger, of course, is that the hero may never re-emerge from sea, or cave, or forest - that the monster will slay him; this for the superficial self is a fate that must not be risked.

When the narrator points to the outside world - the world outside Eridanus - as the source of all evil threatening the simply and purely good, he is projecting, and projection "is never a cure; it prevents a conflict only on the surface, while deeper down it creates a neurosis which allows him to escape into illness. In that way the devil is cast out by Beelzebub" (ST 329). All statements and images which isolate Eridanus are, in the long term, defensive - they falsify. How tempting so to simplify the world and oneself, and how advantageous in this endeavour is that sentimentality which lurks, protectively, ever close to the surface of the narrator's mind, to emerge most obviously in the descriptions of explanations of his wife's role (discussed in Chapter 20).

Note the tell-tale facility and grandiosity of this statement:

And suddenly, as I helped my wife out and tied up the boat, I was overwhelmed with a kind of love. Standing there, in defiance of eternity, and yet as if in humble answer to it ... why had these shacks come to represent something to me of an indefinable goodness? ... And some shadow of the truth that was later to come to me, seemed to steal over my soul, the feeling of something that man had lost, of which these shacks and cabins, brave against the elements, but at the mercy of the destroyer, were the helpless yet stalwart symbol, of man's hunger and need for beauty, for the stars and the sunrise ... (233-234).



This is followed, however, a paragraph later, by this passage:

And at night, when we opened the window, from the lamps within our shadows were projected out to sea, on the fog, against the night, and sometimes they were huge, menacing. One night, coming across the porch from the woodshed with a lantern in one hand and load of wood under the other arm, I saw my shadow, gigantic, the logs of wood as big as a coffin, and this shadow seemed for a moment the glowering embodiment of all that threatened us; yes, even a projection of that dark chaotic side of myself, my ferocious destructive ignorance (234).

The dark self, the shadow self, appears here unmistakably; the shadow projects from himself and from those objects of paradisaical domesticity that he carries - lamp and logs for the hearth. Here the narrator both sees and does not see that deeper, darker path he must follow, if he can. Although he perceives that "all that threatened us" comes from within ("that dark chaotic side of myself"), he attempts still to deny that darkness by turning once more to lamp and hearth, cabin and wife. Elsewhere, "chaos" is most often associated with the storming elements (e.g. "The Bravest Boat", 25) - essentially a creative state from which comes life, even though it may destroy. But here, the "dark chaotic side" of the self remains the enemy only, not to be explored and ultimately, perhaps, 'coalesced', but avoided, repressed, separated off as enemy to the cosy paradise of the simply loving self. Here the narrator's explanation of his symbolism immediately reduces its potency, as though the manner in which that symbolism is recognised can prevent its implications being more fully understood. The 'shadow' is recognised, and then, as it were, explained in a manner that diminishes its darkness and avoids confrontation with it.

That Eridanus is "heaven" (244 and 258) and Paradise (220, 229, 263, 264), the narrator repeatedly asserts; but that it is simply so - heaven versus hell, the good self to be sought and nurtured to the exclusion of the bad - he finds increasingly difficult to maintain:

I could not help remembering Hank Gleason, the bull-fiddle's, pronouncement on Eridanus that Sunday. 'Out of this world, brother', he had said. It gave me an uneasy feeling for a moment, like seeing one of those grotesque films in which they use animated cartoons with real figures, a mixture of two forms; it was also a feeling, though I couldn't put my finger on it, such as I had about Wywork or Hi-Doubt. And yet did the confusion come from pinning the labels of one dimension on another? Or were they inextricable? As when, just about this time, the oil refinery decided to put a great sign over the wharfs ... But for weeks they never got around to the S, so that it was left HELL. And yet, my own imagination could not have dreamt anything fairer than the heaven from which we perceived this ... I was even fond of the evil oil refinery itself ... (258).

A confused and clumsy passage which nevertheless enacts the struggles and confusions of the narrator's mind as he attempts to keep "dimensions" separate - hezven versus hell - yet finds them muddling themselves together, perhaps "inextricably". And the whole tangled paragraph has stemmed from the information given to him that his path is called "Proteus path" (257-258) - Proteus, who like the sea, like the water in the inlet, is ever-changing yet always the same. In this there is to be found the principle of unity in diversity, diversity in unity - a clue to that which the narrator seeks and which in finding only a paradise lost he repeatedly evades.

Yet it may be limbo which, ultimately, he seeks - the limbo of a self that can or will struggle no more, that can convince itself it has struggled enough, and has earned its peace. The narrator has earlier found a symbolic description of such a condition.

At the end of Section Five, after the remembered break - "pure spontaneous happiness" - from "Singing the Blues" and his consequent desire "to be truly good", after "irreconcilable impulses" and "inextricable" dimensions, he is reminded by the extreme stillness of the evening and "the lamps burning in the empty houses" of Renan's Isle of Delight (in fact, he combines features of "le paradis des oiseaux" and "l'île délicieuse":

both are in "la terre de promission" explored by Renan's St Brendan):<sup>5</sup>

Where had I read of the Isle of Delight - in Renan of course - where the birds sing matins and lauds at the canonical hours? ... where the lamps light of themselves for the offices of religion, and never burn out for they shine with a spiritual light, and where absolute stillness reigns, and everyone knows precisely the hour of his death, and one feels neither cold nor heat nor sadness nor sickness of body or soul. And I thought to myself, these lights are like those lights. That stillness is like this stillness. This itself is like the Isle of Delight. And then I thought to myself, stopping in the path: what if we should lose it? ... And then came the season spring and I forgot this anxiety too (259).

Just so, at the end of Section Seven, after his fears of disappearing on the ever-shortening path into "some limbo" (273), manifestations of spring - April sky, hurtling gulls, swimming deer, his own immersion in the inlet "as though I had been baptised afresh" (273) - both distract him from thoughts of the loss of his dubious paradise, and relieve him from any necessity to pursue and investigate those thoughts further. It also offers him evidence in nature of a joyous vitality that is conspicuously absent from Renan's Isle of Delight, where the predominant impression, however ideal monastically it may be ("ideal de la vie monastique"), is of stillness, of a grey, muted semi-paralysis of mind and body: "absolute stillness reigns ... one feels neither cold nor heat nor sadness nor sickness of body or soul ..." I cannot speak for the connotations of Renan's phrase: "l'île délicieuse"; of Lowry's, however, (Isle of Delight), it can be said that nothing in the description of the island (a close translation from Renan) suggests any emotion as intense as delight, other than the repetition of the phrase itself, and that all else in the passage argues against emotional intensity. Whatever this isle in the "terre de promission" signified for Renan, the predominant impression it conveys in Lowry's translation and in this context, is not of an apotheosis of life, spiritual or otherwise, but of a kind of death: a limbo. And in this passage,

more than anywhere else in the story, the attractions of achieving such a state of painless equilibrium are revealed - as, simultaneously, the price that must be paid for this psychically is indicated: "absolute stillness reigns ... neither cold nor heat ... stillness ... stillness ..."

"The Forest Path to the Spring" does not, however, end either with this identification of Eridanus with Renan's "l'île délicieuse" and "paradis des oiseaux", nor does it end with the apparent culmination and apotheosis of the narrator's journeys along that path in "mystic ... illumination" (Chapter 23). An eighth and final section follows these experiences, in which we are presented with something other - something more, perhaps - than simply "un homme priviligié" enjoying, however mutedly, the "terre de promission" that he has discovered and deserved (Chapter 24).

### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE : THE CONFRONTATION

... we have to expose ourselves to the animal impulses of the unconscious without identifying ourselves with them and without running away, for the flight from the unconscious would defeat the purpose of the whole procedure. We must hold our ground (IP 153).

... This confrontation is the first test of courage on the inner way, a test sufficient to frighten off most people, for the meeting with ourselves belongs to the more unpleasant things that may be avoided as long as we possess living symbol-figures in which all that is inner and unknown is projected. The figure of the devil, in particular, is a most valuable and acceptable psychic possession, for as long as he goes about outside in the form of a roaring lion, we know where evil lurks ... (Ibid, 69).

It is the hill part of the return journey on the forest path to the spring that promises, or threatens, some decisive development (264). At this moment on the journey, perhaps, must the deeper self make its fiercest attempt to break through, and at this moment must the superficial self most stubbornly resist.

A crisis does occur at this stage in the journey - and almost simultaneously appears to resolve itself. The narrator encounters a mountain lion (cougar), "on one side of the hill section of the path", on the return journey, and close to where, previously, he had found a piece of rope that prompted him to thoughts of suicide.<sup>1</sup> He stares out the cougar which, "uncomfortably balanced ... caught off-guard", is "bobered and humiliated" and slinks off "guiltily into the bushes ..." (264-265).

The incident is described in a slightly surprised, mildly humorous

tone; there is no sense of intensity of emotion or experience. Yet, as the following pages show, the incident is particularly significant - possibly crucial. Lying bed that night, he tries to understand his own lack of real fear of the lion:

... the only reason I had not been afraid of the mountain lion ... was that I was more afraid of something else ... What was it I feared? Lying in bed with my arms around my wife ... I felt so happy that I could not for the life of me give it a name. It seemed something past ... (266).

The crisis does seem to be resolved; but which way? If an equilibrium has been achieved, of which kind is it - the false equilibrium of the superficial self, or an achieved psychic integration? "What was it I feared? ... It seemed something past ..." This certainly suggests either defeat of or self-deceiving retreat from the shadow, as does the distancing of his chaotic/destructive past that the narrator then describes:

Even when one is happiest it is possible to entertain, with one section of one's mind, the most ghoulish reflections ... but now as at a distance, as if in retrospect. It was as though I had entered the soul of a past self ... to whom sleep meant delirium, my thoughts chasing each other down a gulf ... it was as though I had actually been on the lookout for something on the path that had seemed ready ... to spring out of our paradise at us ... the embodiment in some frightful animal form of those nameless sonambulisms, guilts, ghouls of past deliriums, wounds to other souls and lives ... betrayals of self ... so that when, as if in answer to all this, I saw a mere lion, how could I be afraid? And yet mysteriously the lion was all that too (266).

As if in answer to all this? An answer from which of the two opposing selves? Surely from the superficial self, which can here be seen to have successfully diminished and considerably distanced - though not obliterated - those remembered manifestations of the dark self, and to achieve this by presenting the narrator with a false confrontation. It is a confrontation not with a genuine embodiment of his "fear" but with a powerless representation of the dark self that the superficial self

can accept, has indeed created, in order to be able to accept and comfortably defeat it.

Psychic health, for the narrator, lies not in disarming his past, not in turning a lion into a pussy-cat, which his wife "may have wished I had charmed ... home for a companion instead of scaring him away" (267). It lies instead in the dangerous yet determined exploration of those sonambulisms, deliriums, "wounds to other souls and lives ... betrayals of self" (my italics). What occurs here is an at least partial sealing over of the sources of darkness - the emergence of an ersatz symbol to prevent the appearance of the genuine.

But the possibility of pursuing the search for the self is not entirely lost. On the next evening

Something about the aspects of the mountains ... distracted me from the lion (267).

These mountains are "wild with chaos"; they move and change, as does the sky, in the tempest. They grow darker and lighter, and a gull whose wings are "almost a maniacal white" is "driven straight up perpendicularly into the tempest" and other gulls are "blowing backwards"; then one gull comes to rest "dovelike" on a nearby roof, and the ferocity of the tempest sinks to the "white blowing feathers" of the bird. Wild, chaotic mountains, birds, subside, however, and the superficial self re-asserts its supremacy:

the next thing I remembered was that I was singing and had passed the hill without remembering a single step I had taken or with any recollection of its difficulty ... and my wife was greeting me as usual, as if I'd come back from a long journey. To the mountain lion I had given no thought at all ... (268).

The crisis is past, and the narrator, no longer reluctant and no longer struggling with his burden back up the hill, finds repeatedly that the journey now "passes "like a dream" (268).

That he believes some valuable development to have taken place

within his psyche is revealed in his awareness of having control over his "gloomy thoughts":

I saw those thoughts at a distance, as if below ... they flowed, they were like a river, an inlet, they comprised a whole project impossible to recapture or pin down.

The thoughts are "abysmal, not happy" yet they make him happy:

in that, though they were in motion, they were in order too ... the tide goes out, but it comes in again, in fact ... it can do both at once ...

And then he adds abruptly:

I was aware that some horrendous extremity of self-observation was going to be necessary to fulfil my project.

This last statement appears oddly at variance with the passage which precedes it, in which all things extreme, all things horrendous, seem safely muffled and remote, like the mountains:

remote and still, muffled at their base by a great scarf of mist ... (268);

All tempests spent. Yet those thoughts, we have been told, comprise a "whole project impossible to recapture or pin down".

Once again the narrator, having reached a plateau of "superficial" stability, finds, almost at once, that he seems to be losing his way in uncertainties, confusions, contradictions. The project mentioned here - "a whole project impossible to recapture or pin down" - is his symphony, later his opera: the creative work that is to emerge from and be the apotheosis of his experience in Eridanus. At this stage, where apparently all pain, struggle, fear, are presented as "something past", that project still eludes him and remains, he recognizes, something that may be realizable only through "some horrendous extremity of self-observation". And if this yet remains to be done, how valid as a symbol of controntation can the mountain lion have been? Where is that "horrendous



extremity" to be located, if not in the very dark self of sonambulisms and deliriums that he has, in false symbolic confrontation with the lion, so easily, it seems, evaded and suppressed?

Part Seven of the story concerns itself with the narrator's endeavours to write his symphony and, continually, with the path; through it familiar themes and symbols move. He describes first the "struggling" and "contradictions and perplexities" of his attempts to write the symphony. He quotes a prayer that he wrote which, a charred scrap, has survived the fire which destroyed their home:

Dear Lord God, I earnestly pray you to help me order this work, ugly, chaotic and sinful though it may be ... so it seems to my imperfect and disordered brain ... It must be tumultuous, stormy, full of thunder, the exhilarating Word of God must sound through it, pronouncing hope for man, yet it must also be balanced, grave full of tenderness and compassion, and humour. I, being full of sin, cannot escape false concepts, but let me be truly thy servant in making this a great and beautiful thing ... please help me to order it, or I am lost ... (269).

Ugly, chaotic, sinful, imperfect, disordered - the control, order, and distancing of his "gloomy thoughts", apparently achieved after his encounter with the lion, cannot be sustained, and reformulated in his work. The work could be both "ugly, chaotic and sinful" and "a great and beautiful thing". But these 'opposites' are not here reconciled; they remain in opposition, and behind them still lies Heaven versus Hell, Good self versus Bad. The prayer is oddly uneasy in tone; it seems intended to be sonorous, yet is muffled, and rhythmically uncertain (particularly in its rambling first sentence). The reader can hardly be surprised when the prayer proves to be inefficacious:

But despite my prayers my symphony refused to order itself or to resolve itself in musical terms. Yet I saw what I had to do clearly. I heard these thoughts ordering themselves as if pushed off from me: they were agonizing, but they were clear, and they were my own, and when I returned home I tried again to put them down. But here I was beset by further difficulties ... (270).

These controlled, ordered, remote thoughts will not undergo creative transformation: distanced, deprived of potency, they can neither destroy nor create. Yet beneath the seal, the force of the dark chaotic self may still be there: "it was the force itself that was killing me" (271). The force itself - stifle it completely, seal it quite over, and the superficial self lives on intact, neuter; succumb to it entirely, and all control is lost, delirium triumphs, overwhelms ...

The narrator has attempted the first of these alternatives by simulating the defeat of the second. But the unconscious will not be appeased, and the symphony can not, as yet, be written.

Now, however, the triumph of the superficial self appears to be confirmed for the journeys to the spring become even easier, "as if the path were shrinking at both ends":

Not only was I unconscious of the hill, and the weight of the cannister, but I had the decided impression that the path back from the spring was growing shorter than the path to it ... When I returned home it was as if I had flown into my wife's arms, and I tried to tell her about it. But no matter how hard I tried I could not express what the feeling was like - beyond saying that it was almost as if a 'great burden had been lifted off my soul'. Some such cliché as that ... (271-272).

While he acknowledges the cliché, the narrator does not wonder why he, so capable elsewhere of vivid, original strength of expression, should here fail to find words to describe so "triumphant" an emotion. His implication is that any inadequacy is that of the language:

It was as if something that used to take a long and painful time now took so little time that I couldn't remember it at all; but simultaneously I had a consciousness of a far greater duration of time having past during which something of vast importance to me had taken place, without my knowledge and outside time altogether. No wonder mystics have a hard task describing their illuminations, even though this was not exactly that ... (272).

We are to believe, perhaps, that the "mystic" experience transcends language. This may well be so, but if so, in a categorical and unqualifiable sense, then the entire story is deprived of its *raison d'être*; on the other hand, it can be argued that what occurs here is not the failure of language to express transcendental experience, but the pitilessness with which the language exposes the nature and validity of this experience. The protean, interpenetrating imagery of sun, birds, circles, which the story presents elsewhere, demonstrates impressively what the writer - and the language - can do to convey 'transcendental' experience, and, indeed, he attempts here to revive this imagery and bring it to his aid:

... the experience seemed to be associated with light, even a blinding light, as when years afterwards recalling it I dreamed that my being had been transformed into the inlet itself, not at dusk, by the moon, but at sunrise, as we had so often seen it, suddenly transilluminated by the sun's light, so that I seemed to contain the reflected sun deeply within my very soul ... (272).

- with some success, it seems at first, for "light" and "moon" and "sun" (and "transilluminated by the sun's light") all reverberate in the reader's mind with an inherent power much intensified through previous manifestations in the story (see Chapter III, Solificatio). But here too clichés sound their warning - "a blinding light"; "my very soul" - and the at least temporarily successful fraud that the narrator has practised upon himself is confirmed by the remainder of the paragraph:

... yet a sun which as I awoke was in turn transformed, Swedenborgwise, with its light and warmth into something perfectly simple, like a desire to be a better man, to be capable of more gentleness, understanding, love (272).

Of the sun that we have seen, transforming and retransforming itself earlier in the story, the image which corresponds most closely to "something perfectly simple" is the tiny platinum circle, "miniature, unreal" (240).

The dangers of accepting the false achievement as real, of accepting the defeat of the lion as an indication that all necessary battles have been won and of accepting the 'mystic ... illumination' as a definitive psychic achievement and further confirmation that all dragons have been destroyed, these dangers are suggested though apparently not recognised by the narrator at this point:

... overlooking the fact that the experience might have some deeper significance, and solely with the purpose of deliciously making our flesh creep, we made up a story ... that night in bed. What if the path became shorter and shorter until I disappeared altogether one evening, when coming back with the water? (272).

And a little later he adds:

and so realistic had our little story become that not many evenings after when I came back with water at dusk my wife came running to meet me ... And just for an instant I felt that had she not come down the path to meet me, I might indeed have disappeared to spend the rest of my extraterritorial existence searching for her in some limbo ... (272).

I have suggested above (Chapter I, Eidolon) that the narrator's wife functions primarily as a projection of his superficial self, that she represents the spirit of the kind of paradise (limbo) that that self strived to establish (Chapter V, Isle of Delight). Yet it is his wife who here 'rescues' him from "some limbo". How can a symbol of limbo rescue him from limbo? Because, I think, what she 'rescues' him from is not limbo, but the fear of limbo - a fear which, if not allayed, would force him to try to break free yet again from the domestic-paradisaal cocoon that the superficial self has once more spun around him. He is in limbo, and intimations of his state reach him from the distanced but not defeated dark self; the superficial self recognises the danger of these intimations to itself and does all it can to neutralise them, by turning them into something which will "deliciously (make) our flesh creep", something from the narrator can be romantically rescued in

"a glorious lover's meeting" (sic). In this, the superficial self seems again to succeed.

The narrator's perceptions of selfhood are infrequent and transient; almost always the superficial self finds means to dim and distance and to deny them. Yet the superficial self never completely achieves the stability that it seeks. It too finds that the battle to establish and maintain complete supremacy is without end, and that however constant and alert its border controls are infiltration will once more inevitably take place, the struggle will be resumed, and the victory - if victory it is - must be won yet again.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR : THE CREATION AND THE ERIDANUS MYTH

### (1) The Creation

Time and again in "The Forest Path to the Spring" the balance shifts between its two opposing forces. Now, in the story's final section (Chapter VIII, 275f), this balance shifts again. The narrator has returned to Eridanus, many years later, believing all conflict to be "annealed" (277); a sudden spring fog and sun-disc herald ersatz symbols of a tinsel landscape (278) and a typical projection of the dark self onto civilisation's deathscape (279-280). The eidolon-wife is most fully described ("she had the wonder of a young girl", etc, 280).

But then following the appearance of Quaggan,<sup>1</sup> the fog begins to lift, and as it lifts the narrator finds himself - in spite of his desire to accept 'annealment' of all his struggles - speculating and questioning in a confused way the nature of that past "annealed" experience, yet attempting simultaneously to convince himself of its completeness:

And if I had not done so (faced the past without fear), how could we have been happy as we now were happy?

How could I have helped you, I seemed to be saying to my wife, in the deepest sense even have loved you? However would we have found the strength to endure ... the fire ... (283).

He outlines, more directly than ever before, the nature of his dilemma:

This much I understood, and had understood that as a man I had become tyrannized by the past, and ... it was my duty

to transcend it in the present. Yet my new vocation was involved with using that past - for this was the underlying meaning of my symphony, even my opera ... And to do this, even before writing a note, it was necessary to face that past as far as possible without fear. Ah yes, and it was that, that I had begun to do here (282-283).

The particular use of tenses here allows considerable ambiguity in

(1) "it was necessary", which could mean that it no longer is necessary, i.e. it was necessary then, or: it was and still is necessary, or even: it is necessary; and (2) "I had begun" could mean (i) begun something that I continued and completed, or (ii) begun something that I continued but have not completed (yet?), or (iii) begun something here that I did not continue elsewhere! Even the opening phrase of the passage: "This much I understood and had understood" could imply either a continuation or recurrence (now) of insight.

These claims, then, are made in a manner that is far from convincing, and they are hedged around with undermining and dubious phrases: "something I should have done with my soul" and "I lacked the spiritual equipment to follow such thoughts through". The questionings and ambiguous claims indicate, typically, a weakening of the grip of the superficial self, and they are followed by the sight and sound of a diesel engine sliding "along into the mountain pines" (285) - civilisation in something other than a simply destructive relationship to nature. We are reminded of the story's second sunrise, where into "a scene of absolute emptiness and solitude" the sun slides up behind the mountain pines, and the narrator hears

from somewhere, the thrilling diatonic notes of a foghorn in the mist, as if some great symphony had just begin its opening chords (229).

Now, near the end of the story, that symphony's most profound and elusive theme is to appear in its most developed form, out of the renewed confusion of mind that follows the narrator's return to Eridanus.

On the occasion of the cannister's discovery, the narrator's wife has explained to him the fundamental interdependence and continuity of the elements, of sun and ocean, of fire and water:

'You see, my true love, each is interlocked with other circles falling about it ... Some are larger circles, expanding widely and engulfing others, some are weaker smaller circles that only seem to last a short while ... The rain itself is water from the sea, raised to heaven by the sun, transformed into clouds and falling again into the sea (241).

"From ancient times the circle ... has been a symbol of completeness, perfection and totality" (IP 46); "The heagles, how they fly in great circles! Nature is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my life ... Two miles wide, hin great circles ..." (225). The circle, as symbol of continuity, recurrence, eternity, occurs in this story in these instances and again when, following the sound of the diesel-engine, there comes from a freighter "the wash of undulating silver rippling into sight (which) transversely spent itself against the rocks" as, simultaneously, rain begins to fall:

Each drop falling into the sea is like a life, I thought, each producing a circle in the ocean, or the medium of life itself, and widening into infinity, though it seems to melt into the sea, and become invisible, or disappear entirely, and be lost. Each is interlocked with other circles falling about it ... And smiling as I remembered my lesson I thought of that first time when we had seen the rain falling into a calm sea like a dark mirror, and we had found the cannister and decided to stay ... (285-286).

The silver rippling of the wash echoes earlier images of silver light and silver surf (241), and we are now shown that more rather than less may be seen in a dark mirror than in one merely bright; in a dark mirror more than a reflection may, if the 'eye' is willing, be perceived:

Then we saw that the whole dark water was covered with bright expanding phosphorescent circles ... perfect expanding circles of light, first tiny circles bright as a coin, then becoming expanding rings growing fainter and fainter, while as the rain fell into the phosphorescent water each raindrop expanded into a ripple that



was translated into light. And the rain itself was water from the sea, transformed into clouds, and falling again into the sea. While within the inlet itself the tides and currents in that sea returned, became remote, and becoming remote ... returned again as we ourselves had done (286).

The circle can also be an image of enclosure, entrapment, a vicious circle, as those circles of speech and movement in Dubliners show.<sup>2</sup> The tiny platinum circle of the sun (240) appears to be such a symbol - a symbol certainly of the psyche's at least temporary withdrawal from the intimation of wholeness - except that in its brief suffusion (life) and transformation into skull (death) there is more than the disc in itself indicates. Yet the symbol reverts to this - a tiny disc, entirely lacking in radiance; and at that point no attempt was made by the narrator to relate this circle to those described in the following pages as being ever-changing, "expanding ... engulfing ... transformed ..." (241).

Yet, unless he is to abandon, or continue to evade, the search for the self, all circles must coalesce - indeed all symbols must coalesce. "Skull" and "suffusion" have hinted that this process might be possible, and in the passage under discussion (286) the eventual coalescence of discrete disc with ever-changing circle is achieved, by means of the image of a coin - in itself a hard, fixed, unexpandable object, a disc, like a platinum circle. These coins, already within and interacting with the "bright expanding ... perfect expanding" circles of their predecessors, expand also and "growing fainter and fainter" become "translated into light".

This is the culmination of Lowry's process and method of coalescing his symbols in this story. It represents the furthest point along the path attained by his narrator, a point at which coalescence, however transitorily, is perceived and the psychic existence of that "precious object hard to attain" sought by mythic heroes on our behalf since the pre-history of man is confirmed.<sup>3</sup>

The experience described by Lowry's narrator quite closely parallels that - fantasy, vision - of the creative darkness of the psyche quoted by Jung from an eighteenth century German alchemical treatise:

The Creation. Take a good lot of ordinary rain water ... preserve it well sealed in glass vessels at least ten days, then it will stink and precipitate faeces. Pour off the clear part and put it in a wooden vessel that is fashioned round like a ball; cut it off in the middle and fill a full third of the vessel and place it in the sun around mid-day in a secret or remote place. When this has happened, then take a drop of the consecrated red wine and let it fall down into the water; then at once thou wilt see a mist and heavy darkness above on the water such as there was also in the first creation. Then put in two drops, so thou wilt see light coming forth out of darkness ... (add more) so wilt though see ... one thing after the other as God created all things in six days, and how it all took place, and such secrets as are not to be spoken aloud ... Fall upon thy knees ... for thus was the world created ... By this ye will clearly see the mysteries of God that are at present hidden from you as from a child ... (IP 213-214).

A comparison of "The Creation" with the achievement of Lowry's narrator indicates the extent to which he has or could have advanced towards such an experience. It emphasises that this is the farthest and deepest point reached by the narrator, yet indicates also the incompleteness of his achievement and the distance that remains, and perhaps will ever remain, to be travelled in the search for the self.

(11) The Eridanus Myth

Personality as the complete realization of the fullness of our being is an unattainable ideal. But unattainability is no counterargument against an ideal, for ideals are only signposts, never goals (IP 237).

The achievement of personality, writes Jung, "means nothing less than the best possible development of all that lies in a particular, single being" (IP 286) - something we would all like to believe that we seek, and something which the narrator of "Forest Path", close to the end of the story, appears to believe he has achieved. This implication is contained in the following sentence, which brings to an end the paragraph of rain-and-circle symbolism discussed above (Section (1) The Creation):

While within the inlet itself the tides and currents in that sea returned, became remote, and becoming remote, like that which is called the Tao, returned again as we ourselves had done (286).

Jung has this to say of the Tao, and of he who finds it:

When all is said and done, the hero, leader, and saviour is also the one who discovers a new way to a greater certainty ... The undiscovered way in us is like something of the psyche that is alive. The classic Chinese philosophy calls it 'Tao', and compares it to a watercourse that resistlessly moves towards its goal. To be in Tao means fulfilment, wholeness, a vocation performed, beginning and end, and a complete realization of the meaning of existence innate in things. Personality is Tao (IP 304-305).

The passage immediately preceding the narrator's mention of the Tao represents the furthest point reached by the narrator in his intermittent and vacillating movement towards the true self. It is immediately followed and further strengthened by this paragraph:

Now, somewhere in the unseen west where it was setting, the sun broke through the clouds, sending a

flare of light across the water turning the rain into a sudden shower of pearls and touching the mountains, where the mist rising now almost perpendicularly from the black abysses fumed heavenward in pure white fire. ... (286).

- light from darkness, rain that flares, and mist that is fire ...

Then the intensity lessens with this sentence:

Three rainbows went up like rockets across the bay, one for the cat ...

in which nature, civilisation and domesticity are yoked uneasily together - a coalescence of these elements that is parallel, theoretically, to that of rain-circles, bird-circles, sun-discs, and coins: rainbows like rockets. The effect, however, is flippant and trivialising.

This is a small sentence, a slight effect - but its presence here at the culmination of circle symbolism is disconcerting. No sooner do we discover that the narrator has, despite our previous doubts, convincingly 'experienced' a profound and complex process of coalescence - perhaps integration, or a perception of it - than something occurs, as it always seems to do, however slight, to undermine our confidence.

Jung states that:

When a process has reached a culmination as regards either its clarity or the wealth of inferences that can be drawn from it, a regression is always likely to follow ... the challenge of completeness flung at the dreamer frightens him somewhat ... (IP 172).

And discussing the same series of dreams described to him by one of his patients, he explains that:

The transfiguration and illumination, the conscious recognition of the centre, has been attained, or at least anticipated by the dream. This achievement, if it is more than conscious and can be maintained - that is, if consciousness does not again fall out of connection with it - means a renewal of the personality (Ibid 154).

If it is more than potential and can be maintained - this is the crucial qualification, concerning the narrator's "transfiguration and illumina-

ation" through circle symbolism. The rocketing rainbows indicate some falling "out of connection with it". As they fade, stars appear overhead. Strangely, however, these stars do not include the Eridanus constellation:

But Orion must have already set behind the sun so that though we were Eridanus, Eridanus was nowhere to be seen. And on the point the lighthouse began its beneficent signaling into the twilight (286-287).

The lighthouse, "perhaps ... the highest symbol" of civilisation (280), yet also one of the guardians of Eridanus against the encroachment of civilisation as "creator of deathscapes" (279) (a paradox typical of the kind he struggles both to resolve and to evade throughout the story), signals beneficently, like the stars, to the twilight. Perhaps the perception of wholeness, in itself a creative and integrative act, persists in this linking of lighthouse and stars, in spite of the triviality of rocket-rainbows and cat; but what of Eridanus?

... though we were Eridanus, Eridanus was nowhere to be seen ...

An obvious symbolism would have been the "heavenward" appearance of "the long celestial river Eridanus ...",<sup>4</sup> as final celebratory confirmation in the story of Eridanus as

a ship and the name of our hamlet and seaport, and inlet, and also a constellation ... (258)

- an all-embracing coalescence! Why does it not so appear here?

Again a comment by Jung, this time on a painting by a patient, offers an analogous explanation:

My patient always said that a struggle always took place between the understanding and eyes, but that the latter always had the last say. In the case of her picture of her liberation ... the understanding wanted a painting as bright as day, with radiant sunlight melting out of the rocks the hieroglyph that represented herself. But the eyes balked, and saw instead a gloomy night scene in which lightning, or something else as dangerous, played the role of liberator. This is the picture she painted (IP 34-35).

Try as he will, if the conviction is not there - if the process of seeking the self is not complete, or can not be sustained - the writer cannot produce symbols that genuinely and powerfully declare that it is so; what he does produce must be ersatz. At all stages of the story a struggle similar to that which Jung's patient undergoes takes place. In the case of Jung's patient, the "eyes" win. This may not always be the case. But if the "understanding" does win, it lies. This Jung makes quite clear.

Is the absence of the Eridanus constellation "truth" or "lie" in these terms?

At an early stage of the story, the narrator has given an account of the mythic origins of the constellation:

(of) the starry constellation Eridanus, known both as River of Death and River of Life, and placed there by Jupiter in remembrance of Phaethon, who once had the splendid illusion that he could guide the fiery steeds of the sun as well as his father Phoebus ... (226-227).

Jupiter forestalls this "danger to the world" - the danger of destruction of the world - yet creates the constellation "in Phaethon's honour".

The narrator's recounting of this myth is an allegory of his own psychic condition and dilemma. The dangers to his psyche are that a part or parts may conquer the whole; the solutions are (1) to repress that part or parts, or (2) to integrate it (them) and establish a fundamental wholeness of the psyche. The disadvantage of (1) is that even if it establishes a kind of stability it blocks the achievement of deepest integration and: "the unconscious is life ... if life is repressed it will live against us ..." (IP 27). The danger of (2) is that it may not succeed, for "the way through transformation is ambushed by all possible dangers ..." (IP 90).

The Eridanus myth, however, assumes a complete stability and inte-

gration of universal parts to begin with - any attempted alteration to this is a threat to that completeness. It appears to be a very conservative myth, emphasising the need to maintain what has already been established: the wholeness of the whole. The myth is most appealing, therefore, to the superficial self; which wishes to convince the psyche that, similarly, what has already been established - what is. or appears to be - is the whole, and that whatever calls this into question is the equivalent of Phaethon, a serious threat to the survival of that achieved whole.

... though we were Eridanus, Eridanus was nowhere to be found ...

This is therefore a most ambiguous statement. Is Eridanus nowhere to be found because it has been absorbed into "us" - just as Phaeton, although defeated, is not expelled but re-integrated into the universal and mythic whole: For Eridanus, in the light of this myth, stands ambiguously for rebellion, defeat of rebellion, and re-integration of the rebellious elements into the harmonious whole. If absent now, in which of these capacities is it absent? It can only be not absent if the completeness of integration is such that its separate manifestation as constellation of stars is superfluous. Perhaps that is what we should understand here - that the achievement is complete, i.e. because we were Eridanus, Eridanus was nowhere to be found. Perhaps we are intended to accept that what follows the coalescence of circle symbolism and final vision of mountains (286) - the final three paragraphs of the story - confirms the achievement by means of a further allegory of the narrator's spiritual progression:

And the spring? Here it was. It still ran, down through the jack-in-the-pulpits, down toward Hi-Doubt. It purified itself a bit as it came down from the mountains, but it always carried with it a faint tang of mushrooms, earth, dead leaves, pine needles, mud and snow, on its way down to the inlet and out to the Pacific. In the deeper reaches of

the forest, in the somber damp caves, where the dead branches hang bowed down with moss, and death camass and the destroying angel grow, it was haggard and chill and tragic, unsure measurer of its path. Feeling its way underground it must have had its dark moments. But here, in springtime, on its last lap to the sea, it was as at its source a happy joyous little stream.

High above the pine trees swayed against the sky, out of the west came seagulls with their angelic wings, coming home to rest. And I remembered how every evening I used to go down this path through the forest to get water from the spring at dusk ... Looking over my wife's shoulder I could see a deer swimming toward the lighthouse.

Laughing we stooped down to the stream and drank (287).

Like the stream, the narrator's progress is continuous; like the stream, he would have us believe, he has achieved (as at his "source"?) happiness and joy - fulfilment. The writing is skilful: the stream's path is visualised and recreated with considerable precision and emotional force. And yet, here, where we would least wish to find them, are shades of those flagrant weaknesses of "The Bravest Boat" - hints of sentimental anthropomorphism: "it was haggard and chill and tragic ... it must have had its dark moments ... a happy joyous little stream". "... haggard" is physically established by caves and dead bowed branches; "chill" is even, factually, an understatement; but "tragic" is at once pretentious and superfluous. Once more, at a crucial point - here the story's final 'triumphant' assertion of fulfilment - a word, a phrase, the tone of a paragraph, undermine the reader's conviction of the truth to itself of the experience. Is the narrator now no more than "a happy joyous little stream" (my italics)? Is this the "watercourse that resistlessly moves towards its goal", the achieving of Tao? It does not seem to be an adequate culmination to the kind of experience symbolised in herons, circles, mountains, suns. It once more appears to be a simplification - perhaps to the point of falsification, sentimentalisation - of the psychic complexities that the story has elsewhere conveyed.



The stream, like the Eridanus myth, is an analogy that must appeal primarily to (be produced by) the superficial self. In spite of its darkneses, what can threaten or destroy this stream? Other, perhaps, than those dangers, scarcely evident here, projected onto the word out-side Eridanus, that the deathscape civilisation represents? There is no sense that this stream's dangers, such as they are ("unsure ... dark moments") could or ever will destroy it: they are merely darkneses that it must<sup>90</sup> through in order to reach light. Once again, the superficial self disarms the dark self by at once recognising its existence - even its necessity - and at the same time doing so in such a manner that the darkness is robbed of its power, of its true meaning.

In the two final short paragraphs, first the seagulls reappear, "with their angelic wings, coming home to rest". On the first pages of the story, mountains "looked on fire, the white fire of the mist" - the vision, in potential, is there. The seagulls, however, do not there simply "(come) home to rest", they fly, glide, stagger and straggle "homeward" (216-217).

One could see in this substitution of one simple word for four diverse and even contrary words the principle of coalescence in operation: all become one. Alternatively, one can see the latter description as a considerable impoverishment of the first, in which the diversity in unity of the former (they fly, glide, stagger, and straggle homeward) is thinned and diminished to a cliché with one general-purpose verb: "coming home to rest".

To accept the first alternative would be to confirm the "happy joyous little stream" as totally convincing evidence of the narrator's psychic fulfilment; to accept the second would be to confirm belief in the narrator's self-deception - his acceptance of the false, or preliminary vision as the genuine and whole - and in his willingness to cease to struggle, always, too soon.

Looking over my wife's shoulder I could see a deer swimming toward the lighthouse.

This is the story's penultimate sentence. It has appeared, almost verbatim, at an earlier stage of the story:

Up above the topmasts of the trees swayed against the April sky. Suddenly the gulls appeared, as if shot out of a catapult, hurtling downwind above the trees. And over the wife's shoulder, coming across the inlet towards the lighthouse, I saw a deer swimming (273).

The first appearance of the deer follows the vanquishing of the mountain lion, the 'shortening' of the forest path, 'mystic ... illumination', and the narrator's subsequent fear of disappearance into limbo; joyously greeted by his wife, he plunged into the waters of the inlet, "and it was as though I had been baptised afresh" (273). In its penultimate sentence, then, the story looks back for confirmation to that earlier 'rebaptism'.

The symbolism has an impressive ancestry: "... in the decoration of baptisteries, the Tree of Life is often accompanied by the stag - another archaic image of cyclic renewal".<sup>5</sup> As Mircea Eliade points out, there is an obvious reason for this in the periodic renewal of the stag's antlers. In an early fifteenth century Italian painting, Pisanello's "The Vision of Saint Eustace", a man on horseback surrounded by hunting dogs, and encircled in a forest by emblematic birds and animals - herons, swans, a rabbit, a bear, several deer - gazes directly at the most prominent animal: a stag, between whose branching antlers stands, or rises, a statuette-sized Christ-on-the cross.<sup>6</sup> "... the psychological position of the Christ symbol", declares Jung, is quite clear: "Christ exemplifies the archetype of the self" (his italics), and elsewhere he describes the roebuck that Longfellow's Hiawatha kills as

"a symbol ... which points to the 'animal' and other such powers of the unconscious" (PS 36; ST 326-327).

Lowry's deer, representing "such powers" of the unconscious, swims recurrently towards the lighthouse, "highest symbol" of civilisation, or the light of the conscious mind. And the deer, furthermore, represents this potential integration in the manner indicated by the Pisanello painting, where, in Jungian terms, the stag offers simultaneously, indivisibly, renewal of life/achievement of selfhood - evidence, it would seem, for our acceptance that the narrator can achieve integration of the personality.

As always, however, there are complicating factors. There are aspects of the stag symbolism, as described by both Eliade and Jung, that raise again a central question about the search for the self in Lowry's story. Eliade states that:

In the Greek traditions the stag renewed its life by eating serpents and then, without delay, drinking from the waters of the spring: the antlers then fell away, and the stag was rejuvenated ... The enmity between stag and serpent is of a cosmological order: the stag is related to fire and to dawn ... the serpent is one of the images of Night and of the larval, underground life. But the serpent also is a symbol of periodic renovation, although upon another plane. In fact, the opposition between the stag (or the eagle) and the serpent is rather of the nature of "a pair of opposites" that have to be reintegrated.<sup>7</sup>

And for Jung, it is particularly significant that Hiawatha kills the roebuck at a ford:

at the crossing, on the border-line between conscious and unconscious ... Whoever succeeds in killing the "Magic" animal, the symbolic representation of the animal mother, acquires of her gigantic strength (ST 326-327).

In other words, there must be a confrontation - the stag must eat the serpent, the hero must slay the buck at the ford. The narrator has confronted and stared out his mountain lion and he has, more convincingly,

experienced a vision into archetypal symbols of integration and selfhood (sun and circle symbolism). Yet the uncertain and unconvincing quality of that confrontation (discussed above: Chapter 23: The Confrontation) must bring into question the completeness of the (much later) vision of coalescing circles, and indicates further that what the vision represents is the narrator's strongest and clearest sight of a still distant yet still potential achievement; but it is a signpost still, and not an achieved goal.

One final claim on the part of the narrator should be considered.

On page 284, he writes:

If we had progressed, I thought, it was as if to a region where such words as spring, water, houses, trees, vines, laurels, mountains, wolves, bay, roses, beach, islands, forest, tides and deer and snow and fire, had realised their true being, or had their source: and as these words on a page once stood merely to what they symbolized, so did the reality we knew now stand to something else that that symbolized or reflected: it was as if we were clothed in a kind of reality which before we saw only at a distance ... it was as if we lived in a medium to which that in which our old lives moved, happy though they were, was like simply the bald verbal inspiration to the music we had achieved.

"The Forest Path to the Spring" does achieve what is here claimed by its narrator - in its most mysterious yet illuminating symbolism, the narrator demonstrates his ability to penetrate or at least to perceive that region where words reveal something of their "true being" and "source". As Mircea Eliade states:

The symbol reveals certain aspects of reality - the deepest aspects - which defy any other means of knowledge. Images, symbols and myths are not irresponsible creations of the psyche; they respond to a need and fulfil a function, that of bringing to light the most hidden modalities of being ... (12).<sup>8</sup>

That region is perceived in the story, and to this extent the genu-

ine symbol has triumphed over the ersatz, the true self over the superficial self, and the narrator in seeing beyond himself sees into himself. The perception, however, is spasmodic and ambiguous; it is always under pressure to withdraw, to weaken, from a superficial self that fears always, and perhaps dominantly, to see too much.

# FOOTNOTES

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION (pages 6-27)

1. "The bright crazy little shack is gone; all the sloppy ramshackle honest pile houses where fishermen lived and kingfishers visited are bulldozed into limbo, along with the wild cherries and 'the forest path to the spring'. Now there is an empty beach and beside it a Park with picnic tables and tarmac access; the sea air stinks with car exhaust. And the city that ignored him plans to cement a bronze plaque in his memory to the brick wall of the new civic craphouse." (Earle Birney: 'Introduction' to Selected Poems of Malcom Lowry, ed Birney, San Francisco, 1962; 10).

2. 'Publisher's Note' to Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place. (Penguin), London, 1969.

3. This and other letters reveal something of Lowry's difficulties - his confusion and his flashes of insight - with this mass of post-Under the Volcano material, e.g., 'To Harold Matson', 327-328; 'To Albert Erskine', 329-333, 333-340, 345-346.

4. According to Douglas Day, Mrs Lowry participated in the writing even of Under the Volcano, played the editor's role with "The Forest Path to the Spring", and reproduced in the 1962 edition of Ultramarine changes Lowry had made over the years since 1933 in his own copy of the 1933 edition. However, her participation in Under the Volcano was essentially under Lowry's control, and the amendments to the later edition of Ultramarine, although quite numerous, are minor, and do not significantly alter the novel's nature or quality.

The extent of editorial activity in the published versions of the other works is far greater. For example, Dark as the Grave Wherein My Friend is Laid (1968), was taken over by its editors (Day and Margerie Lowry) as "705 pages of typescript, already yellowing and crumbling". It contained "three distinct texts, of 383, 174 and 148 pages", each in varying and very confused stages of incompleteness. By "splicing and cutting", this "'bolus'" was reduced to the published text of 255 pages (Day, "Preface" to Dark as the Grave, Toronto, 1968; xiv-xvii). Lowry's other posthumous novel, Autumn Ferry to Gabriola, underwent a similar process (Day: Malcom Lowry: A Biography, Oxford, 1974; 438, note 4). And in the case of Lunar Caustic, a novella begun in 1934 and never finally completed to Lowry's satisfaction, the edition published in 1963 was described by its editors (Margerie Lowry and Earle Birney) as being "primarily a job of splicing, in approximation of Lowry's method and intent", of three existant versions and a mass of notes! (Conrad Knickerbocker, introductory note to Lunar Caustic, London, 1968; 6 and 8). Day also notes that Margerie Lowry edited all the stories of Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place, "for posthumous publication, and in many cases neatened them up (sic) and carried them forward in the directions Lowry had indicated in his working notes". He quotes from a letter written to him by Mrs Lowry (27 April 1967): "'I certainly wrote plenty of lines and scenes, when I was editing 'The Forest Path' and 'Through the Panama' - both of which have received high praise ... and no one has criticized me or suggested that I wronged Malcom's work in any way'".

As Day points out: "in evaluating October Ferry to Gabriola and Hear Us O Lord ... we are working with 'corrupt' texts"; and the same, clearly, can be said of Lunar Caustic and Dark as the Grave. Nothing, adds Day, that "Lowry wrote after 1939 was, strictly speaking, entirely his own" (Malcom Lowry; 438, note 4). Nevertheless, distinctions can be made between works over which Lowry exercised final control (UTV), those in which editorial activity has been slight (UM), and those in which it has been substantial (FP, possibly; Lunar Caustic, Dark as the Grave, and October Ferry to Gabriola, certainly).

5. Douglas Day, 'Preface' to Dark as the Grave; xv.

6. e.g., Laura Casari: "Malcom Lowry's Drunken Divine Comedy: Under the Volcano and Shorter Fiction". (Ph.D. Diss.: University of Nebraska, 1967).

7. Day states that Lowry's "Work in Progress" statement noted that the final section of "The Forest Path to the Spring" would eventually serve as the coda to the whole Voyage That Never Ends cycle". (Malcom Lowry, 459).

8. Perle Epstein: The Private Labyrinth of Malcom Lowry: 'Under the Volcano' and the Cabbala, (New York, 1969; 120-121).

9. Cf. in Aiken's Blue Voyage (first published 1927):

"He's looking for his mother. He wants to die, and doesn't know it' ... 'And now his second great adventure - the return! No doubt Silberstein was right - it was an unconscious desire for death, for the mother ..." (26, 27); (and) "Death. Murdered at sea. Demarest dead with a hole in his head. A murder at sea - why was the idea so peculiarly exciting and mysterious?" (42).

And in Aiken's Great Circle (first published 1933):

"... I told her me dream about the sea. I'm always dreaming about the sea. We all know what that means, don't we? I'm going to be born again one of these days. Oh, yes, we rise again. Back to the womb, and forth once more we swim, like the mighty hero of the Kalavela, after nine months in submarine caves ..." (231).

(These quotations from Three Novels by Conrad Aiken, London, 1965).

10. Conrad Aiken's influence on the youthful Lowry was considerable, as a comparison of Blue Voyage with Ultramarine very soon makes clear. So do Lowry's Letters, and Day's biography of Lowry, in which he quotes Aiken as being "steeped in the psycho-analytical movement and its concepts, notably those of Freud, Ferenczi and Adler", at the time of writing Blue Voyage (Malcom Lowry, 169). See also Aiken's "Author's Preface" to Three Novels (ibid).

11. Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, 156, note 1.

12. Modern Man in Search of a Soul, London, 1973. The quotations that follow are from Chapter VIII: "Psychology and Literature", 175-199.

13. Ibid, 183. See also 193f, and Chapter VI, "Freud and Jung - Contrasts".

14. It is perhaps an oversimplification of Jung's part to imply that such a polarisation, into psychological and visionary modes, is characteristic of all literature. Such a division may hold good, for example, between Parts I and II of Goethe's Faust, between Ibsen's Peer Gynt and Pillars of the Society, but is not the case with many writers whose work may combine characteristics of both modes.

15. e.g., as it appears in literature: "Even to the poet, his primordial experience (may well be) ... 'human - all too human', to such a degree that he could not face its meaning but had to conceal it from itself"; and: "It looks, indeed, as if the visionary experience were something quite apart from the ordinary lot of man, and for this reason we have difficulty in believing that it is real. It has about it an unfortunate suggestion of obscure metaphysics and of occultism ... Our conclusion is that it would be better not to take such things too seriously, lest the world revert again to benighted superstition ... ordinarily, we dismiss the visionary experience as the outcome of a rich fantasy or of a poetic mood - that is to say, as a kind of poetic licence psychologically understood. Certain of the poets encourage this interpretation in order to put a wholesome distance between themselves and their work". ("Psychology and Literature", 184-186).



## PART ONE : ULTRAMARINE

### CHAPTER TWO (pages 34-50)

1. See also MC 510-511. Several of the symbols discussed here appear in T S Eliot's The Family Reunion (1938), including the raven, e.g.:

I only looked through the little door  
When the sun was shining on the rose-garden:  
And heard in the distance tiny voices  
And then a black raven flew over.  
And then I was only my own feet walking  
Away, down a concrete corridor  
In a dead air ... (Scene II).

### CHAPTER THREE (pages 51-65)

1. Three Novels by Conrad Aiken, London, 1965; 253.
2. Gerhard Frei: Appendix to Victor White, God and the Unconscious, London, 1952; 243.

### CHAPTER FOUR (pages 66-80)

1. "Still dreaming of Andy's death by water, Dana exchanges him for Eliot's Phlebas ... parodying the Spanish translation ((by Angel Flores)) of a section from 'The Waste Land' by substituting potato peel for Eliot's wheel, and by punning on 'sculls': Anthony Kilgallin, Lowry, Ontario, 1973; 106.
2. e.g.: "the libido is fertile like the bull, dangerous like the lion or boar ...": ST 97.

### CHAPTER FIVE (pages 81-101)

1. Kilgallin points out that Lowry here quotes the title of Poe's poem and then "Lear's mighty line" - information which serves primarily to emphasize the pretentiousness, the "tinkling" sciolism (UM 118) of this passage. As Kilgallin also notes: "As a sciolist, Dana has gathered jigsaw fragments of quotations against his ruin, "'debris, rather than the fruits of my knowledge'" (UM 121): Kilgallin; 102 and 105.
2. One of Dana's fantasies takes him, hand in hand with Janet, "through the forest to look for Saturn" (UM 90). According to sources quoted by Jung, Saturn is a "'black'" star, "'anciently reputed ... maleficus'". However, its conjunction with Jupiter, "'a beneficent star'", "signifies the union of extreme opposites" (An 74-77); and Herbert Silberer quotes Hollandus: "'... know that the stone called the Philosopher's Stone comes from Saturn ... there is no higher or greater secret than in Saturn for inwardly he is as good as gold'" (Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism, London, 1917; 158-159). See also the role played by Saturn in Maier's

"journey through the planetary houses" (MC 224-225), which Jung describes as "a perfect example of the course and the symbolism of the individuation process". The essential concept - that of achieving light through darkness - is also expressed in this statement: "although Saturn ... is a malefic planet of whom only the worst is expected, he is also a purifier, because true purity is attained only through repentance and expiation of sin ..." (MC 335, note 289).

#### CHAPTER SIX (pages 102-117)

1. Three Novels by Conrad Aiken: 59-60.
2. David Daiches, A Critical History of English Literature, Vol II; 680-681.
3. e.g., C G Jung: Psychology and Alchemy, CW, Vol 12; 65-66, 79, 292-293, 371, etc.

#### CHAPTER SEVEN (pages 118-133)

1. Cf the ladder 'made' by the protagonist in FP, and the ladder from which Yvonne falls in UTV (335).
2. PS 72-86 ("The Spirit in Fairy Tales").
3. In the revised edition (1962), the two phrases in square brackets are omitted; Oedipus Tyrannus is substituted for Nawab (as it is throughout), and the word "violet" is inserted before "flame" in line 13, and "Nikolai" for "he" in line 15 (UM 171).

#### CHAPTER EIGHT (pages 134-150)

1. Images and Symbols: Studies in Religious Symbolism, London, 1961; 92, 102 and 112.
2. The nature of this message, "Swansea", is discussed at Appendix A.
3. A Freudian interpretation of this passage is provided by Kilgallin (109-110): "while Dana's long-harboured virginity drives him towards both sublimation and sexual fulfilment, his virginal Jungfrau remains Janet, the unmounted mount ... The images that Dana chooses invite comparison with a passage from Freud's lecture 'Symbolism in Dreams': 'The female genitalia are symbolically represented by all such objects as share with them the property of enclosing a space or are capable of acting as receptacles: such as pits, hollows and caves ... The pubic hair of both sexes is indicated in dreams by woods and thickets ... landscapes represent the female sexual organs; mountains and rocks are symbolic of the male organ'. Frustrated by being unable to shaft Janet's mine, or Olga's, Dana turns to his fellow seamen's company ..." And: "in Freudian symbology, where ships signify women, Dana is now ((in the stokehold)) released from his repressions and frustrations by the active role of 'mining'". Cf Jung's comment: "... as soon as you take the sexual metaphors as symbols for something unknown, your conception of the nature of dreams ((and fantasies)) at once deepens" (PR 69-70).
4. See footnote 2 to Chapter Five.

5. The Private Labyrinth of Malcom Lowry: 'Under the Volcano' and the Cabbala, New York, 1969. Quotations from UTV: 180 and 185.

## PART TWO : UNDER THE VOLCANO

### CHAPTER NINE (pages 151-163)

1. Robert Graves, Greek Myths (Penguin), London, 1966, Vol I; 208.
2. Pp 30, 36f, 246. See also Otto Rank: The Myth of the Birth of the Hero, ed Philip Freund, New York, 1964.
3. Campbell, 36-37.
4. See footnote 14 to the General Introduction.
5. Mircea Eliade, The Quest, University of Chicago Press, 1969; 105.
6. The extent to which "The Forest Path to the Spring" is an attempt to reconcile a sense of defeat in this "battle" with an inability entirely to suppress recurrent impulses to re-engage in it, is discussed in Part Three, below.
7. CW, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man Art, and Literature, 1966; 82.

### CHAPTER TEN (pages 164-188)

1. In these two paraphrases (from An 23 and BW 165) I have substituted "woman" for "man", "animus" for "anima", "she" for "he", etc.
2. Page 159.
3. Ibid.

### CHAPTER ELEVEN (pages 189-201)

1. Concise Oxford Dictionary.
2. "The lake was a broken greenhouse belonging to El Jardin Xicotancatl: only weeds lived in the greenhouse" (UTV 281).

### CHAPTER TWELVE (pages 202-224).

1. e.g., An 134: "The wood that grows dusky and turns into a primeval forest means entry into the unconscious". See also the Wanderer's entry into his forest (SMS 1-2).
2. See Jung's "The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairy Tales", sections III and IV (PS 72f).
3. Concise Oxford Dictionary.
4. See footnote 5, below.

5. Cf (i) Jung quotes from the Apocalypse: "'Babylon the great is fallen ... and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird ...'", and comments that "The birds are soul-images" (ST 214-215); and (ii) "Here we may discern ... the motif of the 'helpful bird' - angels are really birds ... In the Mithraic sacrifice the messenger of the gods - the 'angel' - was a raven; the messenger is winged (Hermes)" (ST 248, note 85).

#### CHAPTER THIRTEEN (pages 225-238)

1. Images and Symbols: 48-50.
2. Discussed in Part Three, Chapter 22, 375f below.
3. MC 224-225 and 230-231.
4. An 74-75 and 139; and SMS 158-159.
5. "The similarities between Huerta and the Consul are remarkably suggestive. As President of Mexico in 1913, Huerta's seventeen months in power were an uninterrupted orgy of drunkenness, robbery and murder ... badly addicted to alcohol, (Huerta was) ... known as the murderous maniacal drunkard". He fled in 1914 to Europe, "there to drink himself to death". (Kilgallin; 157-158).
6. Epstein; 159, 161.
7. In Part Three, Chapter 24, below.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN (pages 239-261)

1. "Everthing that works from the unconscious appears projected on others. These others are not wholly guiltless, to be sure, for even the worse projection is at least hung on a hook, perhaps a very small one, but still a hook offered by the other person" (CAP 61).
2. Concise Oxford Dictionary. Kilgallin states that: "The Cabbalistic term 'Copula Maritalis', pronounced properly, could ensure a successful act of intercourse!", and that the main part of the Consul's book "would have dealt with the process of alchemy ... But even if the book will never be completed, its terminology is an integral part of Geoffrey's life" (163, 165f).
3. "The chapter opens with Geoffrey waking from a vicarious pilgrimage paralleling that of Yudhisthira and his dog up the heights of the Himalayas to the abode of God as it is related in the last part of the Mahabharata" (Kilgallin, 171). Appendix C provides brief excerpts from the three English translations of this section of the Mahabharata that Lowry may have read, and drawn upon.
4. See Chapter 18, below, and footnote 5 to that chapter.
5. Page 108.
6. PS 83. See also Chapter 16, below.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN (pages 262-283)

1. ACU 69; but see also ACU 71-72: "Younger people ... can bear even the total loss of the anima without injury. The important thing at this stage is for a man to be a man ... to free himself from the anima fascination of his mother ... After the middle of life, however, permanent loss of the anima means a diminution of vitality, of flexibility, and of human kindness ..."
2. Cf Campbell, 9-10: "The doctor is the modern master of the mythological realm, the knower of all the secret ways and words of potency. His role is precisely that of the Wise Old Man of the myths and fairy tales whose words assist the hero through the trials and terrors of the weird adventure. He is the one who appears and points to the magic shining sword that will kill the dragon-terror, tells of the waiting bride and the castle of many treasures, applies healing balm to the almost fatal wounds, and finally dismisses the conqueror, back into the world of normal life, following the great adventure into the enchanted night".
3. Dr Guzman: see UTV 121 and 140; also Kilgallin, 126; "'Lowry drank almost without sleep for three nights and two days before his wife went to Vera Cruz for a holiday with the French Consul who lived down the road. We took Lowry into our hotel, dosing him with Dr Guzman's prescription of strychnine and brandy three times daily and trying to confine him to beer ...'" (Arthur Calder-Marshall).
4. "The third epigraph to La Machine Infernale is a quotation from Cocteau himself, 'Les dieux existent: c'est le diable', but Geoffrey attributes this line to Baudelaire ..." (Kilgallin, 187).
5. Malcom Lowry, Lunar Caustic, London, 1968; 62.
6. PS 83; see also Campbell, 327, and IP 229.
7. The Odyssey of Homer, trans. T E Shaw, New York, 1964, 156 and 157 (Book XI).

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN (pages 284-299)

1. CAP 37-40; Eliade, Images and Symbols, 151-152 and 158.
2. "Lowry's Reading", Malcom Lowry and His Work, ed G Woodcock, Vancouver, 1972; 127.
3. In his 1946 letter to Jonathan Cape, Lowry wrote that "the whole Tlaxcala business does have an underlying deep seriousness. Tlaxcala ... just like Parian, is death: but the Tlaxcalans were Mexico's traitors - here the Consul is giving way to the forces within him that are betraying himself, that indeed have now finally betrayed him ..." (Letters 82).
4. See "Christ, a Symbol of the Self", An, Chapter V; also in PS, Part I, Chapter V.

5. In aspects of the Wise Old Man are to be found those of the Trickster, and the Trickster is "a parallel of the individual shadow" C G Jung: Four Archetypes, London, 1972; 150). Thus, behind Cervantes, Wise Old Man and Trickster, 'stands' the Virgin; behind the Farolito stool pigeon - Trickster/Shadow - 'stands' Maria.

#### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (pages 300-320)

1. "The scorpion is an image of suicide (scorpions sting themselves to death, so they say - Dr Johnson called this a lie, but there is in fact some scientific evidence for it) and was no more than that - or was it? for I now see the whole book takes place 'in Scorpio' ..." (Lowry, Letters, 198).
2. See footnote 1 to Chapter 18.
3. Eliade, The Quest, 105.
4. Chapter 13, and Chapter 18.
5. "The woman sought and battled for by the hero appears, in its deeper psychological meaning, always to be the mother' (SMS 61). See also ST, Part II, Chapter VI: "The Battle for Delivrance from the Mother", and Chapter VII: "The Dual Mother".
6. See Part Three, Chapter 24, below.
7. MC 21, note 103.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN (pages 321-336)

1. UTV 367-368. Cf a dream quoted by Campbell, from Wilhelm Stekel's Die Sprache des Traumes (Dream No 421):

I was on a bridge where I met a blind fiddler. Everyone was tossing coins into his hat. I came closer and perceived that the musician was not blind. He had a squint and was looking at me with a crooked glance from the side. Suddenly, there was a little old woman at the side of the road. It was dark and I was afraid. 'Where does this road lead', I thought. A young peasant came along the road and took me by the hand. 'Do you want to come home?', he said ... 'Let me go! You are holding too tight!' I cried, and awoke (357).

The similarity of these figures - the "blind fiddler", the "little old woman" - to the beggar/fiddler and old woman from Tarasco in UTV is quite striking. Cf UTV 367-368, 342 and 374; e.g.: "Someone near him was playing a fiddle loudly. A patriarchal toothless old Mexican was playing a fiddle loudly ... But he was also saying something to him privately ... 'I take you to my home ...' (367-368). It provides a small piece of evidence, perhaps, in support of Jung's theory of the universality of the archetypes.

2. Cf Campbell, 375-376. Campbell describes the end of the world, as visualised in "the Poetic Edda of the ancient Vikings":

In the land of the giants, Jotunheim, a fair, red rooster shall crow; in Valhalla the rooster Golden Comb; a rust-red bird in Hell. The dog Garm at the cliff-cave, the entrance to the world of the dead, shall open his great jaws and howl. The earth shall tremble, the crags and trees be torn asunder, and the sea burst forth upon the land. The fetters of those monsters who were chained back in the beginning shall all burst: Fenris-Wolf shall run free ... fire shall blaze from his eyes and nostrils ...

The cock that is to crow for the Consul has a scarlet comb, "bronze metallic feathers" and wild yellow eyes" (288); cf, also the final "bursting" of the Consul's world (375-376), and indeed of Yvonne's (336-337).

Anthony Kilgallin notes that: "According to the Mexican 'Book of the Dead', each dead soul, accompanied by the shade of his favourite dog, must encounter Izputzteque, a demon with the backward-bent legs of a cock before finding rest in the underworld" (201).

3. Malcom Lowry, New York, 1970; 99.

4. *Ibid*, 83.

5. Cf Campbell's account of certain Aztec burial ceremonies:

The departed was to take a little dog with him, of bright reddish hair. Around its neck they placed a soft thread ... they killed it and cremated it with the corpse. The departed swam on this small animal when he passed (across) the river of the underworld (367-368).

Also: "White dogs and black dogs cannot swim the river, because the white would say: 'I have washed myself!', and the black: 'I have soiled myself!' Only the bright reddish ones can pass to the shore of the dead" (368, note 5).

Compare also the following from a Lowry letter dated 1 March 1950:

... the gent who gave me inspiration for the Cabbalistic significance of the Volcano ((Charles Robert Stansfeld Jones)) died the day you sent me the translation ... To make matters worse ... somebody mysteriously shot his favorite old dog, his companion of some fifteen years, on the same day! ... fortunately if he was a magician he was a white magician and the dog, one hopes, will lead him across the river to the other side - as the ancient belief has it - and at all events not down the abyss (... the theme of the dog goes right through the Volcano ...). (Letters, 192-193).

6. CW, Vol 5, 82.



### PART THREE : THE FOREST PATH TO THE SPRING

#### CHAPTER NINETEEN (pages 336-344)

1. "Psychology can do nothing towards the elucidation of this colourful imagery except bring together materials for comparison and offer a terminology for its discussion" (C G Jung: "Psychology and Literature", in Modern Man in Search of His Soul, London, 1973: 190.
2. IP 122, 90, 89; and ST 60.
3. In Jungian terms, the struggle of ego-consciousness to reconcile the conflicting demands of persona and shadow.
4. Eliade: Images and Symbols, 16.
5. FP 279.
6. See IP 61: "We all know how, in large things as in small, in general as well as in particular, piece after piece collapsed, and how the alarming impoverishment of symbolism that is now the condition of our life came about. The power of the church has gone with that loss of symbolism, too ..."
7. Eliade: Images and Symbols, 11.
8. Ibid, 12.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY (pages 345-356)

1. FP 17-18, 22 and 23.
2. I refer any reader in doubt as to the nature of this particular cliché to Kingsley Amis' Lucky Jim:

Margaret was laughing in the way Dixon had provisionally named to himself 'the tinkling of tiny bells'. He sometimes thought that the whole corpus of her behaviour derived from translating such phrases into action ... (Penguin, 1961, 23; see also 44 and 95).

3. Several old men - Kristbjorg, Quaggan, Sam, Mauger - appear during the story to give aid, advice, comfort. They are no more 'characters' than is the narrator's wife; like her, they perform psychic functions. Jung describes such functions in "The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairy Tales: (3) The Spirit in Fairy Tales", when examining the role of the archetypal figure of the Wise Old Man (PS 69f); see also Part Two, Chapter 16, above.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE (pages 357-366)

1. Ovid, The Metamorphoses, translated by Horace Gregory, New York, 1960; 95-100.

2. Ibid, 100. Cf the solificatio in the Isis mysteries:

And a garland of flowers was upon my head, with white palm leaves sprouting out on every side like rays; thus I was adorned like unto the sun, and made in the fashion of an image ...

Quoted by Jung, from Adlington's translation of The Golden Ass (no edition specified), in MC 369, note 399.

3. IP 93-94, and ST 248, note 85; 347-348, 164, note 40; 214-215, 237.
4. "Poem in October".
5. ST 317, note 19; and 318, note 21.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO (pages 367-381)

1. Cf IP 26-27: "'My ego-consciousness is, therefore, inclined to swallow the unconscious, and if that should not be feasible, I will try to repress it' ... But ... the unconscious ... cannot be swallowed ... it is dangerous to repress it, for we have learned that the unconscious is life, and that if life is repressed it will live against us, as is the case in neuroses ..."

2. Cf Edgar Allan Poe's fisherman in "A Descent to the Maelstrom":  
I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make". (Works, ed Ingram, Edinburgh, 1874, Vol I, 162).

3. Cf IP 27:

Conscious and the unconscious do not make a whole when either is suppressed or damaged by the other. If they must contend, let it be a fair fight with equal rights on both sides. Both are aspects of life. Let consciousness defend its reason and its self-protective ways, and let the chaotic life of the unconscious be given a fair chance to have its own way, as much of it as we can stand. This means at once open conflict and open collaboration. Yet, paradoxically, this is presumably what human life should be ... hammer and anvil: the suffering iron between them will in the end be shaped into an unbreakable whole, the individual. This experience is ... the process of individuation.

4. See footnote 1, to this chapter.
5. Ernest Renan, Oeuvres completes, ed H Pschichan, Paris, (no date), Vol II, 294-295. (From "Essais de Morale et de Critique: La Poesie des Races Celtiques").

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE (pages 382-390)

1. FP 263: "One day I saw an old frayed but strong rope on this path, cast away on a tree stump, and I thought: yes, that is the awful end of such thoughts. Had I actually been tempted to kill myself? Aghast at the thought I took the rope back and reaved it up for use". This passage

emphasizes that it is here, if anywhere, that the confrontation could take place. Cf the appearance of coils of rope in UM, discussed in Part One, Chapter Eight, 136f).

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR (pages 391-406)

1. See footnote 3 to Chapter Twenty, above.
2. e.g., the movements and speech patterns of the "old josser" in "An Encounter", and the description of the mill-horse Johnny's circumambulations round "king Billy's statue", and Gabriel's imitation of this movement, in "The Dead".
3. "... 'the precious object hard to obtain' (treasure, virgin, life, potion, conquest of death, etc.) is to be found in the region of danger (watery abyss, cave, forest, island, castle ...)" (IP 244).
4. Sir James Jeans, The Stars in Their Courses, 1931; 176.
5. Eliade, Images and Symbols, 164.
6. National Gallery, London.
7. Images and Symbols, 164.
8. *Ibid*, 12.

## APPENDIX A

### "SWANSEA"

"The bird was a grey carrier pigeon, tired and hungry. It had round its leg a message which no one could understand, for the one word decipherable was 'Swansea'. But it seemed to be, or Hilliot felt it to be, a message of reprieve ... What was the good of understanding? The pigeon might be the very messenger of love itself, but nothing would alter the fact that he had failed" (UM 26).

Jung writes, of myths of the hero's night-sea journey in the belly of a fish, that: "Often the monster is killed by the hero lighting a fire inside him ... Thus the fish dies and drifts to land, where with the help of a bird the hero once more sees the light of day. The bird probably signifies the renewed ascent of the sun ... and is at the same time one of those 'helpful animals', who render supernatural aid during the birth ... The sun-symbol of the bird rising from water is preserved etymologically in the idea of the singing swan" (my italics). From this, he argues that: "It is easy to see what the battle with the sea monster means: it is the attempt to free the ego-consciousness from the deadly grip of the unconscious ... The rescue of the hero is at the same time a sunrise, the triumph of consciousness ..." (ST 347-348). He also states that: "The swan, eagle, and phoenix occur in alchemy as related symbols. They signify the sun and thus the philosophical gold" (ST 164, note 40).

In this instance - the pigeon rescued from a mast of the Oedipus Tyrannus (but not by Hilliot) which bears its "one decipherable word, 'Swansea'" - Lowry may be implying a contrasting role on Dana's part to that performed by the hero, in relation to the "helpful" bird, in the myths outlined by Jung. If so, the contrast is essentially ironic, for

Dana's most determined efforts are to avoid rather than to pursue his night-sea journey; and the 'pigeon' he most strongly identifies with is that which emerges at the conclusion of his 'Eyes' fantasmagoria, "moist and alone, crying" (UM 44).

The bird, although immediately caged, later drowned, nevertheless bears its message: "'Swansea'". The sea is a symbol of the unconscious; but what of "Swan"? In addition to signifying "the sun and thus the philosophical gold" (selfhood), the swan plays a part in some alchemical treatises and formulae, e.g. when "The red man and the white woman ... are united and cooked together in the vessel, the philosophical Egg", the "combined material becomes thereby gradually black (and is called raven or ravenhead)" - see my discussion of the raven, Chapter Two, "Eyes", above - "later white (swan); now a somewhat greater heat is applied and the substance is sublimated in the vessel (the swan flies up)". This is followed by the appearance of "a vivid play of colours ... (peacock's tail or rainbow)", then "finally the substance becomes red and that is the conclusion of the main work ... the philosopher's stone, called also our king, red lion ... etc" (Silberer: 125-126). Thus if the process is to achieve its goal, the swan must 'fly up' from the 'sea' - the liquid material within the vessel (Swan-sea). Since, however, 'Swansea' is also presented in Ultramarine as the scene of an early sexual failure on Dana's part (UM 33), its message - in so far as it is at all decipherable - is ambiguous indeed!

In Under the Volcano, when Yvonne and the Consul - very soon after her return and before their abortive love-making - first embrace, an image of a swan appears, apparently out of nowhere: "They were embracing, or so it seemed, passionately: somewhere out of the heavens, a swan, transfixed, plummeted to earth ... but the moment, stillborn, was gone ..." (75).

This reference to the swan is as indecipherable as that in Ultramarine, unless, perhaps, such 'alchemical' sources as that quoted above

by Silberer can cast light upon it. Lowry became widely read in mystical-alchemical-Cabbalistic literature, and, on the basis of Silberer's quotation it might be argued that the "plummeting" swan - which otherwise seems both obscure and pretentious - may be doing the opposite of flying up from the "sea", and thereby symbolises a breakdown, a failure, in the struggle for conscious-unconscious integration in which the Consul is so confusedly engaged. If so, it is one of a series of such breakdowns - one of many such moments that are lost almost before they are recognized, moments like this in which the very pretentiousness of the phrase indicates its illusory nature.

See also Kilgallin, 167: "Cabbalistically, Geoffrey's mental and sexual impotence is implied through the symbol of a swan" (UTV 75, 89), and "A similar swan shot down by Richard Wagner's Parzival represents Ecstasy brought down to earth in Charles Stansfeld-Jones' treatise The Chalice of Ecstasy", etc.

Less impressed by swan symbolism was R W Flint, who described Under the Volcano as being characterised by "an occasionally first-rate second-handedness that often makes ingratiating reading but denies the novel the kind of significance it courts". In Lowry's style, "his exuberance is generally under civilized control", but there are "some startling anomalies ... Just like that - thump, and a dead swan on your hands ... there is more of the same ... (Kenyon Review, 9; 474-477, Summer, 1947). And in his reply to Jacques Barzun's dismissive review of the novel, Lowry, concerned primarily to defend it, concedes only that "what actually is fictitious about it (are) the sentences like Schopenhauer's roast geese stuffed with apples", i.e. late and infrequent echoes of Dana Hilliot, the "tinkling sciologist" (Letters, 146-147).

## APPENDIX B

### THE ROSEGARDEN OF C G JUNG

Jung has given us two versions of this dream. He first presented it as though it were a dream of one of his patients in Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious. Later, it appears as his own dream - the most crucial of his life - in Memories, Dreams, Reflections. The two versions, although closely similar, are not identical, so I quote both, the latter first:

(1) This is the dream I mentioned earlier: I found myself in a dirty, sooty city. It was night, and winter, and dark, and raining. I was in Liverpool. With a number of Swiss - say, half a dozen - I walked through the dark streets. I had the feeling that there we were coming from the harbour, and that the real city was actually up above, on the cliffs. We climbed up there. It reminded me of Basel, where the market is down below and then you go up through the Totengässchen ("Alley of the Dead") which leads to a plateau above and so to the Petersplatz and the Peterskirsche. When we reached the plateau, we found a broad square dimly illuminated by street lights, into which many streets converged. The various quarters of the city were arranged radially around the square. In the centre was a round pool, and in the middle of it a small island. While everything round about was obscured by rain, fog, smoke, and dimly lit darkness, the little island was ablaze with sunlight. On it stood a single tree, a magnolia, in a shower of reddish blossoms. It was as though the tree stood in the sunlight and was at the same time the source of light. My companions commented on the abominable weather, and obviously did not see the tree. They spoke of another Swiss who was living in Liverpool, and expressed surprise that he should have settled here.

I was carried away by the beauty of the flowering tree and the sunlit island, and thought, "I know very well why he has settled here". Then I awoke.

On one detail of the dream I must add a supplementary comment: the individual quarters of the city were themselves arranged radially around a central point. This point formed a small open square illuminated by a larger street lamp, and constituted a small replica of the island. I knew that the "other Swiss" lived in the vicinity of one of these secondary centres.

This dream represented my situation at the time. I can still see the greyish-yellow raincoats, glistening with the wetness of the rain. Everything was extremely unpleasant, black and opaque - just as I felt then. But I had had a vision of unearthly beauty, and that was why I was able to live at all. Liverpool is the "pool of life". The "liver", according to an old view, is the seat of life - that which "makes to live".

This dream brought with it a sense of finality. I saw that here the goal had been revealed. One could not go beyond the centre. The centre is the goal, and everything is directed towards that centre. Through this dream I understood that the self is the principle and archetype of orientation and meaning. Therein lies its healing function. For me, this insight signified an approach to the centre and therefore to the goal. Out of it emerged a first inkling of my personal myth (MDR 223-224).

(2) FIGURE 6. The rose in the centre is depicted as a ruby, its outer ring being conceived as a wheel or wall with gates (so that nothing may come out from inside or go in from outside). The mandala was a spontaneous product from the analysis of a male patient. It was based on a dream. The dreamer found himself with three younger travelling companions in Liverpool. It was night, and raining. The air was full of smoke and soot. They climbed up from the harbour to the 'upper city'. The dreamer said: 'It was terribly dark and disagreeable, and we could not understand



how anyone could stick it here ... one of my companions said that, remarkably enough, a friend of his had settled here, which astonished everybody ... we reached a sort of public garden in the middle of the city. The park was square, and in the centre was a lake or large pool. A few street lamps just lit up the pitch darkness, and I could see a little island in the pool. On it there was a single tree, a red-flowering magnolia, which miraculously stood in everlasting sunshine. I noticed that my companions had not seen this miracle, whereas I was beginning to understand why the man had settled here ... I tried to paint this dream ... it came out rather different. The magnolia turned into a sort of rose made of ruby-coloured glass. It shone like a 4-rayed star. The square represents the wall of the park ... From it there radiate 8 main streets, and from each of these 8 side-streets, which meet in a shining red central point. The acquaintance ... lived in a house at the corner of one of these stars ...' The mandala thus combines ... flower, star, circle, precinct (tenemos), a plan of a city divided into quarters with citadel ... 'The whole thing seemed like a window opening onto eternity', wrote the dreamer (ACU 364).

Compare Dana Hilliot's self-pitying, lachrymose 'rose-garden' (UM 156).

## APPENDIX C

### THE MAHABHARATA AND THE VISION OF HIMAVAT

In his book on Lowry, Tony Kilgallin indicates a parallel between the Consul's "vicarious pilgrimage" (the opening of Chapter Five), and the pilgrimage of "Yudhisthira and his dog up the heights of the Himalayas to the abode of God as it is related in the last part of the Mahabharata ..." (171).

Lowry could have seen, and drawn upon, one or more of three English translations of The Mahabharata:

- (1) "An English abridgement, compiled by John Murdoch" (The Christian Literature Society for India, London and Madras, 1898 (PROSE));
- (2) A version "translated literally from the original Sanskrit text" and edited by M N Dutt (Sircar, Calcutta, 1899, (PROSE));
- (3) Sir Edwin Arnold's Indian Idylls (from the Sanskrit of the Mahabharata) (Tribner, London, 1883 (BLANK VERSE)).

When these are examined, it soon becomes evident that the Consul's Vision of Himavat was neither "translated with a windmill" out of the "unoriginal" Sanskrit (Letters 80), nor in any sense a mere paraphrase or imitation of 'parallel' passages in any of the three translations.

(1) Murdoch states that in the Seventeenth Book of the Mahabharata ("Book of the Great Journey"), Yudhisthira, having abdicated his throne, departs with his four brothers and his wife, Draupadi, "towards the Himavat, on their way to Indra's heaven on Mount Meru ... They set out on their journey, a dog forming the seventh ... Yudhisthira walked first ... lastly Draupadi, and the dog ... Journeying to the north, they came to Himavat, which they crossed. Next they saw a vast desert of sand, with Mount Meru in the distance". One by one - with the exception of the dog - Yudhisthira's companions (because of various shortcomings) "fell down

dead". "When Yudhishthira was left alone, Indra came in his car, and asked him to ascend ... To this he replied that he would not go to heaven without his brothers and Draupadi. Indra then told him that he would find them in heaven. Yudhishthira asked that his faithful dog should go with him. Indra replied that there was no place in heaven for persons with dogs ... Yudhishthira objected that to abandon a devoted friend is a sin ... He could not leave the dog simply from a desire of his own happiness ... the dog became transformed into Dharma, the deity of righteousness, who praised him for renouncing the car of the celestials rather than abandon his faithful dog. Yudhishthira then ascended to heaven ... But ... was not content; he wished to be with his brothers and Draupadi". He is led by a celestial messenger to the "regions of torment. The path was enveloped in thick darkness, miry with gore, putrid dead bodies lay scattered, the stench was awful. It was infested with vultures with beaks of iron, and evil spirits with long mouths pointed like needles". Hearing piteous cries from his brothers, Yudhishthira becomes "very angry" and declares that he will "stay there, since his afflicted brothers were comforted by his presence. Instantly all the gods, with Indra at their head, came to the spot; the horrors (darkness, putrid bodies, etc.) "all vanished, and cool perfumed breezes began to blow. Indra ... said that hell should be beheld by every king. Yudhishthira had a vision of hell to do him good ... All were now cleansed of their sins". And Yudhishthira, having survived this series of tests, ascends to heaven.

Murdoch's language is at best 'workmanlike' - mundane, prosaic - and at worse clumsy, even bathetic. It bears no comparison to that of the Consul's vision. The language of Dutt's "literal" translation is (understandably) even clumsier:

(2) "Yudhishthira proceeded first ... While the Pandavas started for the forest, a dog followed them. Proceeding on those heroes reached the sea of red waters ... Those princes of controlled souls and devoted to

Yoga, proceeding to the north, saw Himavat, that huge mountain. Crossing Hamavat, they saw a vast desert of sand. They then saw the powerful mountain Meru, the foremost of all the high-peaked mountains ..." After his wife and brothers "fall down", Yudhishthira proceeds: "He had one companion, viz, the dog of which I have repeatedly spoken to you followed him now", etc.

However, Sir Edwin Arnold's blank-verse version is clearly an attempt to capture the spirit of the original. Although by no means consistently successful in his creation of a quasi-Tennysonian-medieval style, he is able nevertheless to convey some sense of wonder, of great deeds and deep emotions:

- (3) King Yudhishthira of the Pandavas  
 Was minded to be done with earthly things ...  
 'Let us go forth to die, being yet alive ...' Yea!  
 We will find Death!' ... whereat  
 The Princes set their faces for the Mount ...  
 Rejoiced because their way lay heavenwards,  
 Seven were they, setting forth, - princess and king,  
 The king's four brothers, and a faithful dog ...  
 On righteousness their high hearts bent, to heaven  
 Their souls assigned; and steadfast trode their feet,  
 By faith unborne ...  
 At length they reached  
 The far Lauchityan Sea, which foameth white  
 Under Udayachala's ridge ...  
 ... now to the north ...  
 The earth their altar of high sacrifice,  
 Which these most patient feet did pace around,  
 Till Meru rose.  
 At last it rose! These Six,  
 Their senses subjugate, their spirits pure,  
 Wending alone, came into sight - far off  
 In the eastern sky - of awful Himavan (sic);  
 And midway in the peaks of Himavan,  
 Meru, the Mountain of all mountains, rose,  
 Whose head is Heaven, and under Himavan  
 Glared a wide waste of sand, dreadful as death,  
 Then, as they hastened o'er the deadly waste,  
 Aiming for Meru ...  
 ... lo! Draupadi reeled ...  
 After the deathly sands, the Mount! and lo!  
 Sakra shone forth, - the God, filling the earth  
 And heavens with thunder of his chariot wheels.  
 'Ascend', he said, 'with me ...'

Arnold describes the path into the infernal regions - "'The Sinners' Road'" - with considerable relish, and effective alliteration and onomatopoeia:

... the mire  
 About their roots was trampled filth of flesh  
 Horrid with rottenness, and splashed with gore  
 Curdling its crimson puddles; where there buzzed  
 And sucked and settled creatures of the swamp,  
 Hideous in wing and sting, gnat clouds and flies,  
 With moths, toads, newts, and snakes red-gulleted,  
 And livid, loathesome worms, writhing in slime  
 Forth from the skull-holes and scalps and tumbled bones".

Birds similar to those described in a quotation from the Apocalypse cited by Jung (footnote 5 to Chapter Twelve), also inhabit this hellish region:

A burning forest shut the roadside in  
 On either hand, and 'mid its crackling boughs  
 Perched ghastly birds, or flapped amongst the flames, -  
 Vultures and kites and crows, - with brazen plumes  
 and beaks of iron ...

- birds which, indeed, are similar to those inhabiting the skies, and cages, of Lowry's Mexico ("but the name of this land is hell"; UTV 42).

Finally, after Yudhishthira has triumphantly survived his final tests of fortitude and loyalty, and "The Presences of Paradise" appear, he is told to:

Now ... wash thee in this holy stream,  
 Gunga's pure fount, whereof the bright waves bless  
 All the Three Worlds ...  
 Thou shalt leave  
 Passions and aches and tears behind thee there  
 ... So hand in hand  
 With brother-gods, glorious went Yudhishthira ...  
 The Princes of the Pandavas, his kin - and lotus-eyed and loveliest  
 Draupadi  
 Waiting to greet him, gladdening and glad".

These excerpts from widely varying translations of the Mahabharata (fragments of a fragment of the whole) indicate once more the prevalence - if only occasionally the power - of the symbols they contain, symbols which

recur, almost always to be revitalised, in Lowry's work: the holy mountain, the sinners' path through the burning forest, the visit to the realm of death, the healing stream and holy fountain, the hero's 'companions' and attendant dog (and, indeed, the "red sea" and desert (UM)).

This is not the place for a detailed comparison of these passages; it is evident, however, from this brief account of possible sources, that Lowry's transforming imaginative power was fully engaged, in the composition of the Consul's Vision of Himavat.

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The following selection indicates those areas of Jung's work which have proved to be of most relevance to the above exploration of Lowry's work. The areas can be broadly categorized as:

- Archetypes and Myths (Vols 5, 9(i), 12, 14);
- Dreams (Vols 4, 5, 8);
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